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*The
Worcester Historical Society
Publications*



NEW SERIES

Vol. III, No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1944

Published by
THE WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

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LIST OF OFFICERS, 1944-1945

| | |
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| <i>President</i> | GEORGE R. STOBBS |
| <i>Vice-presidents</i> | { EDWARD F. COFFIN JOHN W. HIGGINS |
| <i>Secretary</i> | NATHAN RICE |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | DWIGHT S. PIERCE |
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| The above-named officers and Chairman of Finance Committee, also | { CHANDLER BULLOCK GEORGE R. STOBBS EDGAR L. RAMSDELL |
| <i>Finance Committee</i> | { CHANDLER BULLOCK GEORGE R. STOBBS EDGAR L. RAMSDELL |

Executive Staff

KATHERINE REID, *Office Clerk and Assistant
in Museum and Library*

WILLIAM J. WAITE, *Assistant in Museum and
to the Executive Director*



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FOREWORD

THE WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Founded 1875

The purpose of this Society is to gather, preserve, and display for public benefit, historical material of all kinds, especially that relating to Worcester City and County.

In its Library may be found all the local histories available, and every effort is made to secure, preserve, and catalogue all articles dealing with any phase of Worcester history. Here will be found works by local authors, a well-organized collection of more than twenty thousand manuscripts, maps, broadsides, newspapers, and articles of historic interest. Much of this material is unique, of great importance, and irreplaceable.

The Museum supplements the Library in its collections, which contain thousands of objects and pictures of historical significance. Not a few are of general interest but, naturally, emphasis has been placed on what concerns Worcester especially, inventions, drawings, sketches, tools, toys, clothing, ornaments, home utensils, heirlooms, works of domestic utility, decoration, of art, of education from earliest times. And many of the articles in this Museum connote important steps in the progress of City and County, refer to disasters, bring back to modern times what our ancestors did, believed, hoped, to what they aspired, what they accomplished and, in many instances, what they attempted and failed to accomplish. Thus Museum and Library mark in definite steps the growth and development of City and County in influence, in population, in aspiration, in actual accomplishment.

The resources of the Museum and Library are in constant use, not only by the students of all grades in our local schools as well as those in the County, but by investigators from outside whose researches lead them hither. And the officers of the Society, together with the members of the staff, aim ever to cooperate to the limit in furthering the efforts of those who seek aid in the resources of the collections, always emphasizing, so far as they may, those lessons of fair play, of

forbearance, of mutual assistance and cooperation that have made not only our City and County great and prosperous but have contributed to the marvelous development of our nation.

The Society is supported by membership dues and the income from a comparatively small endowment fund. Receipts from these two sources always fall far short of meeting the increasing needs felt by the Society, needs which each year become more pressing. A strong appeal is made to all who are interested in helping this valuable work by taking out membership in the Society, by presenting to its Library or Museum, gifts of historical interest, or by gifts of money. And such members and donors may rest assured that their membership and gifts will count much in helping for future generations a most valuable work.

Gifts by will may be made in the following form:

I give the sum of Dollars to the Worcester Historical Society, of Worcester, Massachusetts.

REPORT OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SOCIETY DURING THE PAST YEAR

The Society in a quiet way is striving to carry on the original purpose for which it was founded, to rescue from oblivion any historical matter that might otherwise be lost; to collect and preserve antiquarian relics of every description; and to be of service to any students of historical research who may seek its assistance. The museum is open ordinarily every week-day afternoon, except Monday, but during the cold months of the winter, in order to conserve fuel, the building was open only three afternoons a week.

In February, Captain Cross, our Director, was taken ill and has been unable to come back since. The two assistants, Mr. Waite and Miss Reid, have tried to carry on as usual, Professor Coombs, the president, and Mr. Rice, the secretary, assisting by frequent visits and advice.

During the year from June to the end of May, in spite of closing two days in the week, there were 2,169 visitors. While the majority of these were school children, yet older persons who came invariably expressed surprise at the richness of our collections and often expressed regret that they had not discovered us before.

A good many requests for information about ancestors come to us from other parts of the country. These we try to answer, even if sometimes the necessary research consumes considerable time, as it is one way of fulfilling one of the purposes for which the Society was founded, to aid students in historical research.

We are constantly adding to our collections. Some of the notable accessions during the past year are: a cane made of wood from the spire of the Old South Church; a set of drafting instruments, once the property of Robert B. Thomas, publisher of the *Old Farmer's Almanac*; a set of articles used by air raid wardens in this Second World War; a carpet sweeper, probably one of the first manufactured, date of patent 1873; the personal equipment carried by a Civil War soldier from Worcester, including a blanket, woven by his grandmother; a complete painted white pine bedroom set of furniture, made in 1880 as an exhibition piece for a fair and a Betty

or Phoebe lamp, such as was used in colonial days. We have added to our manuscript department an original letter written by Frederick Cook, the rival claimant of Commodore Peary of the discovery of the North Pole, and the patent paper of a submarine lantern invented by Charles Gould and Charles Lamb, of Worcester. We have two specimens of this lantern in our museum.

We frequently change the exhibits in the cases in order to bring to light objects that have been stored away for lack of room to display them. Mrs. Warren C. Lane has assumed the care of the gowns. Already they have been rearranged and the work of indexing and storing the many that we cannot exhibit for lack of room is going on. Few people know that our Society possesses a rare collection of lovely old gowns, and Mrs. Lane is rendering an inestimable service to our organization in seeing to their proper preservation. Mr. Charles E. Ayers, one of our most enthusiastic members, has given a great many afternoons to assisting Mr. Waite in the rearrangement of cases, adding greatly to their attractiveness.

The regular monthly evening meetings at the Museum, excepting April, May and June, were omitted again in order to conserve fuel. On October 22nd, the annual Colonial Dinner was held at the Y.W.C.A. Nineteen attended. Because of shortage of help it was served cafeteria style, a procedure which added to rather than detracted from the sociability of the occasion. At the April meeting Mr. William H. Cunningham read a paper entitled "The Hundredth Anniversary of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company," and Mr. Paul Swan, of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, at the May meeting gave a talk on his study of the characteristics of some of Worcester's leading men, both earlier and later ones.

Although hampered by war restrictions, the work of the Society is progressing. Not a day goes by without someone coming in, which shows that some are interested in our museum and that we are performing a real service to the community. We would like to have more people know about the contents of our museum and about the abundant material for local historical research that we have available. It is always a pleasure and a source of great satisfaction to be able to serve those seeking information concerning Worcester's early history, thus gaining new friends and occasionally a new member.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

To the Members of the Worcester Historical Society:

The Treasurer respectfully submits his report as of May 31, 1944.

The total income for the year amounted to \$2,685.76 and the total expenses were \$2,674.47, the excess of income over expenses being \$11.29.

Investment income this past year amounted to \$1,693.66, a reduction of \$143.27. We are glad to report, however, that no security owned by the Society is in default. Membership dues also showed a decrease for the year of \$43.

Incidental income amounted to \$256.10, an increase of about \$150.00, which is accounted for by the fact that a number of duplicates were sold by the Society during the year.

Expenses are kept at a minimum and this year amounted to \$2,674.47, an increase of only \$86.00 over last year.

The customary check for \$100.00 was given to us by the Hester N. Wetherell Estate and was gratefully received. We were also happy to receive gifts of \$1,000 each from Mrs. Esther Forbes Hoskins and Mr. John W. Higgins.

It is obvious, of course, that a large part of the income received by the Society is from membership dues. The Treasurer would be greatly helped if the members, through their personal contacts, would enlist new members in the work of the Society.

Respectfully submitted,

DWIGHT S. PIERCE,

Treasurer

June 6, 1944





*The
Worcester Historical Society
Publications*

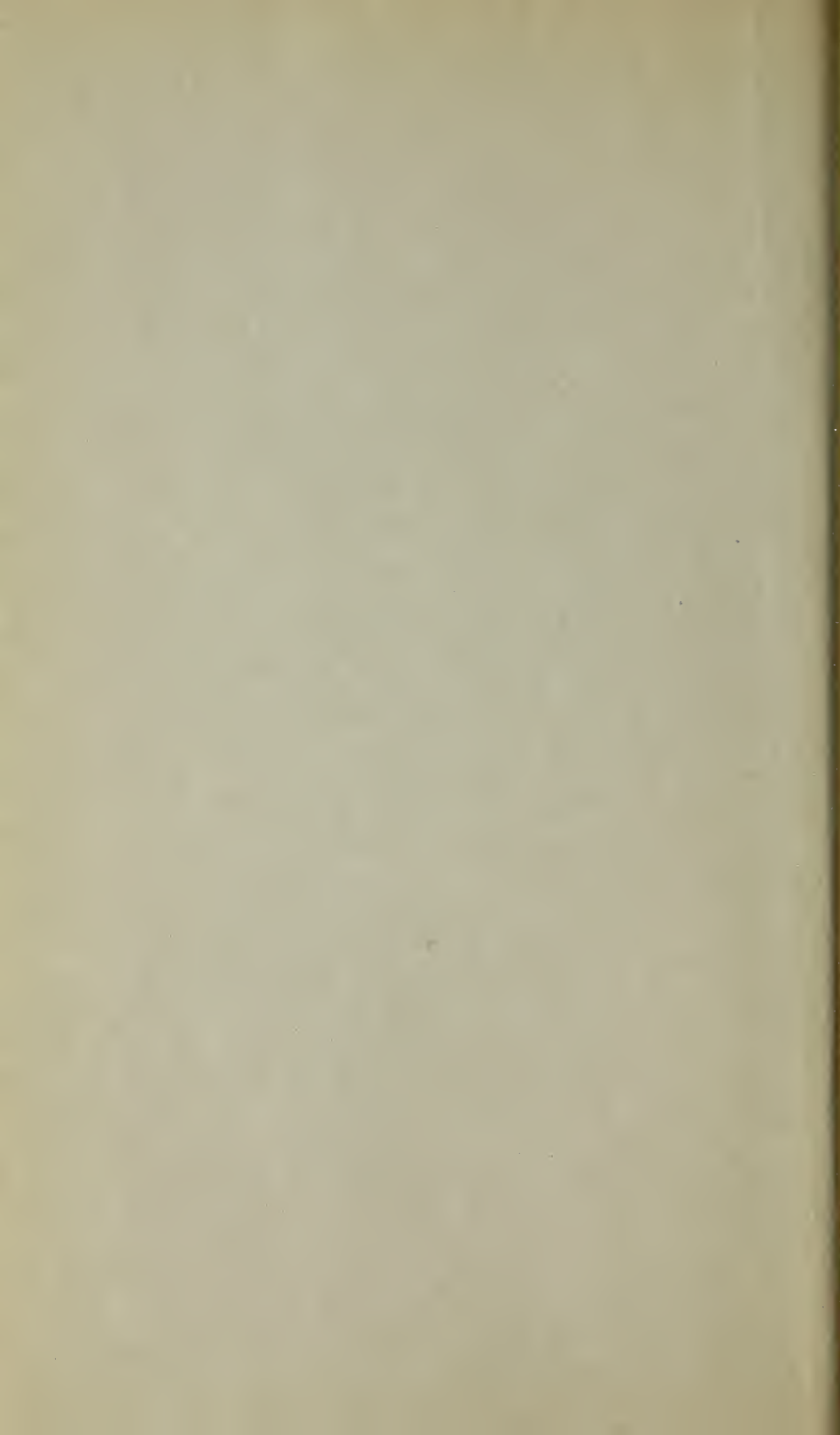


NEW SERIES

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The
Worcester Historical Society
Publications



NEW SERIES

Vol. III, No. 2

SEPTEMBER, 1945

Published by
THE WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



LIST OF OFFICERS, 1945-1946

| | | | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--|
| <i>President</i> | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | GEORGE R. STOBBS |
| <i>Vice-presidents</i> | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> { EDWARD F. COFFIN JOHN W. HIGGINS WARREN C. LANE </div> |
| <i>Secretary</i> | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | NATHAN RICE |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | DWIGHT S. PIERCE |
| <i>Executive Board</i> | | | | | | | | <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> { CHARLES E. AYERS DR. EDWARD B. BIGELOW DR. PHILIP H. COOK ALBERT FARNSWORTH MRS. JAMES C. FAUSNAUGHT MISS MARY EARLE GOULD MRS. CHARLES F. MORGAN ALFRED E. RANKIN </div> |
| The above-named officers and Chairman of Finance Com- mittee, also | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | |
| <i>Finance Committee</i> | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> { CHANDLER BULLOCK GEORGE R. STOBBS EDGAR L. RAMSDELL </div> |

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Gifts by will may be made in the following form:

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Historical Society, of Worcester, Massachusetts.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

This past year the Society held only three meetings during the year, the regular monthly meetings being abandoned because of fuel shortage, a proceeding which has been followed since the war began.

At the meeting held in January, nearly a hundred persons gathered to hear an address delivered by Harry G. Stoddard on "The Romance of Worcester Industry." Those who braved the severe weather to attend were richly rewarded for their effort. The address is printed in this publication.

On May 18th more than fifty members attended to hear Mr. H. Clayton Kendall, of the Rockwood Sprinkler Company, give an illustrated talk on "Water-Fog." The speed with which bad fires could be brought under control by its use was a most interesting revelation to those present. The pictures included some of the U. S. carrier *Franklin* which made such a remarkable escape after being almost annihilated by Jap bombs.

At the annual meeting held in June, after the regular business, the election of officers, was transacted, President George R. Stobbs gave an interesting talk on "Some Highlights in the Early History of the Worcester County Bar." The address was extemporaneous, but it is hoped that some written report of it will be available for the files of the Society where material of valuable historic interest is preserved.

NATHAN RICE,
Secretary

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

To the Members of the Worcester Historical Society:

The Treasurer respectfully submits his report as of May 31, 1945.

The total income for the year mounted to \$3,265.83 and the total expenses were \$2,820.23, the excess of income over expenses being \$445.60.

We have this past year received the full benefit of the income from the Jeanie L. Southwick Estate which amounted for the period to \$541.80.

Investment income amounted to \$1,781.13, an increase of \$87.47. No security which the Society owns is in default. Membership dues increase \$21 to \$757.

Expenses have, as usual, been kept at a minimum and this year amounted to \$2,820.23, an increase of \$145.76. An extraordinary expense of about \$350 was incurred because of the repairs to the ceiling, plastering and painting.

The customary check for \$100 which was given to us by the Hester N. Wetherell Estate was gratefully received.

We were also happy to receive a gift of \$100 from John W. Higgins which was credited to the Building Fund at his request.

It is obvious, of course, that when and if the Society desires to increase its usefulness in the community, it will be necessary that the permanent funds of the Society be greatly increased and we must have a much larger membership.

Respectfully submitted,

DWIGHT S. PIERCE,
Treasurer

June 5, 1945

REPORT OF MUSEUM ACTIVITIES

The work of the Museum continues as in previous years although hampered by fuel shortage necessitating closing two days of the week during the winter months. However, the fact that we had over a thousand visitors would indicate that it is of interest to many people. Hardly a day goes by without someone dropping in to see our exhibits, and sometimes the enthusiastic comments of our visitors bring home to us in a startling way the unique value of some of our pieces.

Another service is the answering, as far as time allows, of many inquiries from various parts of the country concerning Worcester ancestors. We are also adding almost daily to the file of newspaper clippings. Many are finding this file a valuable aid in their research projects and it will become increasingly valuable as time goes on. And still another service is the receiving of donations from interested friends. These keep coming in and are being carefully marked and stored, even although lack of space prevents their being exhibited at present. Some of the articles received during the past year were two military uniforms, slippers worn by a bride in 1805, a sketch of the Worcester Academy made at the time it was used as a soldiers' hospital under the name of Dale Hospital, a dentist's operating chair, some sixty years old at the present time, an old vacuum cleaner of an unusual type, a spinning reel used during the Revolutionary War, a hand-woven blue and white bedspread which belonged to the great great grandmother of the donor, and other old and interesting articles. Since the collection is being added to constantly, it is obvious that storage space is becoming more and more of a problem, and yet it would seem unwise to refuse articles that may be of great value in years to come.

The above-mentioned work and the guiding of visitors around the Museum keeps the two assistants busy all the time, but there is a good deal of satisfaction in feeling that the Museum is serving the public in a most worthwhile way.

KATHERINE REID,
Assistant in Museum and Library

ROMANCE OF WORCESTER INDUSTRY

PAPER DELIVERED BY H. G. STODDARD BEFORE THE
WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY, JANUARY 26, 1945

The subject assigned to me by your President and accepted in a weak moment is "The Romance of Worcester Industry."

Industry covers the whole realm of our activities. I have chosen, however, to limit my attention largely to the manufacturing industries of Worcester, of which we most naturally think when we refer to Industry. Manufacturing is that phase of our economic life which takes raw material and, by processing, increases its value and makes it available for use in a myriad of forms. Without manufacturing, modern civilization and our present standards of living would be impossible.

As a manufacturer, however, I would not overlook our dependence on many other activities. Banks assist us in our modern financial transactions. Railroad, aeroplane and the automobile supply the transportation needed. Our commercial enterprises assist in the distribution of our product. Newspapers and radio keep us posted on developments the world over. Doctors look after our health: Insurance companies our lives. Ministers try to keep us straight in our thinking. Lawyers in this modern day try to explain how forgiveness of tax involves increased payments. And so I might go on but even in the industrial field, limited by choice for this paper, there is such a mass of fascinating information that I can but touch the high spots and those which seem to me to savor most of romance.

This is not intended as a research, historical, or statistical paper. It is an attempt to paint the industrial development of Worcester in broad lines so that we may capture to a slight degree the basis of it all, great personalities of the past and present.

There are very distinct periods in the industrial development of this country and these apply in a marked degree to Worcester.

First,—the early settlement days with the experiences so intriguing to the antiquarian. This period might be considered to extend to about 1830.

Second,—the period when basic inventions, particularly those having to do with steam power, began to appear, which were to have such a profound influence on future developments. This period might be thought of as covering the 50 years from 1830 to the 1880's.

Third,—the period of rapid development from the early 80's through to the beginning of the twentieth century. This was a period not only of invention but of the development of inventions their improvement and practical application. Increasing volume was available; technical education was receiving consideration; steam and electric power became permanent, and the internal combustion engine appeared. It was this period, representing the latter part of the nineteenth century that saw the beginning of many of our most substantial Worcester industries. Their story, it seems to me, is fully as dramatic as the incidents of those earlier pioneer days.

Fourth,—the early 1900 period, which saw the beginning of the consolidation or so-called trust era. This development has had a wide effect on our national economy but has affected Worcester probably less than most comparable cities.

After various attempts which failed, due to the non-cooperative attitude of Indians hereabout, Worcester's permanent settlement occurred in 1713. Such a settlement was authorized by the General Court at Boston in 1679. The expediency of settling the town was "the better convenity of God's worship, the better education of their children and for the better accommodation of the trades-people." The practical turn of mind of these pioneers is made clear by the agreement which provided three lots "to be set apart for the maintenance of a sawmill, three for a gristmill, and six to the builders and maintainers of works promoting useful trades."

Historic names appear early in the history of Worcester. Captain John Wing in 1685 built the first saw and gristmill.

Captain Nathaniel Jones, in 1717, was voted a 12-year charter to build a dam and a sawmill in the neighborhood of Lake Quinsigamond.

There is an interesting story in the 1750's with reference to a silver mine promoted in the northern part of the town. A shaft was sunk and smelting houses erected but the result went the way of many such ventures. It is reported that "the proprietors aban-

doned the work when they were awakened by the reality of the loss from the dream of fortune and afterwards destroyed the records of their credulity."

Years later a coal mine was developed in the same general region with substantial investment and consequent losses when the character of the coal was found to be undesirable for use. It was said that it produced more ash than heat.

One of the earliest industries developed in Worcester was for the manufacture of potash due to the plentiful supply of wood hereabouts and to certain import restrictions with reference to this product. It was rather short-lived. The records tell us that in 1778 there were 250 Massachusetts woodcutting projects established to give employment during the depression of that faraway day. In 1785 Governor Bowdoin recommended these projects as a remedy for the distress then prevailing "the ashes to be deposited with the State Agent who would sell them and use the money to pay the taxes of the men who brought them in."

In 1856 deposits of peat were found in and around Worcester and for a short time this was an industrial operation. Some of us, as boys, remember that area north of Pleasant Street, and west of Haviland Street, known as Peat Meadow.

One of the earliest mechanical shops was the blacksmith shop of Timothy Bigelow at Lincoln Square. His name is familiar because of his Revolutionary record. History says, "When the war was over he returned home, his health ruined, and his fortune gone in consequence of the depreciation of the currency under which \$40.00 was scarcely sufficient to buy a pair of shoes."

In these very early years at Worcester it is natural to find that practically all the early industries gathered themselves along what would now seem to us very limited water power. Mill Brook coming down from North Pond through Lincoln Square and on into the Blackstone, and Kettle Brook coming from South Worcester down through Middle and French Rivers and emptying into the Blackstone, afforded sites for many of the small, early industries. The small industries in the South Worcester area were rather predominantly textile. From Leicester to Quinsigamond there were some seventeen individual water rights. The successors to some of these industries still exist, notably the Duffy Manufacturing Company, the Hopeville Manufacturing Company, and Curtis &

Marble. That little water power also saw the beginnings of paper mill activities, and the Coes Wrench Company.

Isaiah Thomas in 1785 purchased a dam and privilege near the present location of the South Works of the American Steel & Wire Company for 90£ Sterling. He sold it two years later for 85£. In 1793, six years later, he bought it back for 110£. He developed a small paper mill. Engineers received \$3.00 a week, regular workmen 75c. a week, boys 60c. a week with board.

The developments along Mill Brook, North Worcester, Lincoln Square, and Union Street, were largely metal-working industries. It was on this stream that Ichabod Washburn, in the early 1800's started his first little business venture, which later developed into the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company, now the American Steel & Wire Company, to which we shall refer more in detail later.

An interesting commentary on the variety of manufacturing products already receiving attention at Worcester is covered by an advertisement in a Boston paper in 1810 which listed the following industries: Tanneries, distilleries, sugar refineries, breweries, paper-mills, oil-mills, snuff-mills, chocolate-mills, gunpowder mills, glass-works, fulling mills, carding-machines (going by water), hemp and flax spinning-mills, cotton and wool spinning-mills, rope-walks, furnaces, air furnaces, forges, bloomeries, rolling and slitting-mills, cut-nail factories, trip-hammers and steel furnaces.

Of similar interest is an advertisement in the Worcester *Spy* of 1817, signed by inmates of the Worcester Gaol where many of them were imprisoned for debt. An extract from this letter is as follows:

"Unwilling that their time and talent should be lost they hereby give information to their creditors and good people of the vicinity that there are those in their society who can perform the business of farming, shoe making, masons, clock and watch repairing, card making, mathematical instrument making, engraving, distilling, rope making, etc."

At about the end of this period, in 1822, the question of the Blackstone Canal was raised. The Canal was completed in 1828. We think of our present day as one dealing in astronomical figures but in comparison men certainly took a chance in these earlier days. The Canal was capitalized for \$400,000 and over-subscribed

three times. The members of the Committee to receive subscriptions included such names as Lincoln, Davis, Earle, and Greene. As steam locomotive power appeared at this time the useful life of the Canal was short, a big loss resulting. If there had been income taxes in those days, the only advantage of the loss would have been its deductibility from taxable income.

In 1835 the first steam train puffed into Worcester and came up Foster Street to the Station at the corner of Foster and Norwich Streets. That was an exciting day in Worcester. Later, at this same location, was what was known as the H. H. Bigelow Exhibition Palace. The huge, rambling structure, occupying space between Foster, Norwich, Mechanic and Commercial Streets, was used for exhibitions and the introduction of new inventions. At this time inventions were piling upon inventions. I quote a paragraph from that fascinating book, "Anything Can Happen Here," the author a Russian immigrant:

"Now I found out that in America they're crazy about any kind of inventions, especially those that work, and they're glad to pay good money for them. The trick is to find a way to make simple something that's hard to do or else figure out a complicated process for easy things so they look more important."

Be this as it may, the Exhibition Palace, which later became a skating rink, introduced to Worcester, among various other things, the first electric car, and the first gramophone or talking machine. It evidenced the open-mindedness of Worcester towards new ideas.

In 1840 the Norwich and Worcester Railroad came into Worcester from the south, crossing the Common and using the Station of the Boston & Worcester Railroad. The fine mechanical work in those days is indicated by the fact that one of the early engines, named "The Lion," was in operation thirty-two years and is reported to have travelled 700,000 miles.

An outstanding development, which probably had much to do with laying the foundations for Worcester Industry, as we know it today, was the result of the broad view of two substantial citizens,—first, the elder Stephen Salisbury, and second, William Merrifield, the builder. Mr. Salisbury erected many factory buildings and rented space to early and struggling industries. These were largely along the Mill Brook waterway and, when steam power became available, on Union Street. There were seven

distinct factory buildings erected by him in the ten-year period from 1834 to 1844.

William Merrifield, the builder, followed this same line but his operations were largely confined to buildings on Union Street. It is said that the power for his first building was one horse, which supplied power for a saw and planer. The Merrifield buildings had various vicissitudes, fire among them, but shortly after the introduction of the steam engine Merrifield in 1854 erected a three-story factory building 1000 feet in length and 50 feet in width, with floor space of four acres, and installed a steam engine of 350 H.P., which continued in operation forty-six years. Space in this building, as in the Salisbury buildings, was rented to struggling industries with too little capital to provide their own buildings and power.

Mr. Salisbury often leased his buildings with options to buy. If we had time to trace the transfers of these buildings it would call to mind many names well known in Worcester. The account indicates that as the result of the faith and foresight of these two men well over a hundred industries used their facilities at different times. The list covers practically every phase of Worcester's industries of that period and represents the beginnings of many of our permanent industries.

It is interesting to note that a substantial portion of the Wire Mill buildings on Grove Street, erected during this period, were leased to their operators. In this case we have seen the phenomenon of a 99-year lease coming due. The abandonment of the buildings on Grove Street for a new site at the South Works by the American Steel & Wire Company is all a part of this kaleidoscopic picture. Worcester had a population of about 5,000 when Mr. Salisbury began to erect these buildings on Grove Street.

The names of outstanding men during this period appear constantly in connection with civic as well as industrial developments. For instance, when Mechanics Hall was erected, at a cost of \$140,000, Ichabod Washburn contributed \$10,000. The building was begun in 1854 and completed in 1857, Worcester's population at that time being 18,000.

Following soon after came the start of what is now the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. John Boynton placed in the hands of his former partner, David Whitcomb, the sum of \$100,000, the first endowment for the school. The name of Ichabod Washburn and

many other names appear in connection with the start of the W.P.I. which has meant so much to the industries of Worcester.

Ichabod Washburn contributed \$50,000 for the establishment of the Washburn Shops.

This is a fitting place to mention also the gifts of Jonas G. Clark to Clark University and College. While not a manufacturer, but what we should now call a sutler, in the booming California days, he accumulated a fortune and his gifts to Clark were in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000.

I mention these instances to indicate that even nearly 100 years ago Worcester men were willing to back their belief with cold cash.

As the second portion of this paper I shall refer briefly to some of our outstanding industries which still persist, touching on their beginnings and on those things which contributed to their persistence and success.

AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY

The predecessors of this Company, so important to Worcester, were Ichabod Washburn and William Howard, whose original venture was making lead pipe. Later this partnership was succeeded by Washburn and Benjamin Goddard in 1822, when woolen machinery became their product. In 1831 this partnership sold their first enterprise and established a small factory on Mill Brook for the manufacture of wire for screws and card wires. Within a short time an enlargement was necessary and Mr. Stephen Salisbury erected a building for them 40 x 100 ft. The annual rental of the new property was \$1,011. "For the manufacture of material of wood, metal or leather and for no other purpose."

A few years later Mr. Washburn sold his interest to Benjamin Goddard for \$2,000, the partnership being amicably dissolved, and Mr. Washburn took up the manufacture of fine wire at the new building on the site of the North Works, this again being furnished by Mr. Salisbury. As the years went by, various changes occurred in the set-up of the business. Mr. Charles Washburn, a twin brother of Ichabod and grandfather of the present Washburns, joined the enterprise. Later Philip L. Moen, a son-in-law, and Charles F. Washburn, nephew of Ichabod and father of Reginald, entered the Company. The history since then is well known.

The first job of the writer of this paper was with the Washburn & Moen Company and as he was hired by Mr. Charles F. Washburn he has a great personal interest particularly in this part of its history. If Mr. Reginald Washburn had white burnside whiskers, he would very much resemble his father and he has some of the same characteristics, namely the enjoyment of a good joke.

There is in existence the original autographed statement by Ichabod Washburn as to the result of six months work ending April 1, 1835. The receipts were \$9,558.23 with a profit of \$2,000, "no provision having been made for losses that may accrue." In later years, Mr. William E. Rice, to be exact in 1852, became a clerk with the Company, then known as Ichabod Washburn & Company, at a salary of \$50 a month. There is in existence a statement signed by William E. Rice showing the operations of the Company for the year ending June 30, 1857. The total value of the output at that time was \$194,800. The product was listed as bonnet wire, hairpin wire, hook and eye wire, reed wire, flat wire, weaving wire, telegraph wire, music wire and card wire. Charles H. Morgan, founder of the Morgan Construction Company, and Fred H. Daniels in later years became important contributors to the growth of what is now one of our largest industries.

RICE BARTON CORPORATION

Among the few companies that survived for a century is this one, descending from the firm of Howe & Goddard. In 1836 the manufacture of paper was very crude. These young men saw the demand of the future and the need for machines for doing the work. Their first operations were in what were known as the Red Mills on Green Street, on water power of Mill Brook. A very interesting booklet gotten out by this Company shows the development of a business which is now the leader in its field. It is interesting to note that, in the early days of Howe & Goddard, boilers were a part of their product and when they concentrated on paper making machinery the boiler making machinery was purchased by the Stewart Boiler Works. The paper industry in this section undoubtedly owes its development to the machinery brought out by the young company. It is also interesting that Dr. Russell Hawes, a physician and the inventor of the envelope, left his prac-

tice and entered the shops of Goddard & Rice, which was an intermediary name between the original and the present one. George Sumner Barton, 1st, entered the firm as an apprentice in 1845 and is well remembered as one of Worcester's leading citizens. The carrying on of a business by the third and fourth generations is one of the interesting features that applies to industries in Worcester in a greater degree than many other cities.

MORGAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

Mr. Charles H. Morgan, who began work at fifteen years of age in his uncle's shop at Clinton, where box-making machinery was built, and later was Superintendent of the Washburn & Moen Company for 23 years, left there in 1891 and established the Morgan Construction Company. Here again is a concern, founded on vision and ability, carried on by the second and third generations. The original and total investment of this business was \$10,000, only a portion of which was in cash. Its product, in the form of rolling mills and auxiliary steel mill equipment, is in use the world over. This is another illustration of the results of hard work and plowing back earnings for the expansion of the business.

CURTIS & MARBLE MACHINE COMPANY

Another of the surviving 100 year old companies is this one. Mr. Charles F. Marble's great grandfather, Moses Clement, was a blacksmith with a factory at Coes Square. The original product of that plant, machine knives forged and welded, gradually developed into the wrench business, later known as the Loring Coes Company, near Coes Reservoir. Mr. Charles Marble's father was a machinist in the plant of Albert Curtis, located where the Electric Light plant is now. After various vicissitudes, the firm now known as Curtis & Marble, was formed in 1864 with a plant at South Worcester, not far from the Whittall Mills. They specialized in machinery for the textile industry. Here again the original proprietor of a substantial business came up through the shop, having worked as machinist, journeyman, foreman, etc. The amount of original capital was very small and this Company furnishes another example of the principle on which the successful companies of 100 years ago began.

UNITED STATES ENVELOPE COMPANY

The envelope business, following the important invention by Dr. Russell Hawes, continued in more or less haphazard fashion with many inventions following in swift succession.

The present United States Envelope Company is one which took the place of a number of smaller pioneer concerns. Prominent in this group was the Logan, Swift, & Brigham Envelope Company.

The two Swift brothers, one of them the father of Willard E. Swift, the President of the present Company, after working at various trades, entered the employ of David Whitcomb. They were later joined by John Brigham and James Logan, of Worcester fame. In 1864 Henry Swift (Willard's father) had walked from West Falmouth to Worcester seeking work, having stopped at Waltham without finding anything.

In February 1884, these men left the employ of David Whitcomb and started business in space rented from George L. Brownell, 16 Union Street. The original investment is somewhat in doubt but there is evidence that all the partners put in all the money they had. A mortgage on Mr. Swift's home was registered in Worcester County Institution for Savings in 1885. James Logan succeeded in getting a loan of \$1,000 from each of ten friends. The firm of Logan, Swift & Brigham became an important part of the large industry before referred to, James Logan being for many years its President and General Manager.

Mr. Swift, by the way, was a Quaker. He refused military duty, was tried by court martial, sentenced to be shot, and pardoned by Abraham Lincoln, at whose direction an honorable parole from "military duty" was granted November 20, 1863. His early contact with David Whitcomb, father of G. Henry Whitcomb and associate of John Boynton, meant much to him. David Whitcomb, John Boynton, with Ichabod Washburn and Stephen Salisbury, had much to do with the fashioning of Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

CROMPTON & KNOWLES LOOM WORKS

Worcester might not be the home of loom manufacture had not William Crompton, of Lancashire, England, grandfather of George Crompton, come to Taunton and then to Lowell, in connection

with the installation of machinery which he had patented. He was looking for a place to have some of this machinery made for him. A chance meeting in 1836 with Samuel Davis suggested that Worcester was a good manufacturing center. As a result, Phelps and Bickford built the first looms for Mr. Crompton under a royalty and for some years Mr. Crompton's principal interest was the manufacture of textiles.

The U. S. Patent System was adopted in 1836. Mr. Crompton's first loom patent, No. 491, was perhaps the first important patent issued, certainly almost the only one which is today being used in very nearly its original form. The original model is now in the National Museum in Washington, and a replica is at the Crompton & Knowles Loom Works, in Worcester. Later inventors and associates were George Crompton, Horace Wyman, and George Clark. George, son of William Crompton, was issued his first patent in 1854.

Forbush and Crompton started in 1853 the manufacture of looms in the Merrifield Building and continued there until the fire of 1854 when they rented a part of the old Wire Mill on Grove Street. Later on they moved to what is known as the Red Mill, on Green Street, and after Forbush and Crompton had dissolved in 1859, George Crompton bought the Red Mill and built other buildings.

The Knowles side of the business was built largely around the inventions of Lucius J. Knowles, who was engaged in the manufacture of steam pumps in Warren. Between 1846 and 1860 he was a manufacturer of cotton warps and satinets. His first loom patent was issued in 1856. Soon Mr. Knowles associated with his brother, Francis B., and Mr. George F. Hutchins.

A consolidation of the Crompton and Knowles interests into the present Company took place in 1897 and brought together the inventive brains of the two companies, which has since met the demands for a wide variety of looms and has become one of the most substantial of our local industries.

Ownership management has been continuous and its executives have played important parts in the industrial and civic life of the City.

WHITTALL ASSOCIATES

As it was a fortuitous circumstance that brought Mr. William Crompton to Worcester, similarly through his son, Mr. George

Crompton, Mr. Matthew J. Whittall came here from Kidderminster, England. Mr. George Crompton was operating the Crompton Carpet Company and had learned of Mr. Whittall's reputation as a weaver and dyer in England.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Matthew P. Whittall I was allowed to see a copy of a letter which George Crompton in 1871 wrote Matthew J. Whittall, in England. By the way, he called him "Michael." One or two quotations from this letter are interesting:

"Your proposal is accepted. You shall be satisfied. Have written." (This was a cable.)

"We are satisfied you are competent to manage our concern so far as abilities go. We have 16 looms. They are all my construction and for new looms run very well. We propose to build a dye house the coming summer. There are abundant houses for workmen. The City of Worcester is a fast-growing city of 45,000 population. We accept your proposal to be our superintendent, to have the complete manufacturing management of the concern. For this we pay you 400 £ Sterling. On your arrival at New York go to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There are trains for Worcester at 8:00 A.M. and 3:00 P.M. On arrival go to the Bay State Hotel. I have said all I can. If you could bring a few nice designs I would pay you for all expenses."

This association led to the absorption of the carpet business by Mr. Whittall. The name "Whittall" is nationally known for its famous Wilton carpets and seamless rugs.

GRATON & KNIGHT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Founded in 1851 by Henry Graton and Joseph Knight, who was employed by the T. K. Earle Company, card clothing manufacturers. They purchased that Company's belt department and founded this great leather belting business. Mr. Graton lived to be 100 years old. In the early days these two men did practically all the work, Mr. Knight tending manufacturing and Mr. Graton sales. Mr. Knight worked at the bench during the day and handled correspondence and kept books at night. The original capital investment was \$800.

HEALD MACHINE COMPANY

Among the few 100 year old companies, Heald Machine Company has a most romantic history. In 1826, at what was later known as Heald Village, Barre, was a typical small community, with a small machine shop and foundry on a water power. It was founded by Stephen Heald, the great grandfather of Robert, Richard, and Roger, who now head the Company. For four generations this family has seen the business develop until its product today is known the world over.

The father of the present Healds, James N. Heald, graduated from the Tech in 1884 and soon felt it was of importance to move the Company to Worcester. His father, or the grandfather of the present Healds, was a strong-minded old gentleman and did not favor the move, and drove what would seem to be a hard bargain with his son, to whom he gave an option to acquire the machine shop part of the business within a certain time limit.

The young James Heald, unknown in Worcester, set himself to the task of obtaining financial assistance. Here again it is interesting that his first encouragement came from Mr. Charles H. Morgan. Among others who took a chance on this radical move were Dr. Peabody, a retired dentist in Worcester, John Harrington, whom many of us knew, and O. B. Wood. Paul and Ralph Morgan also became original stockholders with Mr. James Heald. It is said that he did not get the amount of money needed until the day when the option expired, which was on a Saturday. The option demanded currency. No certified check or paper money would do. Fearing if payment was not made exactly when due, he persuaded Mr. Ralph Morgan, whom we can imagine fully enjoyed it, to drive him to Barre behind a pair of fast horses. They arrived on time and turned over to the old gentleman \$10,000 in gold, which was the original investment in this splendid Worcester industry. A recent small addition to the present plant to house one single machine cost many times this original amount.

Here is an illustration, often repeated in Worcester, of substantial industries starting with little cash, their growth dependent on enterprise and the plowing back into the industry much of their earnings. We could easily philosophize as to whether this is possible in future under the present trends.

Under the management of the fourth generation greater and more scientific progress is being made than at any other period in the Company's history.

The Company has in its possession its first ledger, dated January 7, 1826. Some items are interesting on both the debit and credit sides, showing the barter trade situation:

| | | |
|-------------------|---------------|--------|
| A day's pay | .50 to \$1.00 | Debit |
| Rent of a lathe | .25 a day | |
| <hr/> | | |
| 4 gals. of rum | 1.60 | Credit |
| 5 hens | 1.00 | |
| Rent of a pair of | | |
| oxen 2 days | 1.00 | |
| 1 pair of shoes | 1.00 | |

HOWARD BROTHERS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Howard Brothers Manufacturing Company, organized in 1866, was named for three brothers, Albert H., Charles and John. The location of this first plant is now part of the esplanade where stands the Union Passenger Station. In those days a row of brick commercial buildings provided space for a number of small industries.

The product of this company, now dominant in its industry, is card clothing and accessories for the textile industry. It is a far cry from "the good old days" when the work was done largely by hand and much of it by women at home to the present day of specialized machinery. For 75 years this company has progressed along lines similar to many other Worcester industries. Its management has been continuous and its officials have always come up the hard way from the "university of experience."

BRADLEY CAR WORKS

One of the pioneer industries in Worcester was the Bradley Car Works. Its factory was located near the esplanade of the present railroad station. In 1822 it was building stage coaches and carriages. In 1835 it built its first railway passenger car which was

transported overland to Boston. In the 1860's it began the manufacture of sleeping cars. The first ones were in operation between Boston and New York and one was taken into the Central West and operated by George Pullman. This was the beginning of a great industry and its successor in Worcester is the Bradley Car Branch of the Pullman Company.

LELAND-GIFFORD COMPANY

William H. Leland and Albert J. Gifford formed a partnership in 1900 to engage in manufacturing, Mr. Leland then being Superintendent of the Prentice Brothers Company and Mr. Gifford in charge of their engineering.

Just previous to this time, the real start of the work was begun in Mr. Gifford's barn on Oread Street, with Mr. Leland and Mr. Gifford working nights while still employed at Prentice Brothers Company. One thousand dollars was put into the business at the time of its start and no other amounts have been invested in the business since that time.

Very early in the history of this Company, crankshafts were machined and the finishing of all portions, including the crankpin, by grinding was done by machines designed and built by the Company.

Machine tools, with which both Mr. Gifford and Mr. Leland were quite familiar in their previous experience, were soon added to the products of Leland-Gifford Company. Though drilling machines were the principal product, other types of machine tools, such as lathes and grinding machines, have also been made in substantial quantities.

This Company, like many another Worcester industry, has expanded steadily during its 45 years of existence. It is owned and managed by its founders. It has played an important part in two world wars and is a further example of intelligent and hard working owner management and of the policy, growing more difficult in recent years, of turning earnings back into the business for development and research.

THE NORTON COMPANY

We can mark easily the beginnings of the romance of a company like the Norton Company but, of course, the real beginnings are

always in the minds and geniuses of farseeing individuals. The Norton Company sprang from the so-called F. B. Norton's Stone-ware Works. This was a small pottery shop.

Mr. John Jeppson, the father of George Jeppson, now the President of the Norton Company, came to Worcester in 1869. He worked for Mr. Norton for about five years. The depression following the Civil War caused him to seek employment in several places, finally in a pottery in West Sterling. In 1881 he drove to Worcester with his horse and buggy and again joined forces with Mr. Norton.

Here began the experiments in producing the vitrified grinding wheel. Mr. Norton had taken out a patent in 1873 or '74 for such a wheel but nothing had been done about it until Mr. Jeppson's return, when to him was assigned the task of developing it. He was given a room 12 x 18. There he mixed by hand, turned the wheels into shape on a potter's wheel and dried them on wooden racks, the heat being furnished by a small cast iron caboose stove. They were burned with the jugs and jars in the pottery kiln which was fired with cord wood. The bushings in the wheels came from lead pipe obtained from neighboring junk yards. This lead was melted in a plumber's stove.

A little business was built up, a salesman was hired and about 1883 Mr. Charles L. Allen was employed as bookkeeper. Mr. George N. Jeppson says he remembers his father saying at that time that a bookkeeper was hired and they expected now to get their weekly pay on time.

Among the places where these new wheels were used, one was at the Washburn Shops of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. This brings us to the connection with this great industry of Mr. Milton P. Higgins and Mr. George I. Alden, both Professors at Worcester Tech, with Mr. Higgins Superintendent of the Shops. Their recognition of the possibilities of the grinding wheel to replace the natural stone wheels of that day and the dissatisfaction of Messrs. Jeppson and Allen with some of the policies of Mr. Norton resulted in the purchase of the Emery Wheel portion of the business by Messrs. Higgins, Alden, Jeppson and Allen. Mr. Fred Daniels, of the Washburn & Moen Co., and Mr. Horace Young, their Master Mechanic, joined in furnishing the money.

It is understood that Messrs. Jeppson and Allen literally emptied their pockets to put cash into the new enterprise and that the

balance of the money was furnished by what we should today call a syndicate, composed of the names listed above, Mr. Milton P. Higgins being the largest subscriber. The purchase price of the Emery Wheel portion of the Norton Pottery Company was \$10,000.

In 1885 the Norton Emery Wheel Company was organized and shortly thereafter moved to the present location of the Norton Company in Greendale. The total amount of capital invested in the Norton Company was \$20,000, our greatest and most influential industrial institution. It is locally owned and operated by the second and third generations of the founders. It is such institutions as these that have made Worcester great.

The names of Milton P. Higgins and George I. Alden will always add luster to the story of the development of Worcester. Mr. Higgins, the founder of our Trade Schools, was active in the Plunger Elevator Company and the Shredded Wheat Company, as well as the founder of the Worcester Pressed Steel Company. A worthy sire of worthy sons who, in their business activities, have ever found time to support everything good in Worcester. Mr. Alden left a large portion of his fortune in trust for the general good.

THE WORCESTER PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

One of the many inventors and early business pioneers of Worcester, who were enabled to get their start by reason of renting manufacturing space in the Merrifield Buildings, of which we have spoken of before, was John Cole. He invented and patented the process of cold drawing metal with a punch and die in a press. It was the beginning of the stamping industry in this country. This was 80 years ago, when Worcester was a city of 40,000 inhabitants. Sixty years ago a Worcester teamster, Edmund Converse, invested all his savings in the Worcester Ferrule and Manufacturing Company. This was the predecessor of the Worcester Pressed Steel Company, now carried on so ably by the son and grandson of Milton P. Higgins.

Mr. John Higgins, the President, has combined in a remarkable manner mass production with beauty and quality, and the John Woodman Higgins Museum, adjacent to the plant of the Worcester Pressed Steel Company, is a mecca for those interested in tracing skilful work with metals from the earliest time to the present day.

As Mr. Higgins has well said, "From a small original investment present values are due to wise and frugal management, with added capital almost entirely the result of the earnings of the Company." This is the "American Way" and the essence of free enterprise, and without it there would be no story of "The Romance of Worcester Industry."

• WYMAN-GORDON COMPANY

Two young men in 1883, H. Winfield Wyman and Lyman F. Gordon, having graduated from the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, were set up in business by their fathers, superintendents of the Crompton Loom Works and the Knowles Loom Works respectively. Mr. Horace Wyman furnished the land and a small wooden building on the cheapest property existing in Worcester, known as the Island, through which originally ran Mill Brook. The surrounding territory was swampy in the extreme. This location has cost the present Company untold sums of money because even its heaviest hammers are supported by piles driven through muck to solid ground, some of them 40 to 50 feet in length. The original office, formerly a photographer's shop, was in a small wooden building on Bradley Street. The product of the Company was small forgings principally for the machine tool industry and textile industries.

The history of the Company is like that of many others. It has seen its product change repeatedly to meet new conditions. It has changed from machine forgings to bicycle forgings, to forgings required for steam and electric railroad developments, and then to the production of the first crankshafts for the automotive industry. The story of the cut and try methods which finally made the Wyman-Gordon product standard is interesting but too long to detail here. Suffice it to say that there originated in the Worcester plant the first successful methods of heat treating metals which have now reached such scientific accuracy and without which the automobile and aircraft industries could not exist. This early development was largely due to Mr. George F. Fuller, who joined the Company as a boy and is now the oldest employee in point of service, having been with the Company 58 years. As the automobile business increasingly centered in the West, Worcester

could not compete for that production and the Company built a large plant in the steel producing district of Chicago. The Worcester plant, the continuance of which was very problematical during some of these years, has now justified itself in the unique position it occupies as the largest producer of forgings for the Aircraft Industry in the country.

In the early days of the Aircraft Industry the engines were of low power, the highest during the first World War being the Liberty engine with 400 H.P. Today aircraft engines are being developed up to 3000 H.P. with a corresponding advance in requirements for propellers. Steam hammers up to 25,000 pounds falling weight are now used in producing the major aircraft forgings and some crankshaft forgings weigh 500 pounds each.

Recently this Company has been chosen by the Government to develop an important project for greater utilization of light metals, such as magnesium and aluminum. In a new location at Grafton the largest press in existence is to be erected. It has a capacity of 18,000 tons and weighs 5,000,000 pounds. It will produce magnesium forgings of a size greatly needed by the Aircraft Industry and not heretofore possible. While this plant is for research and experiment at the present time, it may well develop into still another industry for Worcester.

Magnesium, by the way, is a fascinating metal. Its specific gravity is approximately one-fourth that of steel and it is one-third lighter than aluminum. Strange as it may seem, the purest magnesium available in the country is found in Connecticut.

The original capitalization of the first Wyman-Gordon corporation was \$30,000 but only \$27,000 was the amount actually provided. Another example of small beginnings. A hammer base recently moved through the streets of Worcester to replace one that had broken cost more than the original capital of the Company. The Company is home owned and home managed, as is the case with so many Worcester companies, all of whom have contributed to make Worcester the city it is.

Such is the story of Worcester enterprise revealed by a few of our outstanding industries. The illustrations were chosen because of their very early beginnings and in most instances because of the continuity of their ownership management. The names of many other companies could be added to the list. Machine tool com-

panies and foundries have played, through all these years, an important part in supporting the industries of Worcester. Their products have gone far and wide and have added to the fame of Worcester as a manufacturing center. These names come to our mind,—Waldo, Crane, Allen, Harrington, Reed, Prentice, Richardson, Coes, Perkey, Rockwood, Brownell, Fanning, Curtis, Heywood, Duffy, Bigelow and Davis.

It is interesting to recall that when most of these companies were founded, many of the great industries which they now serve did not exist. It was in the late '80's that Carroll Wright, the first President of Clark College and formerly Commissioner of the U. S. Labor Bureau, said in an address, "That the pioneer days were over and that few, if any, inventions would affect industry in the future.' Since then, of course, the automobile, aircraft, radio, refrigeration, plastics, and innumerable other basic inventions and improvements have become the backbone of our industrial life. Who dares, therefore, to limit the opportunities of the future?

While this paper was intended to deal primarily with manufacturing enterprises, we do desire to mention that in other fields of commerce Worcester has an enviable record for continuity of substantial enterprises. The following are credited with having been in existence 100 years or more. Supplementing the story of our manufacturing industries this is certainly a remarkable record.

Elwood Adams, Inc.

Barnard, Sumner & Putnam Company

Davis & Banister, Inc.

Duncan & Goodell Company

Pratt & Inman

Ross Brothers Company

State Mutual Life Assurance Company

Worcester County Institution for Savings

Worcester County Trust Company

Worcester Mutual Fire Insurance Company

F. A. Knowlton, Inc.

Washburn & Garfield Company

One of the reasons for this recital is the hope that the rising generation may not assume that all of these things just happened. If we could teach them that great personalities, thrift, courage and vision are needed as much today as in the early years, our time will have been well spent.

We might ask, "Have the days of 'romance in business' ended?" The beginning of my own business career coincides with what we have referred to as the organization or trust era. In many fields great corporations have absorbed many smaller ones. That the ill effect on the economic life of the country has not been what was feared is due to the character of the men who have guided the destinies of these great companies.

It has been my good fortune to know many of these leaders. The nation owes them a great debt for their guidance of our industries during one of the most important periods in the nation's life.

These great establishments, however, by no means occupy as large a place in our economic structure as we might think. The important part small industry occupies often receives but little attention. Out of the more than 500 manufacturing companies in Worcester, 300 employ 50 or less. In the U. S. as a whole, 92% of all business is classified as "small," employing 100 persons or less. One hundred and sixty-eight thousand out of 184,000 companies are listed as "small." Prior to the expansion due to the present war, there were only 176 corporations employing more than 2500 people.

But what of Worcester, with which my story has been principally concerned?

From small beginnings, with no natural or waterway advantages, but rich in men of vision and courage, Worcester has become a great city,—industrially, commercially and culturally. At the present date it has

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| Bank deposits | \$341,000,000 |
| Number of bank accounts | 281,000 |

Based on 1942 statistics:

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------|
| Number of wage earners | 45,000 |
| Wages paid | \$97,000,000 |
| Value of manufacturing product | \$431,000,000 |

To quote from Donald Tulloch's "Worcester, City of Prosperity," published in 1914:

"But not alone in Mechanics—in arts and crafts, is Worcester and its suburbs pre-eminent. This city and vicinity have given to the world many men and women of national and international reputation. It was the home of Hoar and Burritt, the statesmen, Bancroft the historian, and first Secretary of the Navy, President John Adams taught school in Worcester; Edward Everett Hale ministered here; Carroll D. Wright, world-known statistician, was the first president of Clark College; Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing-machine, was born here, as were also Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross; Eli Whitney, who discovered the cotton gin; Gen. Artemus Ward, first commander-in-chief of the American Revolution; Dr. William Morton, who conquered pain by discovering the first successful anaesthetic; Draper Ruggles, Joel Nourse and John C. Mason, inventors of agricultural machinery, who perfected the modern plow; J. C. Stoddard, who invented the first steam calliope; Asa Hapgood, who invented the upper berth in the modern railroad sleeping car. In H. H. Bigelow's rink, on Foster Street, on February 22, 1887, was run the first electric car in the United States. The first auto made in the United States was manufactured by Elwood Haynes, a graduate from Worcester Polytechnic Institute."

A few verses from Frank Roe Batchelder's poem, "The Worcester of 1898" are perhaps a fitting way to close these remarks:

She toils and ventures, strives and builds,
And seeks to sweeten life for all
The craftsmen of her thousand guilds
Who answer to her every call.

Crowned by the smoke of many mills,
She welcomes workers to her gate;
And in her children's hearts instils
Love for the toil that makes her great.

Proud of her myriad machines,
Her flashing looms, her glowing fires,
Not less to other good she leans,
Not less to gentler art aspires.

So she has made and kept her place,
And taught her name to distant lands,
Her skill the marvel of the race—
Far sought the labor of her hands.

Yet does she make, when all is said,
No product more desired of men,
No brighter chaplet for her head,
Than her grand type of citizen.

In war, in peace, in school, in shop,
Beyond the knowledge of her name,
Rising insistent to the top,
Those she has bred have brought her fame.

The
Worcester Historical Society
Publications



NEW SERIES

Vol. III, No. 3

OCTOBER, 1946

Published by
THE WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

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to the Director

FOREWORD

THE WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Founded 1875

The purpose of this Society is to gather, preserve, and display for public benefit, historical material of all kinds, especially that relating to Worcester City and County.

In its Library may be found all the local histories available, and every effort is made to secure, preserve, and catalogue all articles dealing with any phase of Worcester history. Here will be found works by local authors, a well-organized collection of more than twenty thousand manuscripts, maps, broadsides, newspapers, and articles of historic interest. Much of this material is unique, of great importance, and irreplaceable.

The Museum supplements the Library in its collections, which contain thousands of objects and pictures of historical significance. Not a few are of general interest but, naturally, emphasis has been placed on what concerns Worcester especially, inventions, drawings, sketches, tools, toys, clothing, ornaments, home utensils, heirlooms, works of domestic utility, decoration, art, and education from earliest times. And many of the articles in this Museum connote important steps in the progress of City and County, refer to disasters, bring back to modern times what our ancestors did, believed, hoped, to what they aspired, what they accomplished and, in many instances, what they attempted and failed to accomplish. Thus Museum and Library mark in definite steps the growth and development of City and County in influence, in population, in aspiration, in actual accomplishment.

The resources of the Museum and Library are in constant use, not only by the students of all grades in our local schools as well as those in the County, but by investigators from outside whose researches lead them hither. And the officers of the Society, together with the members of the staff, aim ever to cooperate to the limit in furthering the efforts of those who seek aid in the resources of the collections, always emphasizing, so far as they may, those lessons of fair play, of

forbearance, of mutual assistance and cooperation that have made not only our City and County great and prosperous but have contributed to the marvelous development of our nation.

The Society is supported by membership dues and the income from a comparatively small endowment fund. Receipts from these two sources always fall far short of meeting the increasing needs felt by the Society, needs which each year become more pressing. A strong appeal is made to all who are interested in helping this valuable work by taking out membership in the Society, by presenting to its Library or Museum, gifts of historical interest, or by gifts of money. And such members and donors may rest assured that their membership and gifts will count much in helping for future generations a most valuable work.

Gifts by will may be made in the following form:

I give the sum ofDollars to the Worcester
Historical Society, of Worcester, Massachusetts.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

To the Members of the Worcester Historical Society:

The Treasurer respectfully submits his report as of May 31, 1946.

The total income for the year amounted to \$3,341.86—a small increase over the previous year. Expenses amounted to \$2,330.38, which is about \$500 less than last year, so that the income exceeded the expenses by over \$1,000. Income to the Society from the Jeanie L. Southwick Estate amounted to \$610.19. The investment income amounted to \$1,716.92, which is nearly as great as last year. Membership dues increased \$53 to a total of \$810. Expenses have been kept very low and there were no extraordinary repairs to be made during the year.

The customary check for \$100, which was given to us by the Hester N. Wetherell Estate, was gratefully received.

We were also happy to receive a gift of \$100 from John W. Higgins, which was credited to the Building Fund.

We appreciate very much the fine work that Miss Mary Gould has been doing in obtaining new members for the Society. This is, of course, a source of income. It is our hope that the permanent funds of the Society can be increased. The usefulness of the Society is hampered because of the size of its endowment fund.

Respectfully submitted,

DWIGHT S. PIERCE,
Treasurer

June 11, 1946

REPORT OF MUSEUM ACTIVITIES

While an organization such as ours may not have anything startling to report in the way of changes from year to year, it can truly be said of it that, like the proverbial well water, it would be sadly missed if its rich resources for information regarding the past were to be cut off from public use. Standing in Armory Square almost overshadowed by other public buildings, with no flaunting posters to attract attention, thousands pass it daily, never dreaming that within its walls are to be found rare relics of the past, as well as information regarding their own ancestors if they cared to inquire.

There have been some 1,700 visitors to the Museum during the year. A good many are school children who come in connection with their study of colonial history. One public school teacher sent her pupils down in relays of five or six to see such of our exhibits as had to do with the various phases of their study of colonial history, namely, home life, food, clothing, religion, etc. Afterwards those children, under the direction of their teacher, and based on what they had seen at the Museum, worked out a project in their schoolroom consisting of posters and pictures which they themselves had gathered illustrating their study. This beginning may lead to better cooperation with the public schools as the School Department has promised to furnish us with copies of the history courses of study in the various grades. With these in hand, we shall be able to supplement by visual education their school studies.

The Society held three meetings during the year. On December 16, Mrs. Esther Forbes gave us a talk on history and the writers of the historical novel. On March 14, Col. R. L. Whipple talked to a goodly audience on the Battle of Gettysburg and Worcester's part in it. At the annual meeting in June, the officers for the ensuing year were elected, some changes in the by-laws were voted on and approved, and the four papers appearing in this pamphlet were read.

A drive for new members resulted in the Society's acquiring some thirty additions to the list of members. The drive is still going on, in fact, has really just begun, and we intend to bring

the Society to the attention of many of our citizens who hardly know that we exist.

The work of collecting all kinds of historical material, books, manuscript and newspaper clippings, continues. Our file of newspaper clippings of historical interest becomes more and more valuable as time goes on. Another phase of the work is the replying to innumerable letters of inquiry concerning Worcester ancestors. These inquiries come from all parts of the country. And, of course, the two assistants are at all times on hand to guide visitors about the Museum.

To the Museum have been added some noteworthy accessions. One is a toddy tumbler which matches a smaller tumbler we already had that is said to be Stiegel glass. Another interesting item is the model of a rocker, one arm of which can be extended with a railing to hold a baby while the mother sits at the other end. This was accompanied by the patent for it, dated 1850. We also received a chest said to have been brought to this country by the ancestors of Nehemiah Pearson, of Sterling. He was born in 1789; this would date the chest back to the seventeenth century. We have been given for preservation the bust of George Crompton, 1829-1886, who was the model for the sailor on the Soldiers' Monument on the Common. To our manuscript collection has been added the diary of Mr. George E. Wire, former law librarian. This diary extends over a period of fifty years or more. These are being carefully indexed and labeled and made accessible to the public; and the deep appreciation of those who do come in to avail themselves of these services given free is testimony of the usefulness of our organization.

KATHERINE REID,
General Assistant

The four papers following were read at the Historical Society Meeting on June 14, 1946.

ZELOTES W. COOMBS

BY GEORGE R. STOBBS, *President*

Few men of this community have contributed as much to its civic life and its various activities as the subject of this biographical sketch.

Zelotes W. Coombs was born in Wrentham, Massachusetts, on June 8, 1865. His family moved to Worcester when he was six years old and he was educated in the public schools of this city and later at Amherst College, where he was graduated in the Class of 1888. After two years of teaching at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and at the University of Virginia, Professor Coombs came to Worcester Polytechnic Institute in 1890 as an instructor in English and as clerk to the president. He spent the year 1894-95 as a student at the University of Berlin, returning to Worcester Polytechnic Institute to become assistant professor of modern languages. In 1901 he became professor of French and later was appointed professor and head of the English department, which position he held for twenty-five years until his retirement. He served also as secretary of the faculty for twenty-seven years and for twenty-one years was dean of admissions. In 1937 he retired from active teaching and became dean emeritus. During the summer of 1901, he studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, and in 1895 received the degree of Master of Arts from Amherst College, and in 1943 the degree of Doctor of Science from Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Such was the professional career and such were the honors bestowed upon Dr. Coombs in appreciation of his achievements in the field of education.

For one, however, with his active mind and apparently unlimited energy and broad humanitarian outlook, it was impossible to confine interests and activities strictly to professional duties. Service to his community in a broader field made an appeal which to a man of his caliber was irresistible.

As a member of the School Committee, as one of the trustees of its Public Library Board, of which he was at one time president,

as a delegate to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention and clerk of its Committee on Education, as one of the commissioners of Hope Cemetery, he rendered outstanding service to his city and its citizenry.

In addition to these public offices he became affiliated with various literary and educational societies. For years he was a member of the Worcester Historical Society, serving as its president for several terms, and at all times taking a profound interest in everything which pertained to the welfare of that organization. For years he was a member and twice president of the Worcester Shakespeare Club, and was constant in his attendance and most active in his participation in its meetings. Other organizations with which he was affiliated were the Massachusetts School Masters Club, the Bay State Historical League, Worcester Art Museum, Educational Advisory Council of the Y.M.C.A., Worcester Branch of the Foreign Policy Association, and the Massachusetts Republican Club, and an honorary member of the Worcester Kiwanis Club. He valued his membership in this latter organization very highly and was one of its most respected and revered members. He was also vice-president of the Massachusetts Tercentenary Conference and at one time served on the Alumni Council of Amherst College.

His latest public service was as a member of one of the Selective Service Boards of Worcester, acting as its secretary. No member of any such Board, wherever located, performed his duties more conscientiously and took greater interest in the men selected for service than Professor Coombs. With one exception, and that was upon the insistence of his physician, no matter what the hour or the state of the weather might be, he never failed to be on hand at the time of departure of the draftees of his Board to their place of destination and to extend to them his best wishes for their welfare and a successful home coming.

On the personal side was his love of the outdoors. For years he owned a tract of land in Auburn upon which he cultivated and maintained a garden, and some of the happiest days of his life were spent in that connection. He loved exercise and delighted in walking between his home and the Institute while he was on its teaching staff.

But it was as a speaker upon subjects dealing with local history

that Professor Coombs was best known to the people of this community during the last few years of his life. His response to requests to address various groups and organizations in this field was always most generous and deeply appreciated. He was known throughout the whole of Worcester County as an outstanding authority on anything which pertained to the local history of any of its cities and towns and was in great demand for any occasion which held historical significance. Some of these addresses given at the meetings of the Worcester Historical Society have been included in its publications. "The Blackstone Canal" and "The Blast Furnace" were the titles of two of the best known of these. Quite recently he was requested by the City Government of Worcester to write a history of the Worcester Common. This was published in pamphlet form and made available to the citizens of this community.

For years he was a vestryman at St. Mark's Church in this city and for sometime was precentor of its music and acted also as lay reader. In his latter years he attended All Saints. During his whole life, he was a most devout churchman.

Professor Coombs was essentially a good citizen, with all that that word implies. He loved his work—his city—his church—and his fellow man. Loyalty was the keynote of his character—loyalty to his family, his church, his profession, and to the causes to which he pledged allegiance. His sturdy New England background was a foundation upon which he built a life of interest in all things civic and cultural. His passing will be universally regretted. His place in this community will be most difficult to fill.

JEANIE LEA SOUTHWICK

BY MISS ANNA T. MARBLE

Concerning Jeanie Lea Southwick, by whose will this Society has received substantial benefits, I am to have the privilege of saying a few words this evening. My qualifications for this pleasant duty are that Miss Southwick was a friend of my mother from early childhood and that, for my own part, I knew and admired Miss Southwick. To me Miss Southwick was a woman of strong personality; she was herself. It is on her personality that I wish to lay stress.

The facts of her life, probably familiar to you all, are these: She was born in Worcester in 1853; she died here in her ninetieth year. She was an artist. She studied art at the Boston Art Museum, at the Metropolitan Art Museum, with private tutors, at the Atelier Carmine in Paris, with James M. Whistler. She was one of the first art instructors in the Worcester public schools. She was one of the incorporators of the Worcester Art Museum and was on its committee of instruction. She exhibited her pictures in many places, among them in New York in the eighties, and, by special invitation, at the art exhibition in honor of Emperor Hirohito's coronation, and again in Japan in 1922. She was a traveler in Europe, the United States, and the Orient. She was interested in many clubs and societies.

Miss Southwick was a sociable person. She was interested in games and parties, especially those of an original nature. I was told that as a child she invented an "egg game," which was played at her grandfather's house on Nobility Hill, now the site of the Boston Store, but then occupied by houses with barns and large grounds. The "game" consisted in each little girl's finding an egg, putting it in her pocket, and then rushing at another little girl to see whose egg was broken. As a child I attended a "shovel and tongs" party at her house. We wondered, of course, what kind of party it would be. We discovered it was "shovel and tongs" because there was no "poker"; but there was everything else—guessing games, twenty questions, observation, charades—

and delicious refreshments. When Miss Southwick was invited to a party, she always came provided with ideas for entertainment, many of them invented for the occasion; she never was just a spectator.

Another game in which she was interested was bridge. She was one of the early bridge players in Worcester, and also one of the early teachers of bridge. Her methods of teaching were clear and original. Miss Southwick was an excellent bridge player, but she played a somewhat personalized game. After she became deaf, she said her bidding improved as her trained artist's eye watched the faces of partner and opponents, unashamedly, for clues. However, in connection with playing bridge for money, she told the following story: When she found that her favorite bridge-playing friends were playing for money, she put into a special purse the amount of money that she would probably have spent during the winter for prizes; the purse was never empty, but it was, she said, never too heavy to carry, although she was considered a consistently lucky player.

Two clubs with which Miss Southwick was connected were the Garden Club and the Shakespeare Club. To the latter club she was a great addition as she had a beautiful reading voice and a deep love for the best in literature. Her quick, kindly though pungent wit added greatly to the meetings. In spite of her deafness, very little escaped her ear trumpet, and she never hesitated to make appropriate comments.

Miss Southwick's greatest interest was art. She taught in the public schools as well as having private pupils. One of her private pupils remembers that, after several lessons, Miss Southwick said, "You don't need any more lessons. You'll never learn to draw." She did not palter with the truth. She enjoyed her work in the public schools, but lost her position through the political machinations of a member of the School Committee. During this time, there was, I gather, spirited verbal warfare between Miss Southwick and her enemy. I can see her now in a grey-green dress, a largish hat with an Italian coque plume waving on it, retailing with energy, wit, and humor the latest reports of her campaign against political corruption.

As you know, she went to Japan twice, being obliged to stay there during World War I because of lack of transportation. As

she became short of money because of war difficulties, she lived in native inns although she spoke no Japanese. She said that, since she could draw a picture of almost anything she wanted, she had no trouble in getting what she wanted, except in the cases of salt and sugar. For them she had to make appropriate grimaces.

Besides her travels in Japan, she traveled extensively in this country. As a member of the Woman's Rest Tour Association she followed the suggestions for hotels in their manual, besides contributing regularly to their hotel list. She told me that she specialized in second-class hotels suitable for ladies traveling alone. When she was well over eighty she made a long tour of the small art museums of the country to discover which museums would really appreciate her art treasures. She traveled by day coach or tourist sleeper, stopping entirely at desirable second-class hotels.

Many of her summers were spent in Nantucket instead of traveling. She had family connections with the Nantucket Folgers. The Roberts House, now a hotel, was originally a family mansion. She owned property on the Island, chiefly small stores. Since she knew all her tenants personally, it was great fun to go shopping with her as one heard a different side of Island life, and, may I say, secured real bargains in Oriental rugs, etc.

As to religious affiliations, in childhood she attended Friends Meeting. She always declared that she had been "disowned" by the Society for attending the Unitarian Church; however, she explained that, as she had never "disowned" the Society, she was still a Friend.

Her home, where she lived with her mother and an "old retainer," should be mentioned. Although next to Dix Street School, in a not too gentle neighborhood, her flowers were unpicked, her windows unbroken. The house stands near the street with the garden in back. Originally there was a barn, later turned into a studio, which, alas, was burned with many of her treasures. Both house and garden meant a great deal to Miss Southwick. The house had several rooms on the ground floor, full of interesting things—family antiques and objects acquired on her travels. Each object had its story, which she could be persuaded to tell. The dining room had a beautiful view of the garden. Here were dispensed interesting foods and drinks, sometimes with a Japanese setting, or an Italian setting, or a Victorian setting, or an American

colonial setting. Miss Southwick was frequently dressed to suit the setting. I remember a garden party when the wisteria was in bloom, and Miss Southwick in a gorgeous Japanese costume served Japanese refreshments. There were always a connection and an appropriateness between the type of party and the viands, and the viands were always delicious.

After this description of her home, I ask you to think of Miss Southwick as she looked in her later life. She wore rather large hats; she wore jewelry of various kinds, inherited or bought on her travels. I remember especially a star sapphire from Ceylon, coral and butterfly-wing jewelry from Japan, amethysts in elaborate, old-fashioned settings. She was also fond of scarves and shawls. I must not forget the ear trumpet which she put on her head in the house. She always looked like an interesting woman.

Such was Miss Southwick—social being, traveler, wit, artist—a real personality, awake, alive, kindly, clear-seeing, a woman to be respected, admired, remembered.

CHARLES TAYLOR TATMAN, 1871-1945

AN APPRECIATION

BY ROBERT K. SHAW

Among his many substantial and enduring qualities, which won for Charles Tatman an enviable position in his native city, during a long and useful life of almost exactly 74 years, may be mentioned a deep seated love and respect for Worcester (her history, people, and institutions); an honest devotion to his well chosen profession of the law; a willingness to perform hard work (both mental and manual) on an intelligent plane; an inquiring mind, leading him to enjoy many worth-while avocations; an enthusiasm for travel at home and especially abroad; a keen appreciation of the nobler things of life and a zealous devotion to their pursuit; a cultivation of several highly rewarding hobbies; a staunch loyalty to a host of friends, in and out of Worcester; and a splendid capacity for friendship, joined to a rare and ubiquitous sense of humor, which resulted, after all, in not taking himself too seriously.

Charles Taylor Tatman was born in Worcester December 16, 1871, at 40 Chatham Street, the home of his father, R. James Tatman, a prosperous fire insurance broker, and his mother, Susan Maria (Taylor) Tatman, of Northbridge. His immigrant ancestor, John Tatman or Totman (a corruption of the place name Tottenham), arrived in America on the ship "Lion" in 1632 and settled in Roxbury; a later forebear, Jabez Tatman, moved to Worcester in 1737 and married Sally Gookin, great-granddaughter of the famous Major General Daniel. Charles always prided himself, without boasting, of his lineal descent from this redoubtable Daniel Gookin, well known to all students of our local history as one of the three original proprietors of our fair city during the last quarter of the seventeenth century.

Charles attended the Winslow Street school and, in due time, passed on to the high school (the only one then in existence) occupying the old building of the present Commerce High, graduating in 1889 as president of his class. As a boy he spent many happy spare hours rummaging in the library of the American

Antiquarian Society in the old building at Lincoln Square, where the late genial Edmund Mills Barton, always generous in ready aid to both regular and irregular patrons, exercised a mild and benevolent sway. Entering Worcester Tech with the class of 1893, he decided, after two years, to change to the study of law, and so moved to Cambridge, where he remained three years, and was graduated LL.B. from the Harvard Law School in the class of 1894.

Another admirable quality of Charles Tatman, not listed in my incomplete catalog, was that of good mixer, so that his early entrance into political life was hardly a surprise to family or friends. Before completing his twenty-seventh year he had been elected chairman of the Republican City Committee, and in 1899 and 1900 was a duly elected member of our Great and General Court. In 1906 he represented the old Ward 8 in the local Board of Aldermen. Before the close of World War I, in 1918, Massachusetts voted to hold a convention to revise the state constitution, and to this important body Charles was chosen delegate-at-large, a post of considerable responsibility, imposing many dull and dreary duties, and protracted over many months.

Military affairs also claimed some of his not too ardent devotion, and from 1894 to 1897 he was enrolled as a member of Company H 2d Regiment, M.V.M. Inheriting from his father, and developing on his own account, a lively interest in the business affairs of the city, he served as president of the Chamber of Commerce (then the Board of Trade) from 1909 to 1911. An excellent portrait, as he appeared thirty-five years ago, may be seen, with those of his associates, hanging on the walls of the Directors' room. The latter year saw also the beginnings of the Bancroft Hotel, in whose financing, construction, and early management Charles took an important and essential share.

Another civic service was as delegate to the five successive peace conferences at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., from 1908 to 1912, at which he and Mrs. Tatman enjoyed to the full the beauty of the setting and the distinction of the meetings. At home, among professional honors, he received the highest that his brethren of this area could offer him: the presidency of the Worcester County Bar Association.

Far afield from the law, yet germane to his inquiring mind, was his interest in coin collecting. As far back as 1891, before coming

of age, he became one of the founders of the American Numismatic Association; contributed several monographs of importance to their collections, and in 1893 was made honorary correspondent of the New York Numismatic Society for his discovery of the authorization, from the legal standpoint, for the issue of coinage by the colony of Virginia.

The dynamic personality of Edgar Allan Poe attracted his close attention, almost from boyhood. He early became definitely a collector and local authority on Poe, assembling many valuable items of which the most important was the original daguerreotype from which Poe's best portrait (according to competent authority) has been made. As a result of this engrossing hobby, he spent much time corresponding with Poe enthusiasts all over the world.

If travel is as educational as a college course, then Charles Tattman would have qualified for a Ph.D. at the least. In the happy and fortunate companionship of his wife, he made several long journeys abroad, including service as delegate to Rotary International at Ostend, and the International Chamber of Commerce at Stockholm. Other presidencies showered on him were: Alliance Française, Rotary and Economic clubs and the Laymen's League of the First Unitarian Church. To the Board of Public Library Directors Charles was elected, by the City Council, for the regular six-year term, beginning January 1, 1907. The interest which he showed in this new job was little short of terrific, far transcending the requirements of that office. His vote was always recorded definitely on the side of the square deal for the Library's 23,000 patrons (figures of 1912), and he specifically rendered to this writer an inestimable service (personal and professional) which could never be repaid, and on which, unfortunately, it is impossible this evening to enlarge. He was graduated with honor, as usual, serving as president (under most trying circumstances) in 1911.

It was at this Society's meeting of December 2, 1913, that Charles was chosen president for that fateful year of 1914 that saw the beginning of World War I. He succeeded the late James Green, younger brother of Librarian Samuel Swett Green, a modest gentleman of wide culture, well versed in the local history of his native city. The first meeting at which our friend presided was fortunately well attended, the secretary recording "about 75" to listen to Professor Coombs, on the late (very late) Blackstone

Canal. Incidentally, the average attendance during many years at this period was most discouraging to the officers and truly disgraceful to the membership at large: six, eight, nineteen, seventeen, or other negligible number being regularly recorded at the monthly meetings.

The president's inaugural address, as it may fairly be called, was read to a niggardly group of fourteen, at the February meeting. This inaugural was truly a masterly document, reviewing the entire field of local history and offering eleven constructive recommendations for advancing the work of this Society. These included: closer cooperation with the American Antiquarian Society (including change of name, if necessary, from the Society to Antiquity); promotion of the Museum from the basement to Salisbury Hall, and demotion of the alleged Library (chaotic and uncatalogued) to the basement; a proper card catalog for our important collections in local history and genealogy; and an ambitious drive to double the membership of our organization.

At the March meeting the president was reported as indisposed and unable to be present (the only meeting he missed during his term of incumbency). The address of the evening was given by that veteran archivist, so pleasantly remembered by all of us old-timers, Charles H. Lincoln, late of the L. C. staff. His topic was "The Indian and the New Englander." On April 7 only eight persons were present, including two visitors. The librarian, Ellery B. Crane, read a paper on John Milton Earle and later another on Mander A. Maynard, recently deceased. April's low record was topped by May, when only six members were present. Charles A. Burleigh spoke on "Some Worcester Street Names." That such competent antiquaries as Messrs. Lincoln, Crane, and Burleigh should be neglected, in three successive meetings, by so strong a majority of active members, seems—well, just too bad! But why continue to rehearse thus the dismal record through June, September, and October?

Due to a change in the constitution, the new president was inducted in October instead of January, so that Charles Tatman held office during only ten months. In this short time, however, he made his influence felt definitely as a wise and competent helmsman for our over-fragile ship of state. In spite of the heaviest

pressure exerted from all possible sources, he was firm as adamant as to a second term.

In conclusion, let it be said that Charles Tatman's ten trips abroad with Mrs. Tatman (in whose intellectual companionship he always found completest enjoyment) from 1903 to 1941, in the course of which they visited all the important countries of Europe, together with Mexico, Central, and the northern regions of South America, helped to make him a perfect cosmopolite, an ever genial companion, and a man of widest culture and sympathy.

“EARLY WORCESTER CATTLE SHOWS”

BY CHANDLER BULLOCK

This is the annual meeting today. We have had some very interesting reports of progress under the excellent administration of my friend, George Stobbs, our president. We have listened to some exceedingly well written and well delivered obituaries of some of our recently deceased members. George Stobbs has asked me to read a paper and I am glad to contribute my mite to this Society.

Worcester Cattle Shows, as all agricultural fairs, makes a large subject with many angles. My time being limited I will confine my remarks this evening merely to the very early meetings of the Worcester Agricultural Society, which was subsequently called the Worcester County Agricultural Society.

We should remember that in the earlier part of the last century Worcester was the country shire town in an agricultural county. Even Worcester in those days of 1800 to 1830 was not much bigger than Brookfield or Lancaster was then. The United States Census of 1820 gives Worcester's population as 3,029, not as large as Holden today. The Industrial Age of Worcester did not begin until the 1830's when the first railroads started to lay their iron bands to Worcester. (The early railroad rails were of iron not of steel as today.) In brief, we should remember that agriculture and farming were just as vital to the prosperity of Worcester then as is its industry today.

To further show that Worcester itself was a small agricultural town where mostly everybody, even along Main Street, kept cattle or horses or mules, which were apt to roam about the streets, the selectmen of Worcester in the first thirty years of the last century passed every year this ordinance:

“Voted that Neat Cattle, Horses and Mules have no liberty to go at large the Current year unless they be milch cows and then to have liberty to go at large only from the first of May to the first of November in the Day-Time but excluded in the Night-Time.”

It would have been indeed disconcerting on a dark night on the

then town streets (feebly illuminated by I don't know what) to bump into a wandering cow.

This is a local historical society and so let us confine our subject to cattle shows held here in this town. All the reports and addresses in the original form as printed are in our library here and at the American Antiquarian Society, and many of them in our Public Library. As I have said there is no time tonight for one to go into the lengthy history of our Agricultural Society, which began in 1818 and ended fifteen years or so ago, ultimately, as the "New England Fair" out in the North Worcester location.

The first president of this Society was Levi Lincoln, duly elected at its formation in 1818. He was attorney general in Thomas Jefferson's cabinet. Levi Lincoln, Jr., was elected as corresponding secretary in 1818. Some nepotism there. On the death of his father in 1820, the latter became president and remained as such until 1853, thirty-three years in this office. Some men in those days hugged office longer than we do today. Daniel Waldo and Thomas W. Ward were the first vice-presidents. Theophilus Wheeler was treasurer, and Edward D. Bangs, recording secretary.

The first report shows that the members numbered approximately 550 and every town in the county was reported in the membership. They paid for their membership \$5 each, which then in pure purchasing power was equivalent to what \$20 or more would be today.

The first exhibit of the Society, and the organized first cattle show and fair ever held in Worcester, was held on the Common, Thursday, October 7, 1819. Our weekly newspapers of the day, the *Massachusetts Spy* and the *Aegis* (newspapers were only published weekly then), realized the great importance of the event. They were very enthusiastic concerning it, and devoted much space in their columns, not only to the day of the official fair, but to the preparations therefor.

In its weekly issue of Wednesday, October 13, 1819, the next issue after the show, the *Spy* devoted five and one-half of its total twenty columns to a description of the cattle show. This contemporary report fairly bubbled over with editorial and reportorial enthusiasm. I will merely quote one phrase:

"A spirit of improvement has gone abroad, and is crowning every hill-top and cheering every valley with its magick influences."

It is interesting to note that the word "magick" seemed to be emphasized by attaching a final letter "k" in those bygone spelling days.

All during the summer of 1819, the *Spy* and the *Aegis* informed their readers of the progress of the preparations being made for the great event, this first real cattle show ever held in Worcester. A working committee was composed of Daniel Waldo, Theophilus Wheeler, Daniel Denny, Levi Lincoln, and Edward D. Bangs. The state legislature, in order to promote interest in agriculture, offered to devote a certain sum of money towards prizes to each county which would establish an association with a membership of 500. The amount of money contributed by the state to the Worcester County Society was \$200 and was later increased to \$600.

All during the summer of 1819 the Fair's committees were busy, and doubtless perspiring so, and early in the month of October small boys began gathering around the Common to see the animal pens being erected log by log, and then the animals being led into them—the bulls, of course, attracting most of their attention. It was just as much fun as we latter-day boys had in watching a circus come into town.

Along the Front Street side were four rows of pens of thirty pens each for the exhibition of cattle, both feed cattle and "milch" cattle (cows in milk then so called), and, of course, all kinds of swine and sheep and horses. There were many sheep in Worcester County in those days, far more sheep than today. Much of the rest of the Common which was not occupied by the Burying Ground and other edifices was given over for booths. Also across Front Street to the north of the Common, just west of what is now Commercial Street was then an open space extending to Mechanic Street. And this space was all filled with stands for the sale of ginger beer, cakes, pies, sweet cider, and the like; and so that, we may surmise, was the section where the small boys and girls got their little stomachaches, which Mother had to dose for. (We may guess the repulsive oily liquid which Mother administered.)

Before we go any farther in describing from the early records these scenes of the first fair on the Common, let us note what the Common was then used for in addition to all this paraphernalia and plant of a cattle show.

We all believe today in the sacredness of an unspoiled, unlittered

Common. However, at the time of this first cattle show the Common was used in ways that would not be tolerated today. For instance, on the Main Street side, as you know, was the Old South Church as well as the Town Hall. There were three ways which were really roads, for they were used as such, running directly across the Common: two diagonal at full length from corner to corner, and one straight across, north and south, behind the Old South Church and Town Hall. Also there was the old Burying Ground with its stone walls which occupied nearly a quarter of the Common on the east side bordering on what is called on the old maps the Baptist Hill (which is now Salem Square). Also then standing on the Common was the building of the Hook-and-Ladder Volunteer Fire Department, the gun-house of the Militia Artillery Company, and the hearse house. Then there was also on the Common the old school building on the east side near the corner of Salem Square and Franklin Street. It was a one-story building and had a cupola bell. It was built in 1800 and remained on the Common for many years. (See the diagram of the Common and Adjacent Streets as of 1839-43 in Volume 6 of the "Records" of our own Worcester Society of Antiquity, now this organization.)

Moreover, the early enthusiasm for the cattle show and fair was such that the then selectmen voted that the Worcester Agricultural Society might erect a building 60 by 40 feet on the Common to house their products of the fields and orchards. However, this license was never taken advantage of by the Agricultural Society.

Now let us return to this first cattle show and fair as described by the two newspapers of that time. I will now quote some from the columns of these worthy newspapers of Worcester in that year, 1819.

As previously stated all during the summer of 1819, the *Spy* and the *Aegis* informed their readers of the progress of the preparations being made for the cattle show by a committee composed of Daniel Waldo, Theophilus Wheeler, Nathaniel Denny, Levi Lincoln, and Edward Bangs.

"The animals were assigned to rows of thirty pens each, with a wide aisle between them, and all their owners led them there well before nine o'clock. The judges went around and made their decisions as rapidly as they could. At eleven o'clock the Common was deserted save for the unconscious contestants, while more

than two thousand people met in the Old South Meeting-house for a formal opening of the show."

(Is it possible that even the newspapers of that period occasionally exaggerated numbers a bit?)

"A prayer was offered by Rev. Doct. Bancroft, and the Address of the Hon. Levi Lincoln was such as the distinguished talents of the orator and the importance of the occasion warranted us to expect. . . . He depicted in glowing but correct colors the many advantages natural and acquired of New England."

I will quote again from the news reports of the period:

"As the crowd left the Meeting-House, it formed into a procession and 'led by a band of musick [there is that old terminal "k" again] belonging to the 1st Brigade 7th Division, who volunteered their services at the request of Brigadier General, Thomas Chamberlain,' it encircled the pens in a gala march. Groups were then formed and tours of inspection and criticism began."

"The animals, of course, claimed the greatest attention. But there were many who lingered before the exhibit of broadcloth and carpeting entered by a weaving company and by many individuals."

Skeins of tow yarn "spun on a great wheel by a lady of Worcester" are given mention in the account, which was no doubt prepared by the Society's secretary, as both the *Spy* and the *Aegis* contain it. We are left wondering exactly who this most interesting lady was who operated "the great wheel."

Among the inventions and improved devices described by the papers of the period were "a turnip slicer, a drilling machine, a garden rake with a double row of teeth, a Skotch churn, and a straw cutter."

There were also presented a great variety of vegetables of most extraordinary size, among which were seven Swedish turnips or rutabaga of the average weight of ten pounds each; from a field of a quarter of an acre, in which were growing many of equal size, by Hon. Levi Lincoln, Jr., of Worcester; a winter squash, weighing one hundred and twenty-six pounds, by Mr. Aaron Rogers of Holden; a remarkably large summer squash and a cucumber by Hon. Daniel Waldo of Worcester; a very large winter squash by Edward D. Bangs, measuring in length three feet four inches; and a monstrous pumpkin by Ward N. Boylston. Can our farmers,

our horticulturists, or members of our garden clubs of today equal such astonishing records?

The members of the association had a dinner at Eager's Hotel, and in the afternoon fifteen yoke of oxen were put to a test on Baptist Hill, now Salem Square, "to try their strength and docility and the perfectly good management of their drivers." First they were fastened in single yoke to a load of stone, then to a drag on a traveled road, and after that, they plowed a given stretch of land. This was an event much talked of beforehand, and it drew great crowds to watch it.

(At this point the speaker displayed and commented on the printed announcement of the old Cattle Show Committee which is in the Society's collection. He also showed an original certificate of membership in the original Agricultural Society of 1819).

The conditions prescribed by the Cattle Show Committee for the contest of a yoke of oxen drawing a load of stone up Baptist Hill, so called, were that the cart should weigh at least 1,100 pounds, and the stones should weigh another 4,400 pounds. This is the weight that had to be dragged uphill and totaled almost three tons. Further records show that the slope of Baptist Hill (now Salem Square), was carefully measured by the Fair Committee and it was a slope of exactly four degrees and five minutes or nearly a five per cent slope. Of course, some years later this so-called Baptist Hill was leveled to the present Salem Square.

This first Cattle Show in Worcester in 1819 attracted such wide attention that an eminent French field naturalist and painter, Jacques Girard Milbert, came to Worcester to see it. Upon his return to France he included a detailed description of it, and gave careful attention to the Fair's exhibition and contests in a book published in Paris in 1828-29.

I will quote but a sentence or two from the book:

"And I noticed first the steers of various colors and breeds, the horns of some of them equaled in length those of the oxen in Italy and Romagna: this variety of armor being entirely absent in others. Ordinary sheep, crossed with pure breeds, appeared to me to be in very fine condition. The hogs had been, for the most part, crossed with imported breeds."

Well, we have quoted a little from a traveling Frenchman and more from the press of the period, and now let us quote the ob-

servations of a real Worcester boy who saw with his own eyes one of the very early Worcester Cattle Shows.

Henry H. Chamberlin, who died about fifty years ago at the approximate age of ninety, left some reminiscences printed in the early proceedings of this Society. He goes back, as he states in these reminiscences, to the cattle show of the year 1822.

"The fair was my first experience. At last the day, so long looked forward to, arrived and my experience may be briefly related.

"Our family had moved to Worcester, and my father kept the tavern at Lincoln Square. My brother and I were sent to the yard of the Tavern to collect the charges for putting up the night before the teams that came flocking in a regular stream from the Holden Rd., from West Boylston and Shrewsbury, and from towns as far as Princeton and Lancaster; this task was kept up until 9 or 10 o'clock when my brother and I were allowed to start for the Cattle Show, each with ninepence in his pocket, and strict injunction to bring back what we did not spend.

"Arriving at the Common the first things to attract our notice were the marshals, each on his fine horse, each wearing a bell-crowned hat adorned with a cockade, and carrying in his hand a black baton with white ends, ornamented with a ribbon: these were mostly military gentlemen such as General Chamberlin, and General Heard, Colonel Lincoln on his splendid iron gray charger; and Colonel Kendall, Captain Bigelow and Captain John F. Clark. The hats they wore were made by John P. Kettell of real furs, and were the exact prototypes of those seen in caricatures of 'Uncle Sam.'

"After witnessing the ploughing match and examining the cattle and sheep in the long rows of pens that stretched the length of the Common on the Front St. side, we must go and see the trial of working oxen on the Baptist hill, a much higher and steeper eminence than it is now, and we feel a neighborly pride in Asa Rice's red oxen, who made a plaything of the heavy load as they easily drew it up the hill, and then proudly held up their heads with the load upon their necks as they leisurely walked down again, like that

King of France with 20,000 men
Who marched up the hill
And then marched down again.

Nor do we forget the long line of working oxen and steers with which the exhibition closed. These were brought from one of the neighboring towns and were driven through Front, Summer and Main streets in one long procession of fine cattle, the choice teams of the towns, and proud were the owners, and especially the owners' boys, as they marched by their favorite teams."

To further show the universal interest in husbandry and in agricultural pursuits in Worcester in the early part of the last century, let me quote from the diary of my own great-great-grandfather on the maternal side. He was Dr. William Paine. This diary still exists in its original binding, form, and writing over at the American Antiquarian Society in the manuscript room. It is rather exciting to sit with an original diary written over a hundred years ago. It translates you into communion with the writer and into the surroundings and atmosphere of his lifetime. You are in a past world for a spell that is cast over you.

Now Dr. Paine was a founder and the first vice-president of the American Antiquarian Society. He was a physician and an apothecary with an office and shop on Main Street, though he then did not practice actively. He was a Harvard graduate. His diary evidences that he had a very major interest in his farm, which was two hundred and thirty acres off Lincoln Street.

His house was the one now owned by the D. A. R., known as "The Oaks." The farm land extended west down the valley and also up to the north. Let me quote from his original diary for the week of Worcester's first cattle show. Dr. Paine was sixty-nine at this time and had hired a Mr. Towle as his chief farmer.

"Monday, October 4, 1819. The Morning clear and pleasant. Mr. Towle, Henry, Brooks finished digging Potatoes and afterwards went to picking Apples."

(Comment: The changes of wind and weather always have been, of course, a great factor in farming and the diary naturally records them.)

"Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1819. This proved a very pleasant Day with the Wind at W and S. Mr. Towle, husking a Load of Corn that was got in Yesterday. Brooks and Henry picking Apples in the Garden Close. A young Woman by the name of Lucy Forbes (or Lorbes) came to live with us for one Year."

(Comments: It should be noted that the apprentice system was

then still prevalent and Lucy Forbes contracted to live for a year as a domestic in the Paine household. What a vast contrast this is to today's situation domestically! Notwithstanding our boasted modern conveniences, our forebears lived in many ways more comfortably and certainly more leisurely than we do today.) Quoting again from Paine's diary:

"Wednesday, October 6, 1819. Wind to the Westward and the Day proved unusually mild and pleasant. Brooks and Henry picking Apples for Winter, and put in the Barn one Lot for making Cyder. Very hot Day for the Season."

(Comment: Dr. Paine spelt *cider*—*cyder*. Now if a Harvard graduate spelt *cyder* with a "y," then evidently that was how it should be spelt in those days. Do I hear any comments? Also the good doctor followed another then usual custom in his diary. Every single noun he begins with a capital letter. Clarence Brigham assures me that those of that time who did not in their writing use a capital letter for the initial letter of a noun might be suspected of illiteracy.)

And now to quote again.

"Thursday, October 7, 1819. A mild, pleasant Morning, little Air stirring, although it appears to be S. W. Cattle Show, the first ever in this County. No Work done that Day. In my Room the CO stood 77°.

"Friday, the 8th. Clear, warm Morning, Wind S. W. Mr. Towle husking Corn. Brooks went to Boylston training."

(Comment: Note that militia training was very regular and highly important in those days in every town, and Brooks evidently living in Boylston went to the training ground. The drilling even had priority over farm work.)

Quoting again from the diary:

"Saturday, October 9, 1819. Morning hazy and cloudy. Then Sunshine and warm. Mr. Rose and Family left us for Boston this Morning in a private Carriage—by him I wrote to William P. Cabot and enclosed my London Letters. Wrote to Fred care of Miss Perkins. Towle husking Corn, Brooks and Henry picking Apples in the Ball Orchard."

Now just one more quotation from Paine's diary, and this one just one year later at the second cattle show held here.

"Thursday, October 12, 1820. Very fine Day. Wind fresh at

N. W. County Cattle Show, which was well attended and highly creditable to the County. An immense Concourse of People. No Labor on the Farms this Day. Sent a Yoke of Oxen to the Show."

This diary of Dr. Paine emphasized the preoccupation of the people of this town and county in agricultural pursuits and their enormous interest in the County Fair held at Worcester. Such an interest appeared to have continued for several decades—even after the advent of the railroads—and Worcester started on its industrial march.

* * *

The Massachusetts Spy in the early 1830's gives a description of one hundred and fifty yoke of oxen leaving the Fair after it was over and parading north through our Main Street in one continuous line. This must have been in those days a thrilling moving spectacle of the then needed ox-power of the farms—this procession of three hundred oxen in their slow tempo wending their ponderous, powerful way through our Main Street. Ah!—and since then how conditions have changed! Today if you want to obtain an ox-yoke as a curio to embellish an old country barn or place you must pay a large collector's price for it.

As has already been shown, one of the highlights of Cattle Show Day was the address at 11 o'clock in the morning in the Old South Church. Naturally the address of the orator of the first Fair is of some interest. It was the Hon. Levi Lincoln, the first Levi, who, after disassociating himself from Thomas Jefferson and his cabinet, came back to Worcester and became its first citizen and first president of the Agricultural Society. The honorable gentleman starts out his address with this quotation from the Bible.

"In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread until thou return unto the ground."

Now without doubt the early Levi Lincoln had a closer knowledge of the Bible than most of us today. Can there be any doubt of the accuracy of his quoting? "In the sweat of thy face." In these later days—we who are more neglectful of the Bible than our predecessors—have believed the phrase to be, "In the sweat of thy brow"—but on the evidence that is not the Biblical language of the standard King James Version.

Governor Lincoln then goes on to speak of the value of agricul-

ture and husbandry in this first address. And we should remember that this Society, not only attempted an annual cattle show, but also gave an exhibition of articles made in the households and on the farms or by the few concerns that had started embryonic manufacturing plants here in Worcester.

Naturally, exhibited articles that were made in the households were made by the women. And so the speaker of the day tossed an oratorical bouquet in the graceful but lengthy style of that day. I quote:

"On this subject, the ladies should, indeed, be 'the Helps of our Joys!' The warp and the woof were first a mazy web from their fingers, and in these days, even of sentimental refinement, they well evince that, though the Muses may not spin, the Graces will oft be found presiding at the distaff."

Here is more direct evidence that—even as late as the 1820's—much of the cloth worn as everyday clothing was spun and woven in the homes.

The annual orations at our cattle shows were given by men of prominence not only in the city but the state, because the speakers knew they would be having a large, appreciative audience coming from much of the county and even the state. There were vote-getting possibilities for the then prominent politicians in such gatherings. For instance:

The Worcester Daily Spy, in an issue of October of 1826 has this in its news columns:

"President Adams [this was John Quincy Adams] arrived in town this day from Princeton. He saw the Cattle Show. He was welcomed by a national salute. Early Tuesday morning he departed for Providence on his way to the City of Washington. On the Monday previous, a deputation, sent by citizens of this town, went on to the residence of Mr. Ward N. Boylston in Princeton where he was visiting and invited the President to a public dinner, to be given on Thursday. The invitation, however, was declined on the ground that his engagements in Washington did not give him the opportunity of accepting it."

So President Adams did not speak at the Cattle Show, but we hope it is not because he feared the oratorical competition from the previously selected orator of the day.

Some of these annual addresses at our cattle shows might well be read by all—as they appear in the printed reports at the American Antiquarian Society. It would do us no harm and some good to read them, for they confirm the fact that history rolls around in constant repetition—both in actions, expressed thoughts, and even in the moods of the people.

It is interesting to note that in the address of the Cattle Show Day orator way back in 1822 there occur these phrases that have a familiar ring today in our present public and private gatherings. Here is evidence that the rising cost of labor then was causing increasing protests from employers.

“Why complain about the high price of labour? It is this that keeps our coffers from being drained by the expense of the paupers: it is this that makes the indigent valuable members of Society: it is this that enables them to educate their offspring, and teach them the importance of work and industry.”

Yes, that has a familiar present-day tenor, as in the speeches today of our present union labor friends.

Now let me quote from part of the address of Hon. Mr. Sleeper of Boston, our Cattle Show orator in 1844—just 102 years ago. This strikes in part a somewhat different key.

“Some of the friends of free institutions alarmed at the spirit of misrule which rides abroad upon the whirlwind, and has visited with desolation some of the sanest portions of our country; and at the lamentable abandonment of moral principles, indulge in gloomy anticipation regarding the future. They believe that this Republic, enjoying advantages which no country on earth in any age has possessed has reached its culminating point, and the period of decadence has already commenced.”

“However, let it often be remembered that the farmers hold in their hands the balance of political and moral power; let their influence be felt; let them establish a sound and healthy public opinion—and then the country is saved.”

That, my friends, seems to be the way the present farm bloc of our Middle West is thinking and acting and voting.

Again let me quote from the address in 1861 of Hon. Henry Chapin before the Worcester Agricultural Society:

“There is to me something connected with the homesteads of New England which is embalmed in any heart with imperishable

strength. But when I look at our large cities, and see folly, extravagance, idleness and iniquity sweep over them like a flood, when I see so many of our young absolutely incompetent to fill the places of their fathers, or help move the wheels of industry, enterprise, and education . . .” The speaker then goes on to say all this gives him cause for serious reflection.

It is true this oration was given in 1861 after the Civil War had begun. But why all this pessimism about the cities and why does he say—(and I requote him), “I see so many of our young men absolutely incompetent to fill the places of their fathers, or help move the wheels of industry, enterprise, and education”?

These remarks of these last two quoted Cattle Day Show speakers lead us to wonder if some other people now today are not worrying overmuch about the present and the future.

These fears of direful happenings that never came to pass, fears publicly expressed seventy-five and a hundred years ago, somehow give warrant to us of today to keep a fair degree of optimism. And this optimism is not that of the Pollyanna type. In every decade, it seems to some that this country is always slipping, and its youth also. But if our present pessimists would read more closely our past history—in its then variously expressed moods and tempers—they would cheer up a bit now.

Now let me end my quotations from these annual Cattle Show Day orators by quoting briefly from just one more. This orator was of a somewhat different temperament from those just quoted—and he spoke long before Worcester became the great industrial city which it now is. This orator rises to his heights in describing Worcester as a delightful country shire town, a gem, set in the midst of many other pleasant agricultural communities. I quote merely his peroration.

“On every side, the senses are regaled with all that is fragrant and delightful. Fields of the highest culture, orchards of bending fruit, and barns of loaded treasures salute the eye. And every breeze is mingled with a lowing in our valleys, of the bleating of the flocks upon a thousand hills.”

What a charming word-picture of old Worcester in the harvest season before the machine age came upon us!

I cannot close without mentioning the famous cattle show ball. In cattle show week many functions were held and much was done

of a social nature. Governor Levi Lincoln, the second Levi Lincoln who was president of the Agricultural Society from 1820 to 1853, entertained lavishly at his handsome home then at the corner of Main and Elm Streets where the Workman Building now stands. An oratorio was given occasionally; and many dinner parties. However, it was the cattle show ball that was the peak, the climax, of all social activities.

The first cattle show ball was held in 1826 and annually for many years thereafter. In September of 1826, some citizens of the town got together and signed this agreement:

"To increase the amusements and promote the enjoyments of strangers who may attend the Annual Cattle-Show at Worcester on the eleventh of October next, as well as for our own pleasures, the subscribers hereby agree to pay the proper Bills of a Ball to be had on the evening of that day at such place as shall be determined on, by the meeting for the choice of Managers to be held at Stockwell's on Saturday evening, September 16th."

The subscribers were:

| | |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| Pliny Merrick | Clarendon Harris |
| Benj. Butnam | Sam'l Jennison |
| S. Salisbury, Jr. | Samu'l Burnside |
| John Davis | Alfred Dwight Foster |

and twenty others.

Mrs. O. E. P. Sturgis, who was a member of the old Paine family, has written some reminiscences of the early cattle show balls. They are printed in one of the publications of this Society over fifty years ago under the heading "Youth at the Helm—Pleasure at the Prow." She was an elderly lady at the time of writing the reminiscences, but she had attended in her younger days several cattle show balls in the 1830's and '40's. I quote from her paper:

"The Ball in the evening of the Cattle Show Day was the great social event of the day, and had been looked forward to for many previous weeks by the young people in the town. One might suppose from the name that all the farmers and their families would attend, but on the contrary it was, to use a conventional term, a most select affair. Guests who lived outside of Worcester were welcome, but it was only with difficulty and influence that any who were not in the so-called social circles of the town could procure

a ticket, though the rules regarding entrance were much relaxed at a later date. The company was composed of all the prominent members of society, who were invited as a matter of course, the gentlemen in the family paying \$5 each for their tickets, while the ladies were admitted free of charge. Cattle show week found most all houses filled with guests, for this opportunity was taken to invite friends from elsewhere. Weeks beforehand a meeting was called of the gentlemen in the town to elect managers. Committees were chosen by them to attend to the different departments—for music, invitations, supper, dressing the ballrooms and for carriages, for there were not many in town, and the young men on that committee having engaged them all went about to the different houses on the evening of the ball to collect the guests. The early balls were given in what was then called, Stockwell's Tavern, which was situated where the Bay State Hotel property now stands.

"The ball was very handsome, for all the ladies wore their new ball dresses, and as was often the case the Governor of the Commonwealth came to cattle-shows officially, and he brought with him a small escort of cadets, and they were very ornamental in their military costume of white, red and gold. The supper, a very simple repast, at which nothing stronger than lemonade was allowed, was served in an upper hall."

"We danced quadrilles, Spanish and old-fashioned country dances, the figures being called for us, and there was some waltzing, but not too much, and we generally had what was called a 'grand march' of all the dancers. But one and all enjoyed themselves, and made valuable acquaintances among the large number of strangers present of both sexes, which did not end with the close of the ball. Girls are invited at sixteen."

In cattle show week after the ample harvests had been reaped and autumn with its stimulating air had painted the landscape, old-time Worcester itself was full of color, and of the joy and zest of life. Our forebears had their fill of it, and they had as much joy of living as any of their descendants.

At the great ball the ladies did wear their best and newest dresses. Now please note this. Directly underneath here, where I now stand, on the floor below in the very front of the case containing a dress collection, you can see the dress worn by my

own grandmother at the cattle show ball in 1831. The dress has a label hung to it marked to that effect. It was a wedding dress originally worn by my great-grandmother, but made over into a ball dress for my grandmother to wear.

Now I have recited some actual facts, hard facts, of local history, and may I close on a note of pure sentiment, and personal sentiment. Even we men treasure some things that have come down from our forebears.

So may I, through you, speak to the spirit of that once young woman of sixteen who one hundred and fifteen years ago wore that ball dress so carefully treasured here. Please pardon me if I salute my grandmother; I am sure she had many partners, and looked very charming at that Worcester cattle show ball of the long, long ago.

GETTYSBURG, EIGHTY YEARS AFTER

BY COL. ROBERT L. WHIPPLE

This article, by Colonel Robert Lee Whipple was the basis of a talk by him before the Society on March 14, 1946.

FOREWORD

In the midst of our greatest conflict, the anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg stirs deepest emotions. Interest in that battle, probably one of the most decisive and certainly one of the most studied and post-mortemed in all history, remains as widespread as interest in war itself.

If memory serves, I first heard the name of that Pennsylvania village the summer before I attained the mature age of six. My father, with half a dozen old friends, veterans of the Civil War and most of them veterans of the battle itself, had revisited the field. Father was telling the family about his trip, and the highlights that have stayed with me are a group photograph taken in front of Devil's Den, a handful of lead slugs picked up on Round Top, and the sole of a very small shoe, the wooden pegs still attached to it, uncovered by a farmer who was ploughing in the wheat field. Of this last my father said, "He couldn't have been much over sixteen and they buried him right where he fell."

I learned something more of Gettysburg in the grade schools where "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" was required reading. I have wondered, on re-reading that book, if the author had any idea then how terribly decisive this one of his fifteen history would prove to have been.

During my senior year in civil engineering at the University of Vermont, I assisted in the making of large scale maps of the battlefield for General O. O. Howard, then delivering a series of lectures on the Civil War. Those maps showed the lay of the land and the positions of the various units of the contending armies for each of the three days, and it was then that I began to get some idea of the events that took place there. I heard General Howard's lecture and later a talk on the same subject by the Confederate General,

John B. Gordon. Both those men left lasting impressions on my memory.

Since those days I have visited Gettysburg several times and have, with my car, explored the roads over which the armies were force-marched during the approach. I have searched out and read most of the source information and narrative accounts; Douglas Southall Freeman, in his volumes "R. E. Lee" comes nearest, I think, to taking one with him to Gettysburg.

I, too, have tried to guess the extent to which Gettysburg was decisive, but this great country, now three times reunited in the common cause of war, existing as two countries, side by side, simply beggars all imagination.

I

When my father revisited Gettysburg in the summer of 1886, the battle was only twenty odd years away and must have been as vivid in his memories as are St.-Mihiel and The Argonne Forest in my own today, and more so than Santiago and Manila. Yet two generations of my family, my father's and my own, have those names recorded on discharge papers from volunteer armies, and today another generation, my son's, is being trained to meet in combat the armies of Nazi Germany, rated by some as the world's best, with the final outcome still in the laps of the gods.

But back to Gettysburg. It was June of 1863 and the third year of the war. The armies were about midway between the two capitals, Washington and Richmond, and like two heavyweight fighters, after several hard fast rounds, were glowering at each other from their corners on opposite sides of the Rappahannock River near the Virginia town of Fredericksburg.

Lee, the incomparable, with the Army of Northern Virginia, had thoroughly mauled the Army of The Potomac, under Burnside, at Fredericksburg, the winter before, and had again taken its measure at the expense of "Fighting Joe" Hooker, a few weeks before at Chancellorsville. He was sure he could turn the trick again when he moved his three corps (Longstreet, Ewell, and Hill) across the river and over the Blue Ridge Mountains into the Shenandoah Valley heading for Pennsylvania.

General Lee had planned this second invasion of enemy territory

for a number of very sound reasons, enough probably to have decided any of the world's first-run strategists and for far better reasons than those which prompted the great Napoleon to invade the Russias that October of fifty years before.

Never was morale of a fighting force higher than that of the Southern Army in the early summer of 1863 and never with better reason. Nor could Lee have guessed that the Army of The Potomac, badly beaten in five different important battles, badly led by as many indifferent commanders, had any morale whatever. He needed food for his men and forage for his animals. The lush farm lands and bursting barns of Pennsylvania promised that aplenty. His government needed recognition and credits from Europe and a more articulate peace party in the north. A smashing victory on enemy soil might bring those things to fruition. The season was right. The weather was right. He was marching toward his Egypt.

So Lee's army trekked off, one corps at a time, over different routes to conceal the scope of the movement as well as its objectives. General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard of Bull Run fame, with a few odds and ends of Southern soldiery, was directed to stage a feint attack on Washington to throw a scare into the politicians and confound the desk generals in the War Department, neither of which was difficult of plan or accomplishment. General James Ewell Brown Stuart, "Jeb," melodramatic leader of three cavalry divisions, was ordered northward, east of the mountains, to protect the flanks of the army by covering the passes of the Blue Ridge at Ashby's and Snickar's while, at the same time, screening its movements.

Lee's orders to Stuart, while necessarily predicated on Hooker's movements, now seem thin, loosely drawn and, if not actually indefinite, they left a great deal to Stuart's own discretion. As befits the son of Washington's most brilliant cavalry leader, Lee suggested the destruction of enemy supply lines and the interruption of his communications; but he altogether omitted to mention the number one mission of mounted troops, namely, to be at all times the eyes of the army, apparently thinking that would always be uppermost in the mind of so experienced a cavalryman as Stuart.

General Lee's orders to Stuart were enough for Stuart, but as events were to prove, too much for General Lee, who did not learn

for several days, indeed until his army had streaked half way across Maryland, that Hooker with seven army corps was also moving northward east of the mountains and between the Army of Northern Virginia and Washington.

It should be pointed out, lest the terms become misleading, that units of the Northern Army were numerically smaller than those of the Confederacy. Regiments of the Army of The Potomac often numbered less than three hundred effectives; brigades less than a thousand. Two to four infantry brigades with an artillery unit, varying in size and make-up, constituted a division, and three or four divisions, an army corps. Cavalry units were attached to the army and functioned under direct orders from the general-in-chief.

The Army of The Potomac, it is now conceded, was definitely inferior in organization to that of the Army of Northern Virginia and, in addition, General Lee had full support of his government along with full freedom of action, a very great advantage over an opponent who had neither.

The northern reaches of the Shenandoah Valley are marked by the confluence of the Shenandoah and the Potomac Rivers at Harpers Ferry where a garrison of some ten thousand men had long been held in a passive defense of the river crossing. Hooker believed that this force should be added to the field army where it might help in bringing the enemy to battle and defeating him. Whatever Hooker's faults may have been as an army commander, it cannot be said that he side-stepped a fight. He had several times requested that the garrison at the Ferry be employed in threatening Lee's flank and destroying his lines of supply and communication. That request, General Halleck ("Old Brains") then commanding all of the armies of the United States from a desk in Washington, peremptorily refused, whereupon Hooker, with complete justification, asked to be relieved, and that request was promptly acceded to.

General George Gordon Meade, professional soldier, graduate of the Military Academy, veteran of the War with Mexico, able commander of the V Corps was given the job. Moreover, the reinforcements denied to Hooker were given to Meade.

The new commander of the Army of The Potomac was the fifth in a period of ten months, a fact often lost sight of by writers of

Civil War history who assume to appraise the relative merits of the contending armies. In that connection, it might be well to observe that the Confederacy, in the first months of the war, was either blessed with gifts of prophecy or just plain lucky in its selection of high ranking officers. Mr. Lincoln was far less fortunate, for he was a long time finding the good ones.

Ewell's advance down the Shenandoah Valley met with some scattered resistance and at Winchester ran head-on into three brigades under Milroy. Milroy had not been given good information nor did he know that an entire Confederate corps was opposing him. He should, of course, have been instructed to hold his force together, give ground slowly, and join General French at the Ferry. Instead, he gave battle. Jubal Earley's division fighting that day under direct orders of the corps commander, bowled over and brushed aside the Federals so neatly and effectively that the action gave rise to the conviction, among Southern enthusiasts, that another "Stonewall" Jackson (killed a few weeks before at Chancellorsville) had been uncovered in the person of Lieutenant General Richard S. Ewell, known to his men as "Old Bald Head."

Ewell gathered in some twenty-five hundred prisoners and a lot of sorely needed supplies and chased Milroy into the hills of Maryland.

While General Lee got a few days' jump on Hooker, he must have known that the Northern Army was bound to follow him. He knew, too, that Hooker's army would have to advance over several more or less parallel routes and he must have looked back over his shoulder and longed for an opening that would permit him to fall on his enemy one or two corps at a time. But the roads used by the Army of Northern Virginia and those used by the Army of The Potomac did not cross, so that Lee was able to move over into Pennsylvania without let or hindrance.

I have never been able to find among the orders issued a timetable for the progress of the advance of General Lee's army. I doubt if one was ever written, for so much was left to chance and to the discretion of the unit commanders. Over narrow dirt roads with heavy horse-drawn vehicles ten to fifteen miles a day was a fair average day's march for an army corps and its impedimenta. It took a little more than two weeks to march Lee's army from

Fredericksburg to the Pennsylvania line. The Army of The Potomac was from two to three days march behind him.

In Virginia, and to a somewhat lesser degree in Maryland, every farmer along the roadside was a scout for Lee's army. In those states, valuable information poured in to him every hour of the day. With the crossing of the Pennsylvania line, much of that advantage passed to his enemies.

Censorship of military intelligence and information concerning troop movements was practically unheard of. While enemy spies, if captured, were shot, friendly war correspondents were wined and dined at headquarters and permitted to publish everything they could see and hear and a lot more about which they could guess with considerable accuracy. Lee learned much from that source but not quite enough to get the complete picture until, on the night of the twenty-ninth of June, Harrison, Longstreet's famous scout and one of the most effective Confederate spies, checked in at First Corps Headquarters with the report that he had walked the entire distance from Washington through the whole Union Army, and that that Army, now under Meade, was near Pipe Creek in Maryland, ten to fifteen miles south of the state line.

It is interesting to note that General Lee, about this time, marked on his road map the village of Cashtown as the place where he would elect to fight a battle. Cashtown is on a road running northwest from Gettysburg to Chambersburg and less than eight miles from Gettysburg. Five miles west of Cashtown are the Cumberland Mountains swinging off in a northeasterly direction toward Harrisburg. Beyond the mountains is the Cumberland Valley. In the event of an enforced retreat, the flanks and rear of Lee's army could have easily been defended by a few men at the narrow gaps leading over the mountains into the valley beyond.

Meade liked the idea of giving battle on the Pipe Creek line in Maryland which would have kept him between Lee and Washington, and a retreat would shorten his supply lines. Meade hoped, and so informed Halleck, that General Couch, operating near Harrisburg, might check Lee's advance long enough for the Army of The Potomac to catch up and attack from the rear. Couch didn't have much of a force and the greater portion of it was with-

out battle experience, so it is doubtful if he could have held Lee south of the Susquehanna River, and then only with the bridges destroyed.

On the night of the twenty-ninth, Lee's three corps were scattered at the points of a triangle, Carlisle, the apex and the point farthest north with Chambersburg thirty-five miles to the southwest and York an equal distance to the southeast. Gettysburg lay about midway along the fifty-mile base. None of Meade's seven corps was more than a dozen miles from his headquarters at Taneytown.

Lee was still trying to avoid general action. Meade, who had then commanded an army only a few hours, was playing a waiting game. Both knew that the situation might very easily get out of hand. Their seasoned veterans, down to the last man in the ranks, must have felt the tightening of the bands holding the armies together as well as the pull of the current that would bring them to battle.

This they knew would be no Bull Run with the politicians riding out from Washington and Richmond to take in the show. This would be a fight of fighters slugging it out toe to toe. June thirtieth found both armies racing for position.

General Meade, following conventional procedure for use of cavalry, kept his mounted troops out ahead to screen the infantry and send back information. General Buford, with one of Pleasanton's cavalry divisions, had filtered through the village of Gettysburg, coming from the southeast, and had reached some high ground about a mile to the northwest where he ran into a unit of Heth's division going to town to raid the shoe stores and there, despite all plans to the contrary, a battle just naturally started.

And that was that.

With a fight in progress, limited though it was to small units under subordinate commanders, the roads leading to Gettysburg from the surrounding country, nine of them converging like the spokes of a wheel, settled the question of where and when.

In less time than it takes to tell it, hard riding dispatch bearers were pounding the dusty turnpikes to bring this up-to-the-minute information to the scattered corps commanders, Union and Confederate, and in a few hours Meade and Lee sent down the orders which would bring about the concentration at Gettysburg; Meade's

corps coming in from the southeast and Lee's from the northwest, reversing the direction of flow as one naturally thinks of it.

The records show that the VI Corps (Sedgwick) marching from Manchester, Maryland, covered twenty-six miles in one day. Longstreet claims for Law's brigade of his corps the best record for marching in either army. That brigade, he says, stepped off twenty-eight miles in eleven hours. The Army Field Service Regulations, written before the days of motor transportation, sets the figure, for disciplined troops, at two and one-half miles per hour as possible for a twelve hour stretch. It seems likely that the old book must have had Law's brigade in mind. In December 1918, my regiment, carrying full packs of forty-seven pounds (the scientific ton), marched from Simmern to Boppard in the Rhinelands, a distance of twenty-three miles, in a period of nine hours.

It had rained and cleared. The moon was just short of full. The wheat was ripening, indeed some of it had already been harvested. Under a July sun the air was fragrant with clover and the soft perfume of new mown hay and heavy with the humming of bees. Nearly two hundred thousand young Americans (Howard was thirty-three when, next day, he succeeded to command of all Union troops on the field) singing much the same songs, swearing and praying in the selfsame language, were converging along narrow dusty roads to leave their marks on Gettysburg and upon men's memories.

II

That first day's battle is not too easily reconstructed. The fighting was all over the lot. It was not unlike a football game where the men of both teams might be brought to the playing field, two or three at a time, to engage immediately in a rough-and-tumble contest without captain, coach, or signals.

Brigades, divisions, and army corps were coming in under forced-march orders, guided often by nothing more definite than the booming of artillery fire or the rattle of musketry. Once inside the smell of smoke they were deployed into the fields on either side of the road and pitch-forked into the fight.

The first shots were fired about nine o'clock. Buford, determined to keep the Confederates out of the town, dismounted his cavalry, brought up a few field guns which the cavalry in those

days seem to have kept with them, and by dint of hard fighting and consummate tactical skill, managed to stand Heth off until, an hour later, Reynolds with Wadsworth's division of the First Corps came to his assistance.

Reynolds was one of the best of the corps commanders and often thought of as next choice to command the army. Meade had assigned him to the command of the left wing of the army and Doubleday took over the I Corps. Reynolds saw at once that it would be impossible to avoid a general engagement and began to plan accordingly. Leaving the fight for the moment to Buford and Wadsworth, he rode over the ground to see where the units of the army, expected momentarily, should be placed, and during that hurried reconnaissance was killed by a Confederate sharpshooter.

Shortly after Reynold's death, Howard with the XI Corps reached the outskirts of the town and halted his hard-pressed brigades on a hill where the cemetery was located. From that height he could see that Doubleday needed all the help he could get, so he led his men to and through the village into what was now a battle of major proportions.

All of Hill's corps was engaged when Howard drew up on the right of the First Corps. A Confederate brigade (Archer's) was captured and started off toward Baltimore. The fight was touch and go when Ewell with the Confederate Second Corps, coming in from the north, smashed into the Union right flank doubling it up like a jackknife.

Weight of numbers was now with the Confederates. Ewell was overlapping the Union right and Hill was extending his line to encircle the left. There was nothing left for Howard but to give ground. He ordered a retreat which was orderly enough until he reached the town itself. There his men lost direction at the cross streets and got so out of control as to enable Hill and Ewell to inflict heavy losses in killed and wounded and to gather in some five thousand prisoners.

Longstreet in his account of the first day's battle describes Howard's retreat as a rout and uses the words "*sauve-qui-peut*." "Old Pete" was not in Gettysburg at that hour and, recording his memories thirty years later, seems to have indulged in a bit of pardonable hyperbole, for Howard did hold his command together

and turned about to face the enemy on Cemetery Hill somewhere near the point from which he had ordered his corps into the fight earlier in the day.

Ewell was close on Howard's heels until what was left of the XI Corps had cleared the village. There he brought his men to a halt and no amount of urging and pleading on the part of his brigade and division commanders could move him to follow up his advantage and to deny to Howard the time or place to reform. I recall that Gordon in his lecture laid great stress on the situation at that moment. Gordon believed, I think, that Gettysburg might then and there have been won for the South. The Ewell of July first was not, however, the Ewell of a few days before at Winchester. This time he lacked decision and a readiness to assume responsibility while mumbling something about Lee's orders to the effect that he must not bring on a general engagement.

I can still see General Howard with his long white beard and the empty sleeve of his full dress uniform when, in the course of his lecture, he staunchly maintained that he would have held that hill, with God's help, against any and all that Ewell might have thrown against him and he never questioned but that God was fighting alongside of the men in blue. Nearly eighty at the time, he was still a magnificent figure of a man, but somehow it was not easy to share all of his confidence and optimism.

General Winfield Scott Hancock, who brought up the II Corps late that afternoon and by direction of General Meade assumed command of all troops on the field, thought that immediate attack by Ewell pressed hard and followed up vigorously would have left the Union Army in dire straits, and there is much in the record to support that contention.

Quite apart from the accuracy of conjecture on what might have been, it is certain that in those minutes of the first afternoon, "Old Bald Head" frittered away one of the great opportunities of the Confederacy as well as his own new found reputation for being another "Stonewall" Jackson.

Hancock thought that the positions which could most advantageously be defended were already in the hands of Federal troops and proceeded at once to weld them into a line and coordinate them.

About sunset, units of Sickles' III Corps, followed by Slocum's

XII, streamed in from the south and were directed to their positions in the line. At midnight, General Meade pulled in from Taneytown, established his headquarters in a small stone farmhouse a few hundred yards behind the Union center; rounded up his corps commanders for a council of war; designated commanders for the left, center, and right of his army, and made known that the Army of The Potomac would for the time being fight a defensive battle.

The Union positions, as they were beginning to take form, call to mind the shape of a fish-hook. The simile is an old one. Culp's, another and higher hill south and east of the Cemetery Hills and now defended by the XII Corps, is the point and barb of the hook. The Cemetery Hills looking out toward the village and the nearest point to the village itself, form the bend, while the shaft, not yet straight, is the long line running from Cemetery Hills to the Round Tops, with Big Round Top the eye.

The Confederate positions were perforce, more or less parallel to the fish-hook with the center on Seminary Ridge, so called from a Lutheran academy located there. The distance between the opposing lines varied from two hundred to two thousand yards.

What seems like a bit of news behind the news comes to light in Doubleday's book when he says, "It is an open secret that Meade at the time disapproved of the battle ground Hancock had selected." Hancock, of course, did not select the battle ground. The I and XI Corps were on that ground when the II Corps arrived. He seems, however, to have extended a reluctant approval. Neither Hancock nor Meade appear to have sensed the tremendous advantage to be gained from occupying the Round Tops. The power and foresight for that vision must be credited to Warren and Sedgwick.

From late afternoon of the first day until the end of the battle, the village was occupied and held by the Confederates. Brigades from Rodes' and Pender's divisions used to very great advantage cover afforded by the buildings. Their men kept up a continuous sniping from doors and windows. One entire business street became an intercommunicating redoubt. Roofs and church steeples were taken over by the signal corps to wig-wag directions out to units several miles away. Through it all, a remarkably small number of citizens were hurt and few buildings were destroyed by fire.

When the fighting ended that first afternoon, about forty-five thousand men, considerably more than half of them from the Army of Northern Virginia, were in and around Gettysburg. The battle had gone Lee's way and he expressed satisfaction with the results, but he was increasingly worried at the continued absence of his cavalry. "Where is General Stuart?" he was heard to say, for he did not know and he could not find out.

Union morale was mounting higher.

That night roads leading into Gettysburg were bristling with the bayonets of marching men and heavy with wagons guided by men in blue. That night "Yanks" and "Johnny Rebs" queued up in long patient lines to slake their thirst and fill their canteens with cold water from Spangler's spring at the foot of Culp's. They were in a mood for good-natured banter. They were in a mood to trade tobacco and corn liquor for bacon and hardtack with fellow Americans regardless of the color of uniform. They were in a mood to let history come on after them. They probably wondered why it would be necessary to kill each other the next morning.

General Lee must have sought his tent that night with high hopes of victory, for the habit of success was deep-seated and thoroughly worked into the very fibre of his army. It could not fail him. President Davis and many of his advisers believed the North would now be forced to negotiate a peace. A great many Northerners agreed with him. England was on the fence. Beaconsfield and Russell had, on numerous occasions, brought to the Queen's attention the matter of recognition of the Southern states, but that, to Victoria, meant recognition of slavery which she could not countenance. Napoleon III, political opportunist extraordinary, had frequently exhibited his desire to align the French government with the Confederacy. Now more than ever European countries had their ears to the ground for the bellwether which would shape their future relations with the North American continent.

III

General Lee's plan for the second day called for a feint attack by Ewell on the Union right at Culp's and the Cemetery Hills while simultaneously, the main attack, a knockout blow, would be delivered by Longstreet on the left. Ewell, if the going was not

too tough, was directed to follow through and drive Howard and Slocum from the hills. The idea was, of course, to get around both ends and roll Meade's army up on its middle.

About half way along the shaft of the fish-hook, there was a salient, more accurately a bulge, in the Union line for a length of about a mile with the greatest depth half that distance. Much of this bulge, a sort of leftover from the hit-or-miss fighting of the day before, was on high ground forming a connecting line between two ridges. Sickles' III Corps and a few brigades from the I Corps were occupying this part of the line. The Emmitsburg pike leading to the village bisected the valley between the ridges and marked the western limits of Meade's positions.

Since Confederate reconnaissance indicated that the Round Tops were not occupied, it was assumed that the Union left flank was north of them and General Lee, therefore, ordered the attack to be directed up the Emmitsburg pike about parallel to the main Union line on Cemetery. He did not yet know how much of Meade's army had reached Gettysburg nor when the rest of it could get there. He was still without cavalry to get for him that terribly important information, and Stuart was a long day's march away, still laboring under the delusion that a part, at least, of the Army of Northern Virginia, must now be in possession of the Pennsylvania Capital at Harrisburg.

In order to get a clear picture of the battle from here on, one must understand and take into account the unusual and unique role of Lee's second in command, stubborn, obstinate, hard-fighting James Longstreet. "Old Pete" had marched his corps onto the field late in the afternoon of the first and had proceeded at once to get his own idea of the lay of the land and the positions occupied by the armies at that moment. He reported to General Lee during the evening and learned the plans for the next day. He saw General Lee again the next morning and at that meeting openly and frankly opposed the plans of his chief. Moreover, he had a plan of his own that he put forward vigorously as offering greater probability of success.

Longstreet believed that Lee's army should move that night in a wide circle, around the Union left and push on toward Baltimore giving battle only on such ground and at such time as Lee, himself, should elect, and then only when Meade, through conditions and

circumstances forced upon him by Lee, would have to assume the offensive and give battle. Longstreet saw the high ground from Culp's to the Round Tops as another St. Marye's hill at Fredericksburg with, this time, the blue army on St. Marye's.

That Meade thought Lee might attempt to carry out some such plan as that advanced by Longstreet, is borne out by a study of his dispatches to the War Department at Washington. Halleck in his endless and long-winded telegrams to Meade also mentioned the possibility of such a move and, as usual, offered his suggestions to counter it.

Lee listened attentively to Longstreet's plan as he always listened to advice, suggestions, and protests of his subordinates, but he had no idea of fighting a defensive battle. To "Old Pete" he said, "If those people are over there tomorrow morning, I shall attack them," to which Longstreet rejoined, "If they are over there tomorrow morning, it will be because they want you to attack them."

In retrospect Longstreet's plan has much to be said for it. It is certain that his plan would have created a difficult supply problem, but to that he would have answered that the army was then living off the country anyway. His plan would have placed the Confederate Army between Meade and Washington, and that seems always to have thrown the Congress and the War Department into a dither. Meade would have liked advancing toward his own bases to attack Lee's army from the rear, but he would not have liked a battlefield of Lee's choosing. The most potent argument for Longstreet's plan is, perhaps, the failure of the one adopted.

Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, a Virginian and the closest student of Lee's career and undoubtedly his foremost biographer, seems to feel that Longstreet, in opposing on the eve of battle the battle plans of his chief, rendered valueless, then and there, further military service to his country. Thomas Nelson Page, another Virginian and another biographer, takes much the same position. That Robert E. Lee would not have agreed with his biographers is, it seems to me, evidenced by the fact that Longstreet was not relieved and replaced as commander of the I Corps.

Even the seemingly unimportant military operations these days are carried out only after painstaking planning and study

by the staff. There is an astonishing lack of evidence of such control at Gettysburg. Orders generally were verbal and were transmitted in plain simple language by junior staff officers dashing about on horseback and too often killed or captured before reaching the unit for which the order was intended. There was no widespread use of maps and no movement by compass direction. There was no synchronizing of watches, no zero hour, and no zero plus for reaching intermediate or final objectives. The procedure was simple and direct. Field officers up to the grade of brigadier, and sometimes general of division, rode out in front of their commands, indicated the direction with a sweep of the sabre, shouted the order to advance, and the attack was on.

Much has been written and many controversies have arisen over the time set by General Lee for the attacks of the second day. The most inordinate defenders of General Lee, who needs no defenders, speak of a daylight attack and claim that as the time established. Longstreet states that "the stars were still shining brightly" when he sought General Lee at his headquarters on Seminary Ridge that morning. It is fairly certain that they met again about ten o'clock. Whatever time may have been set by General Lee, and it is quite impossible to get the whole story from the records, the meetings of the morning would seem to dispose of the "daylight" theory.

While Lee did not like going into battle without his cavalry, Longstreet, on this day, did not like it at all and was genuinely fearful of the venture without Pickett's division which had not yet reached the field. "The General is a little nervous this morning," Longstreet said to Hood. "He wishes me to attack but I do not like to go into battle with one boot off."

So delay followed delay. There was confusion and misinterpretation of the purport of the orders, particularly in regard to the direction of the attack. There can be no shadow of doubt whatever that the chances of Confederate success dwindled as the long day wore on.

Ewell staged his feint attack and not only did he find advance impracticable, he found it quite impossible. Concert of action was lost before the main attack began, for it was nearly four o'clock when "Old Pete" finally set his divisions in motion toward the enemy. Once under way the First Corps fully lived up to its

reputation as a courageous and resourceful fighting unit. Opposing it and disputing every yard of its advance were Sickles and Sykes with the Union III and V Corps.

At the western extremity of the bulge, there was and still is a peach orchard, the trees standing at attention in long straight rows against the afternoon sun. Part way down the slope was a field of some thirty acres planted to wheat; at the foot of the slope, Devil's Den, a curious heap of gigantic boulders thrown together by some unaccountable force. Beyond Devil's Den where the ground begins to rise in the opposite direction is a small stream, making off to the south and called Plum Run.

In a few hours those places were to be on the world's front page news, for thousands of Americans died there fighting for the right to live their lives in accordance with their own ideas of the eternal fitness of things.

It should be remembered that Lee ordered the attack to follow a northerly direction thinking that it would overlap Meade's left flank. He thought the Round Tops were unoccupied and so they were when the order was issued, but by four o'clock the hills were swarming with men from the corps of Sykes and Sedgwick. Warren, Meade's chief of engineers, in his ground reconnaissance had seen that those hills provided the very citadels to which the whole line could be anchored and had so notified the infantry commanders and, on his own, had ordered several batteries of field artillery to be dragged through the timber and lifted by sheer manpower over the boulders and emplaced there on the crests.

Sickles, whose front formed a right angle (always a precarious and vulnerable formation), was driven from the peach orchard by persistent pincers assaults on his flanks. Every inch of the ground to and through the wheat field was attacked and defended with the utmost in courage and tenacity. Devil's Den was captured and re-captured three or four times to remain finally in the hands of the Confederates who then crossed Plum Run to carry the assault up the slope of Little Round Top but in a direction at right angles to that originally planned.

To climb Round Top on a cool afternoon in September, as I once did, is something of a task in itself. While the hill is only moderately steep, its sides are almost completely encrusted with jagged rocks ranging in size from one that would shelter a single sharp-

shooter to others which would cover half a dozen. Here and there a scraggly misshapen oak would find soil enough to support life.

All semblance of military formation disappeared as the Confederate line started up the slope. Men fired their rifles from behind rocks and trees, reloaded, and stumbled on upward always in the face of a rain of musketry fire and salvos of grape and canister from the guns of the artillery on the crest. Time and again officers rallied their men to the attack and as often they were shot down and the line thrown back. Losses were staggering. More than twenty general officers were killed or wounded. Regiments fell to the command of lieutenants; companies to corporals. Union reinforcements continued to arrive while the Confederate losses multiplied higher and higher until the result became a matter of arithmetic. There just weren't enough men in grey to reform and carry on.

The bulge was flattened out. The shaft of the fish-hook was now straight. The attack failed. The objectives upon which General Lee had counted so heavily were not realized. The second day's fighting ended in a draw.

Longstreet set his losses at six thousand; Meade's at twelve to fourteen. Meade said nine and nine. Nobody knows. Totals seem fairly accurate.

Stuart's barnstorming cavalry divisions returned to the fold late the afternoon of the second after a day's march that left men and animals sore, fagged and bedraggled. He had taken his troopers nearly to the defenses of Washington and had completely circled the Union Army. West of Washington he had captured a richly laden train of some two hundred wagons and had attached that train to his column which, of course, greatly retarded his own rate of march. For nearly a week he had been out of touch with General Lee's army. Crossing the Susquehanna near York he turned to the northwest looking for Confederate infantry. The natives would tell him nothing. Not until he reached Carlisle, scarcely more than ten miles from Harrisburg, did he learn that a battle was in progress at Gettysburg, and at Carlisle he was forced to destroy the wagon train, parole his prisoners and head his weary column back toward the army.

Through the delays imposed upon Stuart's column which in turn kept from General Lee the military intelligence he needed

to plan the battle, that Yankee wagon train was probably one of the most valuable ever sent out over the roads from a Federal supply depot. "Jeb" had once more exercised to the fullest extent the discretionary powers accorded him by his chief.

Night fell again. The tumult died. There was a full moon over Gettysburg. The dead were marshalled in pitiful rows on the ground where they had fought to answer for the last time the call for military formation. Stretcher bearers groped their painful way over no-man's-land. Color of uniform lost its significance. Men in blue were cared for behind Confederate lines. Union surgeons at their dressing stations worked hard to save Southerners. A dispatch bearer, under flag of truce, rode over to Seminary Ridge to say that General Longstreet, though desperately wounded, was being given the best of care and "Old Pete" laughed for the first time in two days.

Thousands, unwounded, dropped where they stood and slept.

All night long the sound of picks and shovels was heard from the direction of the fish-hook.

IV

Brilliant maneuvering of battle units over the chessboard at Gettysburg for military students to gloat over is almost totally lacking. The moves employed are as old as war itself. They were old when Hannibal used them in the Punic wars: attack at the flanks followed by attack at the center. It is, however, probable that General Lee believed that Meade must have thinned the center of his line. Certainly such reasoning would have implemented the decision which led to the grand assault next day.

Ewell was once more directed to resume his attack on the Union right at Culp's and Cemetery Hills. Longstreet, after an intensive artillery preparation, was again to deliver the knockout with a grand smash at the middle. Powell Hill was to stand by and hold his divisions in readiness to exploit the break-through while Stuart's cavalry would envelop the shattered blue infantry and render effective retreat impossible.

Forty-seven regiments were told off to "Old Pete" to carry out this sledge-hammer assault. Some of the units of his corps had been pretty badly used up in the battle of the day before so a number of brigades from the Third Corps were placed under his

command for the task at hand. Of a total attacking force of fifteen thousand, over a third of that number had never fought under Longstreet and the staffs had little time to get together. As events were to prove, Hill's brigades were not properly briefed, each corps commander having left that duty for the other to perform. All in all, one wonders if General Lee did not have some misgivings in sending so hastily improvised a task force on so terribly important a mission.

To long-haired Major General George E. Pickett, C.S.A., graduate of the Military Academy with the Class of '46, commander of the Second Division of the First Corps, was accorded the honor of leading the assault.

Pickett's eleven brigades rested during the morning on the reverse slopes of Seminary Ridge out of sight of the field they would so soon make world famous. Those brigades, deployed in line of regiments covered a mile and a quarter of the five- or six-mile front. As the march across the valley progressed, the line was to converge and thicken so that it would hit the enemy on about a half a mile of front, and this in spite of the almost universal experience that converging units, in an attack, are defeated one by one and generally fail. The direction was fixed on a small clump of trees just inside the Union lines and about fifteen hundred yards distant.

Because of the ground out in front of the Round Tops taken and held the day before, the right flank of Pickett's attacking force was thought to be amply protected. In that connection, however, it is important to mention a brigade of Vermonters, from the I Corps, under Stannard, that had not been driven in when the bulge was flattened. Doubleday says he sent Stannard out there on the day before and that the brigade did good work, belying its nickname "the paper-collar brigade." Doubleday was relieved by Newton and no one seems to have sent for Stannard so he stayed there on his own as though curious to see if something wouldn't happen as, indeed, something did. Just why the Confederate scouts did not spot him and report his position is now difficult to understand.

The left of the attacking force was to have been shielded by a rather complex echelon movement intended to stagger several of Hill's brigades along the flank as it advanced, but the tactical

details of that maneuver was one of the items overlooked in the briefing.

In front of Pickett's attack force, on the crest of Seminary Ridge and partly concealed by trees, Longstreet massed his own and Hill's corps artillery of some one hundred and fifteen guns under direct command of Colonel E. P. Alexander who was, perhaps, the number one artillerist in either army. The guns were all shapes and sizes from a battery of breech-loading Whitworth rifles, recently bought from the British and smuggled through the blockade, to short squat muzzle loading howitzers with a liberal sprinkling of United States artillery type guns captured at different times from the "Yanks."

It was hoped that the fire from those guns would blanket the enemy batteries on Cemetery Ridge and shake and demoralize his infantry. Some of the most mobile and effective batteries were to follow Pickett through the breach he was to open in the Union lines and thereafter scatter chaos and confusion among the disorganized enemy units.

The ground over which Pickett was to attack is gently rolling farm land, cross-hatched here and there with ploughing and intersected by stone walls and Virginia rail fence. The Emmitsburg pike runs diagonally from southeast to northwest and formed a natural partial objective. One could walk from Seminary to Cemetery Ridge in about twenty minutes. Strangely enough, no one appears to have kept and recorded the time that events took place after the artillery opened its bombardment.

Again General Lee planned to launch his attack during the morning hours, but which morning hour it is now difficult to determine. Writing a few years after the war, he said, "On the second I ordered Longstreet to attack in the morning." Since the result of the second day's fighting was not known until very late afternoon, that order must have been given during the evening. But just when and where it was given and its purport, I have never been able to learn. Again, it seems evident that General Lee did not commit his order to writing and again the timing appears to have been left to chance. Again, as before the attack of the second day, Lee and Longstreet discussed the situation and again Longstreet did not concur with the plans of his chief. Of the discussion of the morning of the third, Longstreet quotes himself as saying,

"No 15,000 men ever arrayed for battle could take that position," and Lee, if not angered, was thoroughly determined when he replied, "The enemy is over there [pointing to Cemetery Ridge] I am going to strike him."

The decision to rest Hood's division and use in its place the brigades of Heth's division of the Third Corps appears to have been hurriedly arrived at, for no investigation was made to determine if Heth's brigades were in shape to fight after their battle of the first day. Events proved that they were not. Dr. Freeman believes that this was the most costly mistake of the Confederate high command at Gettysburg. Few, I think, would agree with that. Some writers have gone so far as to suggest that the Army of Northern Virginia was without a commander during the morning of July 3, 1863. Colonel Blackford, an engineer officer on Lee's staff that day, writing thirty years after, says that General Lee was in great physical distress; but if that is true the fact has escaped all other official and personal narratives I have read.

And what of General Meade's plan of battle? Meade held, as usual, a council of war with Hancock, Slocum, Sedgwick, and the corps commanders present. At that meeting, it was unanimously voted to stand and fight. There is little doubt that Meade was displeased and although he acquiesced in the decision, he is quoted by Doubleday as saying angrily, "Have it your own way, gentlemen, but Gettysburg is no place to fight a battle in." He caused an order for retreat to be drawn up, which procedure was unquestionably right and proper, for it is the duty of a general to be prepared for any emergency. But his thinking ran along the line that it would be better to retreat with what he had than run the risk of losing all. Hancock at that meeting expressed his conviction in no uncertain terms that the time was at hand to stand and fight.

After the meeting with Longstreet, Lee rode back to his headquarters on a wooded knoll south of the Seminary and began to sweep the field with his glasses for signs of action on the part of the First Corps. That he was anxious and uneasy in his mind became increasingly evident. Soon, he was heard to say by members of his staff clustered about him, "Where is General Longstreet? Why is General Longstreet so slow?"

Longstreet was slow. He must have been exasperatingly slow.

He may even have sulked. In his memoirs he says, referring to General Lee, "He should have placed an officer in charge who had more confidence in his plans." Perhaps it is only fair to say of "Old Pete" that in opposing Lee's plans before they were put in operation, he showed a greater moral courage and honesty than did those who opposed them afterward.

It was noon before Pickett's brigades were drawn up in line behind the artillery. It was seven minutes after one when two guns were fired in quick succession, which was the prearranged signal for all batteries to open and compress their fire into that short section of Meade's lines near the clump of trees on Cemetery Ridge.

In a matter of minutes, the field was shrouded with low-hanging clouds of white smoke flecked, here and there, with the black of bursting shells and stabbed with deep red tongues of flame from the throats of the cannon. The uproar was terrific. The hills echoed and re-echoed each salvo until the air seemed to vibrate. Staff officers levelled their glasses on the enemy lines in an effort to sense the effect of the fire.

Here, for the first time on this continent, an artillery duel of first magnitude was unfolding.

General Hunt, chief of Meade's artillery, had a slight advantage over the Confederates in number of guns and weight of metal thrown; but Hunt did not know until the barrage opened where Lee's attack would focus and had, therefore, to be ready to help in repelling an attack anywhere along the line. The Union batteries were prompt with their counterbarrage fire and were soon searching out with their shells the ground behind Alexander's guns for the grey infantry they now knew must be there waiting for the order to advance.

Hunt had about eighty guns on Cemetery Ridge and he handled them very shrewdly, never showing the full strength of his force. Time and again when the enemy fire got too hot, he moved his batteries to places of greater safety instructing them to be ready to return to the line at a moment's notice. Also, he was canny in the use of ammunition, sensing, no doubt, that he would soon have better targets. All in all he appears to have had Confederate staff officers guessing. They thought their fire had smothered his batteries and had put most of his guns out of action.

Longstreet scrawled a memorandum to Alexander cautioning the artilleryman to note carefully the effect of the fire adding "if the fire does not have the effect to drive off the enemy or greatly demoralize him so as to make our efforts pretty certain, I would prefer you not to advise General Pickett to make the charge." Did "Old Pete" really entertain the idea of shifting to the shoulders of an artillery colonel his own responsibility for carrying out an order of his general-in-chief? It is difficult to escape that conviction. Alexander, splendid officer and gentleman that he was, professed to have missed the implication and with a naïve loyalty said he supposed the high command had an alternate plan which had not been communicated to him, but, he warned, "There is only enough ammunition to carry out a single artillery preparation and the attack, as planned, can only be successful at a very bloody cost." This of course forced Longstreet to disclaim the existence of a switch plan and he told Alexander to notify Pickett when the artillery fire was "such as to warrant us in making the attack."

A number of batteries reported that their caissons were running low. Had anyone checked the reserve supplies of ammunition? Apparently nobody had.

A dispatch bearer rode up to Pickett, dismounted, saluted, and handed the General a small piece of paper. Alexander thought his fire was at its best but noted that eighteen guns were still firing from the Cemetery itself. Pickett turned to Longstreet with the question, "Shall I advance, Sir?" Longstreet afterward said that all efforts to speak failed and that he could only reply with an affirmative nod. Pickett rode off gaily to his command, accepting the duty with seeming confidence of success. He passed the word to his brigadiers and the orders went on down to regiments, battalions, and companies and the assault was on.

Coming out of the woods, the attack force deployed in line of regiments, nineteen battle flags flying. Field officers mounted and out in front of their commands with sabres drawn made the show a pretty one, but it was not done so much because it was pretty as because, with the weapons of those days, that formation seemed to give to infantry the greatest concentration of fire and bayonet power.

Brigades immediately on the right and left formed on the brigade of direction; aimed themselves at the clump of trees and started

with steady steps down the slope. Alexander raised his guns to clear the heads of the attackers. Four or five batteries that still had a supply of ammunition limbered up to follow the infantry and support the attack with short-range fire.

"Old Pete" advanced with the column for a few hundred yards where he perched himself on a rail fence and took the last salutes.

The guns on Cemetery immediately depressed their muzzles to play on the advancing grey line, using first solid shot, then shells, and finally canisters. The batteries on Culp's and the Round Tops seized a fleeting moment to cross their fire along the front of the moving target. Holes were broken in the line which for a short time were filled with the automatic precision of disciplined veterans, but soon the holes became too big and too many and the line became ragged and torn. Stannard's brigade found itself on ground tactically and strategically the most advantageous of the whole battlefield. As Pickett reached the Emmitsburg pike, the Vermonters were lined up squarely on his right flank so that their fire raked the whole length of his front. Stannard's was the line that crossed the Confederate "T".

At the road the attackers paused just long enough to send a volley crashing into the faces of the defenders, then resumed the advance. The leading brigades changed direction slightly, due probably to Stannard's withering fire and the difference in distance each had to cover in carrying out the maneuver of convergence. The change in direction opened up a gap and into that gap swarmed a mob of men in blue. A sizable unit of Union infantry moved out front to attack the opposite flank. Then it was hand to hand with the bayonet and with clubbed muskets. Brigade formations had broken at the fences and melted into regiments. Regiments now melted into companies. Garnett was killed. Armistead was killed. Kemper and Pettegrew were desperately wounded. In all that attack force of fifteen thousand men just one field officer came through unharmed.

The advance slowed. The Union line bent back but only for a moment was it broken and in breaking the line the attackers broke themselves. The forward movement faltered, stalled, and stopped. The survivors, bravest of the brave, turned slowly westward in a retreat that would end twenty months later at a cross-roads in Virginia called Appomattox.

Scattered groups of men, and men entirely alone, broken and bewildered, moving slowly toward Seminary Ridge, met the brigades of Wilcox and Lang marching to the support of a spearhead that no longer existed.

Lee, with sorrow in his heart that never left as long as he lived, rode out to meet his battered battalions and said to those who could summon strength to cheer him, "It was all my fault. I thought my men were invincible." Pickett, surveying the ragged remnants of his division said to those about him, "That old man ordered my men to massacre." "Old Pete," practical realist, sent his staff scurrying with orders to prepare for counterattack. A counterattack so confidently expected. A counterattack which was never ordered. A counterattack which could never have been repulsed.

Night came again. The moon was dim in the sky. It was going to rain. Wagon after wagon, gun after gun, company after company moved southward into the darkness over roads they never followed again; moved away from a battlefield where they had been overwhelmed by defeat and disaster without opposition on the part of a victorious Union commander.

V

It is a fact worth noting that most men who study the events of Gettysburg are moved by strong desire to find the scapegoat and tether him in the limelight of criticism. The name most frequently cast for that role is James Longstreet, Lieutenant General, C.S.A. Among other things, Longstreet seems to have been too quick and too willing in burying the intersectional hatchet after the cessation of hostilities. Time and again his book "From Manassas to Appomattox" is seized upon and torn to shreds by men who seem never to remember that General Lee kept Longstreet as his second in command until the Army of Northern Virginia laid down its arms in surrender nearly two years after Gettysburg. It is not possible to paint the picture of Longstreet all white or all black without falsification.

Ewell once said, with engaging frankness, "We had to make a dozen blunders in order to lose Gettysburg and I made a lot of them." Ewell had a lot to answer for and knew it. Stuart, in

the few months that remained to him after Gettysburg, kept up a ceaseless argument in defense of his week of military melodrama just prior to the battle, but his arguments, it seems to me, abound with superficial and fallacious reasoning. Why so few of the critics have singled out the up-stage cavalryman for their barbs is not easy to follow, for, splendid leader that he was, the cavalry corps at Gettysburg was a muted instrument in the concert of action directed by Robert E. Lee.

For obvious reasons, it would be unfair to rate capacity for command by the results of the first day. That was more or less a brawl where, on the Union side at least, command was tossed from man to man so often that it is almost accurate to say that the first day was a fight of individual units entirely without coordinating leadership. Much credit must, however, go to Union corps commanders for sensing so unerringly the strategic value of the fish-hook positions, and that credit is, to the same extent, a charge against the military perception of the Confederate lieutenant generals if not, indeed, to that of their general-in-chief. "Old Pete" was the only high-ranking Confederate officer to voice his doubt and apprehension in the face of Lee's plan to pry Meade loose from his hilltops.

If indeed it is trite to quote the First Napoleon when he said, "In war men are nothing. Man is everything," that statement is tragically applicable to the Army of The Potomac throughout the first two and one-half years of its existence. Over and over again that army fought valiantly, only to lose through second-rate leadership. General Sherman's statement that the Union army did not begin to function "professionally" until the middle of the third year of the war can pretty well be taken at face value.

That General Meade was a good corps commander, none would deny. That he had good corps commanders under him at Gettysburg all would affirm. That he exhibited talent of a high order in a very trying situation from the time he took over from Hooker on the night of June 29 until midafternoon of July 3 would pass unquestioned. However, when he failed, after a brilliant victory, to order an all-out counterattack which might, even then and there have won the war, he displayed a lack of intestinal stamina always so conspicuously present in highest military genius.

Historians from both sides of the Mason and Dixon line are apt to close their accounts with mention of a council of war at which

Meade's corps commanders voted unanimously not to assume immediate offensive action. The records, if I read them aright, would indicate that that debate was held several hours before fifteen thousand of Lee's veterans had been decimated and disastrously defeated. One wonders that it was held at all. Some writers point, too, to the fact that Lee did not counterattack after Burnside had been so disastrously repulsed at Fredericksburg. But aside from that point, from the perspective of eighty years, it is difficult to escape the conviction that General Meade was stopped by his own inherent limitations. He just didn't know what to do with a victory and was satisfied with half a loaf.

If the Army of Northern Virginia suffered at Gettysburg, through overconfidence, that loss was cancelled out by irresolution on the part of its opponent.

The day after Gettysburg, a Confederate general from Philadelphia in Pennsylvania, surrendered the control of the Mississippi River to a man named Grant.

Four months later a President came to Gettysburg to make a speech, little known but long remembered.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF NORTON COMPANY

BY ALDUS C. HIGGINS, *Chairman, Board of Directors*

The history of the Norton Company covers a period of sixty years; a period of remarkable industrial development, of scientific discoveries, and of unusual inventions.

The Norton grinding wheel, which is the chief product of the Norton Company, started in a small pottery down on Water Street in this city. I remember when I was a little boy of 10 or 12 years of age that my father took me occasionally with his horse and buggy to this pottery and I saw men making stoneware jugs and crocks on the old-fashioned potter's wheel, revolved by kicking a disk connected with the revolving table and shaped by skilled manipulation. My father, however, was interested in the experiments that they were carrying on to produce an artificial grinding wheel.

Milton P. Higgins, one of 12 children, raised on a farm in Maine, learned the machinist trade at the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in Manchester, New Hampshire, and worked his way through Dartmouth College. Upon graduation in 1868, he was offered the position of superintendent of the Washburn Shops of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. It was a machine shop in which the boys were trained but it was run as a commercial shop engaged in making useful machinery. He kept in close touch with all the early manufacturers in Worcester and so he found out about the experimental work that Mr. Norton and Mr. Jeppson were carrying on in the making of a vitrified grinding wheel.

The grinding wheel of those early days was the ordinary grindstone, a natural sandstone. There were, however, a few wheels made by bonding emery grains with glue and silicate of soda.

One day Mr. Jeppson and Mr. Pulson, two Swedish potters employed by Mr. Norton, had a bet that they could mix the emery grains with clay, burn it in a kiln as they did their stoneware and make a satisfactory grinding wheel. I believe that bet was a can of beer and I am not quite sure who won it, but they were encouraged by their first trials, and they persevered. Mr. Jeppson took the trial wheels out under his arm to various machine tool shops

in Worcester, among others the Washburn Shops, and in that way my father became interested in it.

It developed quite rapidly, the demand grew, and in 1885 Mr. Norton concluded that he would like to sell the rights and know-how and the Norton Emery Wheel Company was founded. The new company acquired the patent rights and engaged some of the men who knew something about the formulas and operations of kilns, etc. The directors and owners were Milton P. Higgins, Professor George I. Alden, who was professor of Mechanical Engineering at Tech; Charles L. Allen, who was Mr. Norton's book-keeper; John Jeppson, superintendent; F. H. Daniels, the plants engineer of the Washburn-Moen Company; H. A. Young, also of Washburn-Moen, and W. L. Messer, who was the single salesman of the emery wheel part of the company. These men got together, either from their own savings or by borrowing, the sum of \$20,000 which was the paid-in capital when the company started. This was the only new capital ever invested in the company, other additions to capital being made from earnings. They built a small wooden building and two kilns at Barbers Crossing in 1885. That was the start of the Norton Company just sixty years ago.

Within a few years the company was looking for a better abrasive than emery and this was found in natural corundum which was found in small quantities in various parts of the United States. This was afterwards supplemented by corundum from India, which was used to make the now famous India Oilstone. Later Canadian and South African corundum was used.

In those early days, grinding was not a mass production process. At first grinding wheels were used for sharpening tools, then for snagging castings, and finally for precision work; but the precision was not what we understand as precision today which deals in fractions of a thousandths of an inch or in microns—it was more of a polishing operation. Brown and Sharpe were probably the leaders in making the grinding machines of that day and as the Norton Company furnished the wheels, they learned a good deal about grinding and grinding machines.

At that time, Charles H. Norton, who was no relation to F. B. Norton, was a machine designer with Brown and Sharpe and he conceived the idea that grinding could be used instead of the lathe as an actual production method for removing metal as well as

finishing with great accuracy. He had designed such a machine and submitted it to Brown and Sharpe. It was so much heavier and so much more expensive because of the unusual accuracy required in its manufacture and necessitated such high speed in its grinding wheel that Brown and Sharpe were not ready to undertake its manufacture and sale. Mr. Norton came to Worcester and offered it to my father and Mr. Jeppson. They became interested and so the manufacture of Norton grinding machines was started in 1900.

At about the same time, corundum was getting very scarce. Carborundum had been patented and was making rapid progress in the grinding wheel field. One day my father saw on Mr. Allen's desk a piece of mineral and asked him what it was. He said it was sent in by someone who claimed to have made it in an electric furnace. We had analyzed it and found it to be almost pure corundum. My father took the man's name and address and the following day took the train to Ampere, New Jersey, where the material had been made experimentally. He found that a day or two previously the patent rights for the aluminous abrasive, now called Alundum, had been sold by Mr. Jacobs, its inventor, to Stone and Webster of Boston. My father immediately took the train from Ampere to Boston and began negotiations which concluded with Norton Company obtaining exclusive licenses for this important abrasive.

At that time I was a practicing patent lawyer in Worcester. After my graduation at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, I became an assistant examiner in the United States Patent Office, took up the study of law in one of the evening law schools in Washington and after four years was admitted to the bar in Worcester and opened an office. My most important client was the Norton Company and the most important patent application I had to work on was the patent on the new abrasive Alundum. I assisted in the development of this process at the Rumford Falls, Maine, plant managed by Stone and Webster, and became so absorbed in the matter that I gave up my law practice and moved to Niagara Falls where the Norton Company erected an electric furnace plant of which I became manager.

Alundum is made by melting calcined bauxite, a kind of clay, which is 85 per cent aluminous oxide, and reducing the impurities

therein consisting of 15 per cent of silica, iron, and tatania, leaving crystal aluminum oxide of a purity of 95 per cent upwards. The proper reduction of the impurities in the bauxite required exact chemical analyses and the introduction in the molten bath of reducing agents in the correct proportions. The bauxite was melted in an electric arc furnace at about 3800° F. The furnace was lined with large carbon blocks. This carbon lining and the labor of setting it up was one of the most expensive items in the manufacture of Alundum. Frequently the molten bath would seep through the carbon blocks and the steel shell would get red hot. We were accustomed to keep a hose handy and play it upon the heated spot which would chill the molten material. I happened to notice that wherever we turned the hose on the shell, it never got hot there again and it occurred to me that it might be possible to play a stream of water continuously on the shell and do away with the lining. I designed a cone shaped shell with a water pipe around the top, directing a continuous stream of water over the outside of the shell but I could get no furnace operator to try the experiment because several men had been killed by operating in another plant a water-cooled furnace in which the water was circulated in pipes. When the hot molten material struck the pipes, they exploded. The superintendent and I were convinced that our furnace could not explode as the water was not confined and so he and I ran the first experiments which were entirely successful. It seems that when the molten mass of bauxite becomes chilled, it forms a lining. It takes a considerably higher temperature to melt the chilled material than it takes to melt the original bauxite. This simple furnace practically cut the cost of Alundum in two. The invention was recognized by the Franklin Institute by the presentation of the Scott Medal.

Charles Norton's grinding machine, in the early 1900's, was coming into demand in mass production in the automobile industry and was the first automatic grinding machine for crankshafts and camshafts. Shortly after this invention, another important development took place in the production of Alundum abrasive of exceedingly high purity. This was made by melting pure alumina produced from bauxite by a chemical process which pure alumina was then coming into extensive use in the production of aluminum. The melting of this makes a white abrasive

of extremely high purity and definite crystallization and is very efficient in tool, glass, and other wheels.

Shortly after this we began the manufacture of high-grade refractory products made originally from this white Alundum. They were very much superior for laboratory and other high-grade uses.

Another step which followed shortly was the precision grinding machine for shaping and sizing work in one straight-in-cut operation. Before the invention of carboloy and other high-speed alloy steels, the grinding wheel actually was used for removing stock from the rough crankshaft as well as finishing to extreme accuracy. Very early in the use of the grinding machine, a cubic inch of metal could be removed in a minute and that has been increased until there are several operations in which four times that amount or more can be removed.

In 1921 the Norton pulpstone was proved successful in grinding wood into pulp for newsprint. This had been accomplished before by the use of natural sandstone and although we had conducted much experimental work, both with large solid wheels and also with segmental wheels, it was not until George N. Jeppson and the engineers under him developed a segmental wheel which successfully held the segments that this very difficult job was solved. These wheels are 54 inches to 67 inches in diameter and 27 inches to 54 inches in width. They have reduced the cost of making wood-pulp very considerably. We still retain almost a monopoly in this line because of the superior construction of our pulpstone.

Next came the invention of diffuser plates for modern sewerage disposal plants. We have furnished thousands of these for almost all the big municipal sewerage disposal plants in this country. This was a development of our Research Laboratories. During this period up to 1929, our Research Laboratories had made many improvements in bonding grinding wheels, but in 1929 a more dependable type of bond for grinding wheels was developed and has been in use ever since.

In 1930 we began our experiments in the manufacture of diamond grinding wheels which resulted in our making some very successful wheels, using crushed bort. The demand for these came largely from manufacturers who were using carboloy and other high-speed steel tools which were very difficult to grind with any other abra-

sive. Carbide of silicon was used, but it was found that the diamond wheel bonded either by a resinoid bond or a metal bond was very much more efficient in spite of the high cost of diamonds. During the war they were used for glass and optical work and in cutting quartz slabs for radio equipment and in several other special lines. The difference in hardness between the diamond and Crystolon or Alundum is very great. The scale of hardness on which the diamond is 10 does not have even steps from one substance to another. The gap between Alundum and Crystolon and the diamond is very considerable. We have also developed a vitrified diamond wheel. This wheel cannot be burned in the ordinary kiln, it must be burned in a non-oxidizing atmosphere and the Norton Company has developed a patented process for this.

About this time our Laboratories, which had been making a very serious study of the structure of the grinding wheel, developed what we know as controlled structure in grinding wheels. The grinding wheel consists of abrasive, bond, and pores. Previously we had been exact in getting the right amount of abrasive and bond for the different grades but our investigation showed that the percentage of pores varied greatly and grinding action differed with the variance of pores. We developed a process whereby we could control the pores and this controlled structure made grinding more of a science than an art.

Another interesting development about this time was the so-called conjugate grinding machine for grinding all the cams of a camshaft at one time. I am afraid I cannot, in a few words, explain the principle of this but it was done by a row of grinding wheels which were cam shaped to follow the surfaces of the steel cams and as they revolved, each wheel ground its separate cam on a single shaft all at the same time. We believe that there is quite a future for this machine not only in grinding camshafts all at the same time but the various pin bearings of a crankshaft at the same time. There are some further developments in this machine to be made which the war prevented our carrying out in a successful commercial machine.

In 1934 our Niagara Falls Laboratory, through our eminent electrochemical scientist, Mr. Ridgway, made boron carbide which is the hardest material ever produced by man and harder than any natural material except the diamond.

Norbide is made by taking borax, which comes from Death Valley, and converting it to a glassy oxide, mixing it with the highest grade petroleum coke, and heating it in the electric furnace at 5000° F. While Norbide, Norton trade-mark for boron carbide, is very much harder than any other abrasive, it is not suitable for use in grinding wheels. It does not have the crystalline character with sharp cutting edges that aluminum oxide or silicon carbide grain has but when pulverized and formed in carbon molds, in electric furnaces under great pressure, the powder becomes self-bonding and can be molded into shapes. Such shapes are adapted to gages, nozzles, dies, etc.

Norton gages are so hard that they have to be finished by diamond wheels and diamond lapping powder but they outwear conventional type measuring gages hundreds, even thousands, of times. Norbide gages will not scratch, pick up lint, or become charged with particles of metal, and are lighter than aluminum.

Tests made with plug gages on a production job proved that hardened tool steel gages wore out in four hours, chrome plated tool steel in eight hours, tungsten carbide in two weeks while Norbide plug gages showed less than ten millionths of an inch wear after five months, with no indication that they would wear out in another twelve months. In one particular concern, the average yearly cost of the tool steel gages was \$15,600—of Norbide gages \$100.

For pressure blasting with sand, steel shot or abrasives, Norbide nozzles have replaced nozzles of steel and other alloys and are guaranteed for 750 hours with silica sand and 1500 hours with steel shot and they often exceed 2300 hours. It is also used extensively for machine lapping of cemented carbide tools and instead of diamond powder for use by lapidaries. A future use for Norbide is as an economical source of boron in tool steels and cast irons and as a deoxidizing agent to produce high conductivity in copper.

Our research and development has advanced a great deal during the war. Our Niagara Falls electric furnace laboratory has taken an important part in the so-called Manhattan Project in the development of the atomic bomb. The only men in our organization who know exactly what we did are the head of our Worcester Research Laboratories, Mr. Beecher, and the head of our Research Plant at Niagara Falls, Mr. Ridgway. We have several very

promising developments, both in abrasives, refractories and plastics, which we have not yet put into definite commercial production. Many developments in the past have seemed promising but have had to be laid aside for one reason or another. Those we are now gambling on seem to be very promising.

Our average number of employees in the Worcester plant before the war was about 6,000; during the war peak was 10,500, and now is a little over 6,000. This does not include our branch warehouses and offices and sales force or our foreign plants.

As for the foreign plants, the first plant was established in Germany in 1909; the next one in Canada in 1920; then in France in 1920; the English plant was started in 1930; the Italian plant in 1935; and the Australian plant in 1939. These plants all operated during the war, but the German, French, and Italian were operated under the direction of our enemies and run very inefficiently by natives. The English, Canadian, and Australian plants supplied grinding wheels which were absolutely necessary for the production of armaments. No satisfactory ball bearings, journal bearings, or any of the complicated machines used during the war would have been possible without grinding machines and abrasives. One of the greatest uses for grinding machines and grinding wheels was making airplane engines, turbines, and engines for the Navy. While the German, Italian, and French plants are still in existence, they are almost idle because of lack of industrial activity and for lack of coal.

In 1931 we acquired the Behr-Manning Corporation of Troy, New York, the leading manufacturer of coated abrasives, sandpaper, and emery cloth. It has been a very successful subsidiary of Norton Company.

I have attempted only very briefly to cover the commercial history of this company. I have spoken of only a few of the people who have made it successful, but it could not have been successful had it not been for the wonderful force of skilled and loyal workers who have made Norton Company what it is. This company was started by men who worked with their hands, who learned their trades and who climbed the ladder the hard way. The original force of some 50 to 100 men, both management and workers, during the first few years knew each other personally. They sat down each year to a turkey dinner at Christmas and marched through

the shop, decorated with greens, behind their own band. That spirit has been kept alive. It is one of the traditions of the Norton Company. It is no idle cliché to refer to the "Norton Family" or to the "Norton Spirit." It is something real and effective. *We* believe in individual responsibility and individual consideration. We like to consider individual needs and individual welfare. While we do not propose to be crusaders for our way of doing business or to be critical of other ways, yet for the conditions that exist with us and in accordance with the experience that we have had in running this business for a half century, we believe that the Norton Family is happier and more prosperous under the good old American way than by any other.

*The
Worcester Historical Society
Publications*



NEW SERIES

Vol. III, No. 4

DECEMBER, 1947

Published by
THE WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

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LIST OF OFFICERS, 1947-1948

| | | |
|--|-----------|--|
| <i>President</i> | | GEORGE R. STOBBS |
| <i>Vice-Presidents</i> | | { WARREN C. LANE JOHN W. HIGGINS CHANDLER BULLOCK |
| <i>Secretary</i> | | MISS EMMA FORBES WAITE |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | | W. ELLERY BRIGHT, JR. |
| <i>Executive Board</i> | | { MISS MARY N. ALLEN CHARLES E. AYERS DR. PHILIP H. COOK GEORGE CROMPTON MRS. JAMES C. FAUSNAUGHT ALBERT W. RICE MERRILL W. WRIGHT |
| The above-named officers, Chairman of the Finance Committee, and | | { CHANDLER BULLOCK EDGAR L. RAMSDELL GEORGE R. STOBBS |

STAFF

CHARLES I. FOSTER, *Director*
 KATHERINE REID, *Assistant*
 WILLIAM J. WAITE, *Assistant*
 SIDNEY G. PICKETT, *Superintendent*

ABOUT THE WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Our purpose is to collect and preserve essential historical evidence in the field of local history and to use this material in a vigorous program of education, exhibition, research, and publication.

We are now in our seventy-second year of this work. Soon after our founding in 1875, we began publishing town records and the reminiscences of our citizens, an activity which amassed a treasure of historical lore and gave our society a position of leadership. At that time we also started gathering documents, diaries, letters, and books as well as numerous objects of historical interest, all to serve as evidence of our way of life in the past.

General recognition of our public service enabled our society to raise its own building in 1891 at 39 Salisbury Street, a solid, substantial structure which is still our home. It houses our museum and library.

This building was closed to the public February first of this year to permit a complete modernization and will open its doors again in a few months with new displays and facilities which will multiply its usefulness and interest. At a time when the perspective of history is of more importance than ever before in the direction of our community affairs, we are completing a comprehensive program of rehabilitation to equip us for better service. The long years of work on the part of our membership have made possible a more strenuous undertaking now.

Although we are engaged in a public service, we are a private organization. The funds to support our activities are derived from a small endowment fund, membership dues, special gifts, and bequests. Especially at this time of great exertion and corresponding financial strain, we need very general support and encouragement.

The membership application blank enclosed is for the convenience of our members who may wish to invite their friends to join us.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

To the Members of the Worcester Historical Society:

The Treasurer respectfully submits his report as of May 31, 1947.

The total income for the year, not including the Rehabilitation Fund, which is later dealt with in this report, amounted to \$3,388.43—an increase over the previous year of \$46.57. Expenses amounted to \$5,135.80—an increase of \$2,805.42. Approximately \$2,000 of these added expenses are in the salary account.

These figures show an operating deficiency of \$1,747.37.

The investment income decreased slightly but the income from the Jeanie L. Southwick Estate, and from added members, more than offset this investment income decrease.

The customary gift of \$100 from the Hester N. Wetherell Estate was gratefully received.

From the above figures, it can readily be seen that we, at present, are slightly undermined by overhead but, with more and more interest being shown in the Society, our income should soon be in balance with our outgo.

Practically singlehanded, and with the aid of an astutely worded letter to our members, your president, Mr. Stobbs, raised from contributory members \$7,557.60 for the Rehabilitation Fund. To this has been added over \$900 which Mr. Foster realized from the sale of various equipment, etc., which was no longer needed at the Society's building. The Rehabilitation account still has a balance of \$1,109.97.

Respectfully submitted,

W. ELLERY BRIGHT, JR.,

Treasurer

June 9, 1947

REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR

At a meeting on October 31, 1946, the Executive Board decided that the Society's museum and library should be rehabilitated and brought under the control of a modern catalog system. Only such a program could enable the Society to perform properly its functions of education, exposition, and research.

The Board entrusted the execution of this task to the director who accepted it in spite of his inexperience in that work.

To remedy his shortcomings, your director studied manuals and other literature on the subject of museum operation. He then visited numerous museums to examine closely their procedures, to look for strong points and weaknesses. He found that all successful museums used essentially the same system, that the Worcester Art Museum had developed that system to the greatest degree of perfection and operated under the closest controls.

Your director then wrote a Manual of Procedure for the Worcester Historical Society which incorporated the approved controls and drew up copy for the necessary printed forms. He also wrote out the work which must be done, step by step, to put the manual into effect. All of this material he placed in the hands of Mr. Benjamin Stone and Miss Helen E. Werner, who have charge of the records of the Worcester Art Museum, for their closest scrutiny and criticism. There were conferences; numerous corrections were considered and some adopted. The Manual, as finally approved, was mimeographed; copies are available. An instruction sheet for workers was also produced in this way.

The Manual is important because it states how the museum is to operate after rehabilitation and this, in turn, indicates clearly what work must be done.

Contractors were called to give estimates on the necessary construction, repairs and renovation, and a report was prepared for the consideration of the Executive Board which met again on January 16, 1947.

The Board made a number of important decisions at this meeting. It decided to proceed with the rehabilitation of the museum and library, and voted to raise the sum of \$15,000 to defray the expense of this work.

The Board also determined policies for our museum and library. The museum is to be put on a modern operating basis which will exhibit a certain percentage of our accessions to the best possible advantage and keep the remainder constantly available in live storage or study files. Exhibits are to be changed as often as possible. The necessary cataloging and other controls are to be instituted.

The policy for the library defined its scope as the field of local history, with additional material helpful in the study and exhibition of museum pieces.

The Board gave to your director the necessary powers to deal with Society property and authorized him to proceed at once with the program of rehabilitation. It decided to close the building to the public on February 1 and to keep it closed until the work of rehabilitation had been completed.

The first part of the construction work was entrusted to the R. L. Whipple Co. This is now completed and open for your inspection. The remainder will be undertaken by J. B. Lowell, Inc., this fall.

Our first task was to modernize the Society's office into a clean, efficient and pleasant workroom. This involved complete redecoration and reorganization, new lighting and new plumbing.

While this was going on, we attacked the library which occupied the front half of the basement and sorted about thirty thousand volumes and pamphlets to conform to our library policy. We moved eight of the book stacks up to the rear of Salisbury Hall and there concentrated our library facilities.

In the space thus made available in the basement, we erected units of adjustable shelving reaching to the ceiling. In the boiler room where accessions lay in two great heaps on the floor, we built three layers of shelving running the full length of the room. This generous supply of storage space enabled us to clear the basement and boiler room of accessions which crowded the floor and walls thus providing the space necessary for complete reorganization. In a section near the shelving units we built storage racks where the Society's paintings may be kept safely when not on exhibit. These contain 1500 square feet of hanging space yet occupy only about 200 square feet of floor space. We also found space for a cataloging department, a supply room, and a printing room. The entire basement was cleaned, rewired, relighted, and painted.

In Salisbury Hall, we emptied some twenty wooden bookcases into the library stacks and sold the cases. That made space available. Of the twelve pianos and organs in this room, we disposed of five which as duplications or for other reasons were not desirable as accessions. We returned these to the donors if possible; otherwise we sold them or gave them away. The other seven pianos and organs, together with all other museum accessions and oil paintings, we carried to the space provided for them in the basement.

Even while this was going on, the carpenters were blocking six windows and one doorway in Salisbury Hall to provide continuous wall space. The electricians rewired the entire room for adequate lighting, the hall was painted, the floors refinished; the Workshop for the Blind caned our chairs and our schoolboy helpers cleaned and varnished them. We installed new exhibits.

The Worcester room and the ladies' powder room received a similar refurbishing; the small room over the front porch was furnished for the director's office. An additional telephone extension was placed there as well as one in the basement.

The room on the third floor, which was originally designed as a printing office for Franklin P. Rice, we have converted into a costume room with the most modern study files in which about one hundred costumes are already mounted.

Progress with the cataloging has not been held up by the physical work of renovation. In the main museum room on the first floor, our workers have prepared nearly three thousand accessions for cataloging. This is no mean accomplishment.

In carrying on this work your director found all of the people of Worcester ready and eager to help as soon as they understood what was being done, but more specific acknowledgments are in order.

In the field of ideas we are most heavily indebted to the Worcester Art Museum. We have also received valuable suggestions from the American Antiquarian Society, the Essex Institute of Salem, the New York Historical Society, and the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Colonel Whipple has done a most effective piece of work. He was very quick to appreciate that the task was not a piece of construction to be pushed through with the greatest expedition, but rather a museum and library problem which involved serious

consideration. He has contributed every help which interest and ingenuity could supply. At a time when it was notoriously difficult to get things done, he did them. Both Colonel Whipple and his men have worked in the closest possible cooperation with the Society's staff.

The same spirit has been manifested among the subcontractors: Wm. H. Bruinsma, the painter, Mr. H. W. Fairbanks and Mr. Roland Lupien of Coghlin's, electricians, and W. H. Patterson, plumber.

We are indebted to the following for donations and loans of material: Mr. Warren C. Lane, mimeographing and the loan of two typewriters; Mr. H. W. Fairbanks, gift of office lighting fixture; Mr. Roland Lupien, of Coghlin's, gift of basement lighting fixtures; Mr. Merrill Wright, gift of wire for gown hangers and loan of "All-Out" fire extinguisher; Natural History Society, loan of display typewriter; County Court House, loan of flags; Worcester City Guards Veterans Association, loan of bearskin shako; rugs in the Worcester Room were loaned by Mr. Stobbs. Mr. Bright, our treasurer, brought a flag with its standard.

The following members of the Society have served as volunteer members of our staff: Mr. Charles E. Ayers, glass and pewter; Dr. Clarence S. Brigham, library; Mr. John J. Callan, firearms; Dr. Philip H. Cook, Civil War material, writing and lighting devices; Mr. Edward F. Coffin, photographs, negatives, oil portraits, and general information; Miss Mary Earle Gould, iron and wooden ware; Mr. Hiram Harlow, farm implements; Mrs. Harold P. Frost, maps; Mr. Nathan Rice, Revolutionary material; Mr. Robert K. Shaw, library; Mr. Clifford K. Shipton, library; Miss Emma Forbes Waite, photographs. Mrs. Fausnaught has been our cheer leader.

Regular members of the staff have served long hours enthusiastically and energetically: Miss Katherine Reid in office work and research in records; Mr. William J. Waite in preparation of accessions for cataloging, numbering and lettering, and in mounting photos of sixty former members of the Society.

Among our part-time paid workers, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Davis has done excellent work in preparation of accessions for cataloging and in helping with the costume exhibit; Mrs. Vernon Jones in preparation of daguerreotypes and other accessions; Mrs. Percy Roope in clothing and needlework.

Student workers have been Charles R. Foster, David T. Green, John Roope, and Charles G. Hamilton. Our building superintendent, Sidney G. Pickett, who will take his place as a regular member of the staff next fall, came from Maine to contribute absolutely necessary help to this part of our program. Mrs. Violet M. Foster has been in charge of all color and design work and the preparation of the costume exhibit and the costume room.

The most casual inspection of the work accomplished thus far will show that we have been able to create space in a building which was noted for its crowded conditions. Our members may justly inquire how much of this space was made available by the sacrifice of accessions.

In general, the efficiency of our shelving units has made it unnecessary to sacrifice even such accessions as may be of dubious value. There was some trash but not as much as we expected to find. The principal categories of material which left the building may be listed as follows:

(1) about six tons of library material which fell entirely outside our library policy;

(2) some sections of old Worcester buildings which barricaded the basement and did not lend themselves to dismantling and storage;

(3) twenty-two large wooden bookcases rendered surplus by our library reorganization;

(4) a few pianos and organs as described above;

(5) a certain amount of trash.

As a matter of policy, when it becomes necessary to dispose of an accession, we notify any person whom our records may indicate as interested.

Sales of Society property rendered surplus by the rehabilitation program to date are as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------|
| Books | \$483.25 |
| Waste paper | 53.44 |
| Bookcases | 283.50 |
| Pianos and organs | 150.00 |
| Other items | 5.10 |
| <hr/> | |
| Total | \$975.29 |

The work of rehabilitation will be resumed in the fall when we will attack the large museum room on the first floor. We can hope that the work will be completed early next year.

This project has clarified some of the Society's problems and needs. It seems quite evident we have a building which will be adequate for some years. Its location is excellent. Our work is bringing into active use the dead areas of our building which have not served the Society with any degree of efficiency in the past. The Society's prime need at present is an adequate staff which will be able to operate the present physical plant at somewhere near its capacity.

At some time before the first of the year we will consider a definite program of service which will enable the Society to take its proper place in the community with the expectation of adequate support.

Respectfully submitted,

CHARLES I. FOSTER,

Director

June 10, 1947

WILLIAM H. CUNNINGHAM, 1873-1946

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY CHANDLER BULLOCK

William H. Cunningham was for many years a member of this Society and was its secretary from 1932 to 1936 while Prof. U. Waldo Cutler headed our organization. Following Professor Cutler's death, Mr. Cunningham became president and held that position for two years, 1937-1939. In brief, he was an important person in our membership and in his contribution to the work of the Society.

I like to call him "Bill Cunningham" because I knew him well over a period of forty-five years during which time he and I were associated as officers of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company.

With his always delightful sense of humor he enjoyed saying that he was born in the kitchen of the Bancroft Hotel, now the Sheraton Hotel. This statement of his as to the scene of his nativity always lifted the eyebrows of his hearers and started questions. The kitchen in our chief hotel aforesaid is located on the Portland Street side of the hotel, and exactly where that kitchen is now located stood the house in which our member was born. Thus, on March 17, 1873, Bill Cunningham began his mundane existence.

His father, who was for many years identified with the railroad industry, was a native of Needham, Massachusetts, and his mother was born in New Orleans, Louisiana.

He received his early education in the public grammar and high schools of Worcester. He was for two years on the old high school football team here in 1890 and 1891, when the only high school in the city was the one on Walnut Street. He played at end. In the latter year the team won the Massachusetts State High School Football League championship. This team beat the runner-up high school team, which, I understand, came from Ware, 66 to 6. He entered Worcester Polytechnic Institute in 1892, graduating with a degree of Bachelor of Science in 1896.

The very next year he entered the employ of the State Mutual Life Assurance Company of this city. Those were the days when young men, even though graduated from colleges or technical

schools, were lucky if they got as much as \$1,000 annual salary or wages, or a little over \$19 a week. But Bill Cunningham with his keen and trained intelligence rose quickly in the company from one promotion to another. He became its assistant secretary and was finally appointed to the important position of statistician of the company. Perhaps fully important as that, for his last ten years with the company he was the editor of the State Mutual monthly pamphlet that was distributed to all agents of the company and to many thousands of the company's policyholders. To make such a monthly publication so interesting that policyholders would read it, it was necessary to have articles of wide interest on many subjects and in addition to emphasize the value of life insurance and the fine standing of the company. This Mr. Cunningham was particularly fitted to do. His mind ranged a wide field, not only in scientific matters, but in economics, vital statistics, and in matters of purely human interest. Moreover, he had a rather natural literary flair. He made this publication, called *The Thread of Life*, a distinct success—so interesting to the State Mutual policyholders that it was much appreciated by them. It increased loyalty to his company and contributed to its progress and growth.

In fact, in the State Mutual Company where he spent his entire business career before his retirement at the age of seventy, he was a most valuable officer and associate. He was one of our best "idea-breeders," as I like to call them. Naturally, as with all fertile "idea-breeders," not all of his ideas were entirely practical, but many of them were adopted. His imagination gave him a creative talent in business ways, methods, and purposes. Those few who believe that creative talent is confined largely to those in what are called artistic professions have a very limited knowledge of men and women in general.

Among his varied tastes was a keen appreciation of nature. He had a great love for flowers and planting and caring for his garden. He would have made an excellent member of that organization known today as the "Merry Weeders" had he ever applied for membership. After his retirement from the company at seventy, his interest in, and time for, gardening was even more manifest.

He was always very close to our own Zelotes Coombs. That friendship began in "Tech," when Professor Coombs was a young instructor and Bill a student. Together in those days they took

several canoe trips. He and Zelotes, after deciding where the trip would begin, would stuff their stout canoe with grass and old newspapers and freight it to the point nearest to where the trip was to start. They canoed down the Merrimac River and took several trips down the Connecticut River beginning up the river in New Hampshire and Vermont. These trips took several days. They were young enough then to enjoy pulling up the canoe for the night on a protected bank and occasionally sleeping in hay piles and barns. These were real outings under the sun and stars. He and Professor Coombs more than once walked from Worcester to the top of Mt. Wachusett and back again in the same day.

Among his athletic attainments can be listed bowling; he was an excellent bowler, especially with candlepins, and bowled frequently on the State Mutual alleys and at the Worcester Club, usually beating many younger competitors. He was a good high-diver and, even after he was sixty, at company outings at lake or oceanside would dive from a twenty-foot height and slip into the water straight and clean as a plummet, all to the great admiration of everybody.

He was a good raconteur. Telling a good story, humorous or otherwise, can be fairly classed as a minor art. So when Bill, in any gathering, gave signs of giving forth a story, all drew near with expectant and soon rewarded ears.

And he knew his history on certain special lines—business or otherwise. We assigned him the distinction of writing two books on State Mutual Life Assurance Company history on the occasions of its 90th and 100th anniversaries. They were widely distributed among other insurance companies. They set something of an example in recording life insurance history which some other companies have followed.

Even before he became secretary of this Society in 1932, he read a paper for the Society on March 12, 1929, on "Early Domestic Silver." He knew old silver even back to the time of the oldest hallmark, known as the Leopard's Head, which was used on London silver nearly six hundred years ago. I venture to assert that the paper delivered in 1929 before our Society was the most authoritative paper on old silver ever delivered before this particular group. It deserves a re-reading; you will find it printed in our publications. I quote merely the first paragraph of it.

Silver has had its place continuously in the domestic life of man since the earliest recorded history. Silver utensils were formerly the exclusive property of the wealthy who used them side by side with the commoner wares. The silver plate and the wooden trencher adorned the same board. The silver flagon passed above the salt held doubtless the same brew as the leather jack and horn that circulated at the other end of the table. Later silver and pewter stood for high life and low life, or for ceremonious and ordinary occasions. Its constant association with the ceremonious side of the life of the wealthy or ruling classes leaves a record in this metal of the best accepted taste of the past generations.

Many a man after his younger days of romantic and mundane love have passed, falls in love with the Muse of History. This is one of the many compensations of advancing years. And Will Cunningham was one of those fortunates who early yielded to the charms of the "storied past."

In his early teens his family moved from Worcester to Auburn, where his father bought a very attractive old house built in 1780, one which has not been unhappily altered as many old houses have been. It is rather picturesquely situated on a little knoll east of the main road to Oxford just over the Auburn line.

Living most of a lifetime, as Will Cunningham did, in a house over 150 years old, has its liabilities and its assets, so to speak. There may be a lack of closet room and some other conveniences which give rise to some proper feminine complaints, but on the other hand such a house provides atmosphere and inspiration to an inquiring mind. In such an abode you can sit in the evening in a comfortable old chair surrounded by nice old furniture before a wood fire in the old fireplace, and then, if there is no present-day pressure on you, you begin to think of your early predecessors who sat in that very chair, in that very room, in that same old house. Your mind runs back over those fifteen decades and you wonder what in those different periods they wore for clothes, what were their politics, what did they read, what were their amusements and customs in the art of living. Thus living in an old manse tends to induce one back into the paths and bypaths of times gone by. And how interesting are such trails!

And the bypath backward in time that particularly appealed to Will Cunningham was to the furniture of the past. Among his versatile accomplishments was the knack of using his hands for delicate carpentering. And so a great hobby of his was making furniture of the old styles on the basis of one inch to a foot; and he

was meticulous about this measurement. Thus his miniature productions are exact models of original old pieces. We have some of them here tonight which I hope you will examine.

He made some of them to give to his friends. I have one here in my hand that he gave to me, a miniature specimen, I think, of an old Windsor chair. If you will examine this or any of these miniatures, you will see how meticulous and painstaking his work was. Every bit of it is as carefully put together and fashioned as was the work of the artisans of medieval days.

He, my good old friend, used to like to quote that sentence of Oliver Goldsmith, "I love everything that's old—old friends, old times, old manners, old books." He could feel that way, yet be an alert, progressive man of today who realized that a study of the past can provide some real lessons for the future. That was our Bill Cunningham of this Society.

As evidence of his all-roundedness, he was also always interested in boys and education. He served as vice-president of the Worcester Council of Boy Scouts of America. At another time he served as chairman of the School Board in Auburn, where he lived so many years. At the time of his death he was a member of the Worcester Club, University Club of Worcester, the Economic Club, and member of the Cohasse Country Club in Southbridge.

A word about his family before I close. In 1902 he married Blanche Jeffers, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Jeffers. Mrs. Jeffers, née Mary E. Darling, was the daughter of Lieutenant Governor Darling of Rhode Island, and she was visiting her father when the future Mrs. Cunningham was born. Will Cunningham and his wife had one son, Hilton Cunningham, born in 1909. Hilton is personnel manager of the Thompson Wire Co. Hilton has three sons of his own, all of whom were born before Will Cunningham left us. He loved his home and family, and like a good grandfather, much as he enjoyed his three grandsons, was very careful never to play favorites. He died on January 24, 1946, at the age of seventy-two years and ten months. Before he left this mundane world he had the infinite satisfaction of knowing that his line of descent was going down into the future bearing the fine name of Cunningham.

Read before the Worcester Historical Society on December 3, 1946.

MEDICAL FEUDS AND QUACKERY IN WORCESTER*

PHILIP H. COOK, M.D.

At first blush medical feuds and quackery may seem an odd topic to discuss before a lay audience, but ever since the early settlement of Worcester the practice of medicine has entered every home and has been literally a vital factor in the community life. In the beginning it came in the person of the family doctor. His knowledge of medicine was scant: from our present standpoint there was not much medicine to know; in many cases he had never seen a medical school but had been trained in the preceptorial system of service with an older man.

Medical progress, in the late eighteenth century, was in the doldrums: regular practitioners were administering foul-tasting decoctions of crude drugs, usually in warm water, large doses of mercury which salivated the patient or of antimony which nauseated and frequently poisoned him. Bleeding was rife; catharsis was violent; the preparation for reduction of a dislocation consisted in making the patient vomit to the point of weakness, the better to relax the muscles about the affected parts. Cartoonists lampooned the pretensions of the profession; Dr. Isaac Lettsom, a prominent London physician of the late 1700's, was thus satirized in verse:

When patients ill to me apply,
I purges, pukes and sweats 'em.
If, after that, they chance to die,
What's that to me: I. Lettsom.

And little progress was being made. As late as 1859, sixty years after the death of Washington, a reviewer of the treatment given the "Father of his Country" concluded that it could not be improved at that date.

The background of primitive medicine obviously provided a fertile field for feuds and quackery. The dictionary defines a quack

*The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Dr. Roy J. Ward for many interesting leads in the preparation of this paper. Dr. Ward's "Epochs in the History of the Worcester District Medical Society," *New England Journal of Medicine*, No. 232 (March 8, 1945), 267-276, has been freely used with his gracious consent.

as "one pretending to medical skill which he does not possess." By this standard, from our present viewpoint, many of the profession of 150 years ago came perilously close to that category, yet most of them, like their colleagues of today, honestly believed in their methods and worked conscientiously.

The battleground for feuds and the battle front against quackery was medical organization which was reluctant to follow the pioneer into the western wilderness. In the thirteen years prior to 1794, the Massachusetts Medical Society had limited its membership to seventy and had elected only one doctor west of Framingham.

In protest against this exclusive policy, on December 18, 1794, forty-one physicians assembled in Worcester at the United States Arms Hotel. They chose Worcester because of the hotel which was the best in the county at that time, better than any accommodations such larger towns as Charlton and Sutton could boast. The doctors came from as far east as Mendon and as far west as the Connecticut River, thirty-six of them on horseback. Roads were few at that time and very poor except for the stage route which was famous. Over it Levi Pease was shortly to drive the first four-horse stage in America by which, twice a week, passengers were hurled from Boston to New York in the hitherto unprecedented time of three days and three nights.

This first meeting of the Worcester Medical Society was presided over by the Rev. Ebenezer Morse, a truly unusual person. A newspaper clipping informs us:

Mr. Morse was a person of unusual ability, a graduate of Harvard in 1737, and held the degree of M.A. from that college. Previous to his ordination he studied law in the office of Gamaliel Chandler, Esq. of Worcester, with a view of entering that profession, but afterwards studied medicine and successfully practiced, thereby combining in himself all the learned professions of lawyer, minister and doctor. He was pastor of Boylston Congregational Church from 1743 till the beginning of the Revolutionary War, when he left because of Royalist sentiments, but remained in town and practiced medicine till shortly before his death in 1802 at the age of 83.

He was truly a versatile gentleman who, like Herbert Spencer, took all knowledge for his province. Dr. John Frink, of Rutland, the only Massachusetts Medical Society member in the group, was elected president.

The early meetings of the society consisted largely of case reports,

three men being appointed at each session to report at the next. Nowadays a reader buttresses his opinion with a report of one hundred similar cases from the Massachusetts General Hospital, two hundred from the Mayo Clinic, and so on. These men had only their own experience, backed by the reading of a few European books. But it is interesting in reading the reports to note occasionally some description of a procedure which would not be classically described for another generation or so. On October 7, 1840, for example, a certain Dr. Stone told of employing an obstetric procedure which would not see the light of day in medical literature until described by Credé, a German, nearly forty years later. Dr. Stone, thrown on his own resources, had figured out the proper way to handle the situation.

The members of the new society promptly found a problem on their hands—a smallpox epidemic was raging, the last of those which had devastated the town at ten-year intervals since 1752. In the latter year the disease took a toll of four per cent of the population. Dr. R. Crawford's house on Green Hill was requisitioned as a hospital, the first in Worcester.

In these days when smallpox has become a medical curiosity (the last outbreak in Worcester was in 1901) it is difficult for the average person to realize the full meaning of such figures as those given above. Such a toll in the Worcester of today would mean 8000 deaths a year—more than twenty-five a day from this cause alone. Yet such pestilences as these, of only less severity, were endured periodically by our ancestors till after the discovery of vaccination with cowpox by Jenner in 1796. Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, of Cambridge, introduced the practice into America, the first patient being his own five-year-old son.

This practice now supplanted inoculation with smallpox, introduced into England as far back as 1720 by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, a famous court beauty who had learned of it in Turkey, where her husband had been British ambassador. It was a somewhat heroic measure, but in view of the serious and frequent epidemics was considered worth while. Dr. Austin Flint, of Leicester, who had previously operated a hospital for inoculation with smallpox, was the first doctor in this district to adopt vaccination. One of his descendants, another Dr. Austin Flint, became a famous heart specialist in New York City.

Earnest as the Worcester Medical Society's arguments must have been regarding the treatment of smallpox, a more furious debate probably raged over the merits of Perkins' "tractors." The Society has a pair of these instruments in its medical collection.

Dr. Elisha Perkins was born at Norwich, Connecticut, in 1740. Standing well over six feet, of good appearance and address, he bore a high professional reputation for many years. He then conceived the idea which Dr. Holmes described:

. . . that metallic substances might be used in curing disease if applied in a certain manner: a notion probably suggested by the then recent experiments of Galvani, in which muscular contractions were found to be produced by the contact of two metals with the living fiber (the so-called Galvanic current). It was in 1796 that Perkins' discovery was promulgated in the shape of Perkins' Tractors, two pieces of metal, one apparently iron and the other brass, about three inches long, blunt at one end and pointed at the other. These instruments were applied for the cure of various complaints, such as rheumatism, local pains, inflammations, and even tumors, by drawing them over the affected parts for about twenty minutes. Dr. Perkins took out a patent for his discovery, and traveled about the country to diffuse the new practice.

Just what the tractors contained may be found in the application for a patent filed in the Rolls Office in London. They were not simply two different metals, but a combination, with even some of the precious metals in them, partly for possible appeal to the multitude, but also because the canny inventor was able to charge a higher price. The ordinary tractors sold for fifty dollars a pair, a stiff price for those days; with the combination of precious metals wealthier patients paid up to \$125.

The fame of the tractors spread. In 1798 they had crossed the Atlantic and were employed in the Royal Hospital at Copenhagen. The inventor's son, Benjamin Douglass Perkins, took them to London, where they attracted wide attention. In 1804 the Perkinsean Institute was founded there. It published its transactions, held public dinners, and its virtues were celebrated in verse:

See pointed metals, blest with power t'appease
The ruthless rage of merciless disease.
O'er the frail part a subtle fluid pour
Drenched with th'invisible galvanic shower.
Till the arthritic staff and crutch forego
And leap exulting like the bounding roe!

Perkins lived in the house formerly occupied by the great surgeon, John Hunter, a clever device. By the end of 1802, five thousand

cases had been treated. Two unbelieving doctors in Bath fabricated a pair of false tractors, and discussed the wonders of magnetism with patients while they described circles, squares, and triangles with the false tractors. Their results were as good as Perkins', but their note of skepticism was lost in the prevailing enthusiasm.

Much more could be said on this extraordinary delusion, but Perkins was eventually hoist by his own petard. Back in America, he learned in 1810 that a yellow fever epidemic was raging in New York. With full confidence in his ability to control it, he traveled thither, treated some patients, caught the disease and died.

Another dubious method of treatment, animal magnetism, was a lively subject of debate at the meetings of the Worcester Medical Society. On January 8, 1839, we find the following entry in the records:

The subject of Animal Magnetism was as usual brought up for debate, and as a great diversity of sentiment and feeling was found to exist among the members of the Society, some of them being positively and some negatively electrified, the Secretary was directed to use his best endeavors to procure the attendance of some easily magnetizable young lady, to be "manipulated" at the Annual Meeting of the Society, that by her agency the opposite poles of opinion might be brought safely and quietly in contact.

One turns the page with high anticipation, but, alas, no result! Apparently no susceptible maiden could be found.

Now, the phrase "as usual" used by the secretary in the entry above shows that the subject of animal magnetism was much in the minds of the Society's members at the time; what was it all about?

Victor Robinson, in his *History of Medicine*, says:

Franz Anton Mesmer, of Suabia, came to Paris to study medicine. His graduating thesis, "The Influence of the Planets in the Cure of Disease" (1766) promulgated the theory that the sun and moon act upon living beings by means of the subtle fluid known as animal magnetism, analogous in its effects to the influence of the lodestone. Mesmer thus revealed himself as a belated astrologer. But he opened in Paris a Temple of Health, and here thronged the afflicted.

* * *

They trod the halls in silence broken only by the sound of an Aeolian harp from a distant chamber. The light that shone thru the richly-stained windows fell on walls lined with mirrors. From the corridors floated the odor of orange-blossoms, and from antique vases on the chimney-pieces ascended the rarest incense.

* * *

The majority of the patients were women, and for them a special set of young men had been provided. Slowly and solemnly these

assistant magnetizers marched forward; each selected a woman and stared her in the eye; no word was spoken, but from somewhere softly sailed the music of an accordion, and the voice of a hidden opera-singer sweetened the incense-laden air. The young Apollos embraced the knees of the women and gently massaged their breasts. The women closed their eyes and felt the magnetism surge thru them. The master-magnetizer, Mesmer himself, in a lilac gown, with lofty mien and majestic tread, passed among them, making passes and accomplishing miracles. If a lady had a "crisis" Mesmer lifted her up and carried her to his private crisis-chamber. It must have been a pleasant form of hypnosis, for as soon as a patient recovered from one crisis she begged for another.

Mesmerism became a sensation; the French Government offered the inventor a pension and the Cross of the Order of St. Michael for his secret, but he refused. Finally a commission, including Benjamin Franklin and Lavoisier, the discoverer of oxygen who later became a victim of the French Revolution, was appointed to investigate. It decided that mesmerism was due to the imagination, and called attention to the moral dangers of the practice. But the idea persisted; Mrs. Eddy, in her early editions of *Science and Health*, inveighed against "Malicious Animal Magnetism" as the antagonistic force working against her own Christian Science. And the latter day descendant of mesmerism is psychoanalysis.

Frustrated by the lack of a susceptible Worcester maiden in its efforts to test the merits of animal magnetism, the Worcester Medical Society turned to other problems. Patent medicines, as now, were frowned upon by the profession. On June 22, 1842, we learn that Dr. John Starkweather, of Upton, was expelled from the society for sale of a secret nostrum; more were to come. He tried to resign because of illness, but this boon was denied him.

The battle against patent medicines continued and in the meantime the society was obliged to throw its weight against other quackeries which offered simple cures for complicated troubles.

One of these was the Thomsonian System which taught that the eradication of disease depended upon free and continuous bowel evacuation. It later developed into the Eclectic System which claimed to select the best remedies from both homeopathic and (so-called) allopathic pharmacopoeias, and some practitioners of this school were still working at it forty years ago.

In 1845, Thomsonian enthusiasts subscribed funds to enable Dr. Calvin Newton to build on Union Hill his "Botanico-Medical College," a large, four-towered building which is the present Davis

Hall of Worcester Academy. Over strong opposition from the Massachusetts Medical Society, the Legislature granted a charter to the new school which came to be known as the Worcester Medical School.

For a time Dr. Newton's institution flourished. With a faculty of six physicians and scientists, he administered a lecture course of fourteen weeks beginning in March. A large body of students paid his tuition fee of fifty dollars and half as much more for his elaborate diploma of which the Worcester Medical Library has a copy.

Dr. Newton's enterprise did not last long; in June, 1849, the Society entertained charges against him for handbill advertising of a nostrum which brought his expulsion in May, 1881. About two years after that, he died and his college, like his medical journal, failed to survive him.

But the charter did not lapse and was later used for Middlesex Medical College. The final chapter in the history of this latter institution, the problem child of medical authorities of the state in recent years, was written in August, 1946, when the campus in Waltham was sold to Professor Einstein's Institute for Higher Learning. Davis Hall, as Dale Hospital, was used as a Civil War hospital for two years (1864-66).

Even while the school on Union Hill was under attack, another faddish remedy was getting a foothold. In 1851, one Seth Rogers established a water cure, and the street on which it was located was appropriately named "Fountain." This can be classed as a fad and not a feud; patients were given baths of various sorts and encouraged to drink more water. The results on the whole were probably beneficial. It ran until 1864, and was one of the few places in Worcester, outside the City Farm, where patients could be cared for before the establishment of City Hospital in 1871.

The 1870's saw the influence of many movements and ideas reflected in the history of the Worcester District Medical Society. Woman's Rights was one of them. In May, 1873, Dr. Oramel Martin, of Worcester, introduced a resolution to the effect that "the Worcester District Medical Society would welcome the admission of women members." Heated debate ensued; an opponent said "that he did not wish to bring the Woman Question into the Medical Society," and the resolution was tabled. Brought up again

at the following meeting, it was finally passed with the word "welcome" changed to "has no objection to" women members. Thus ungallantly was the fair sex admitted to fellowship. They soon proved themselves worthy of it.

The newly admitted ladies were just in time to join a discussion of peculiar interest to them. On July 9, 1873, the meeting took the form of a symposium on prenatal impression. Dr. Rufus Woodward (father of Lem and uncle of Sam) reported having delivered a child with a badly deformed right hand, the mother having seen during her pregnancy a woman with similar deformity. He also told of a person eighteen years old in Shrewsbury with no eyes "except little pearls." The mother said that during pregnancy a man chased her "with a halibut head prepared in a peculiar way." Other such cases were reported. Modern embryology has chased away these ancient bugaboos, but the good doctors of 1873 did not have this knowledge.

The 1870's were certainly lively times in the history of Worcester's medical society. That decade saw the feud between the allopathic and homeopathic schools rise to its highest pitch of bitterness.

The story of homeopathy goes back to Samuel Hahnemann. In the last years of the eighteenth century he began in Germany a series of studies of drugs (he called them "provings") along a new line. In 1810 he published the *Organon*, his principal work. It involved the well-known theory that "like cures like," that is, that symptoms were to be met with a drug which would produce the same symptoms in the normal person, and that the potency of a drug increased with repeated trituration, which might be carried to a high degree. It is not within the scope of this paper to discuss the pros and cons of these claims—hostile critics declared that the theory arose from a faulty deduction by Hahnemann, when in triturating metallic mercury with sugar he converted it into the oxide, which is more powerful than the metal itself, and did not recognize the chemical fact. But, be that as it may, his sugar pellets and highly diluted alcoholic tinctures met with popular response along the line which he had intended—a protest against the heroic therapy of the period.

Now, Hahnemann had intended his work as a contribution to the general knowledge of his fellow-practitioners, but violent opposition

arose and he was forced to found a new school under the name of "homeopathic." The regular profession they dubbed "allopathic," and the fight was on.

According to a volume published in 1876 by the American Institute of Homeopathy, the Rev. Aurin Bugbee, of Charlton, was the first to introduce the system into Worcester County in 1840 (note again the duplication of professions). He removed to Worcester in 1854, then went to Warren, Vermont, where he died in 1859. Other pioneers in the forties were Drs. Jos. Bernstill and J. K. Clark. The name of Dr. L. B. Nichols deserves special mention. Graduating in Philadelphia, he settled in Worcester in 1848. The document cited states that "he has an extensive practice, and has done much to give this system the respect it has acquired." His son, who followed in his footsteps, was the genial Dr. Chas. L. Nichols who was so well known to many of us.

In 1862, according to Hersey's *History of Worcester*, there were listed twenty-six allopathic, four eclectic, four homeopathic, one Thomsonian, and four female physicians. There was no coöperation between the groups; homeopaths denounced the crude and dangerous methods of the allopaths; the latter, in the person of Oliver Wendell Holmes, ridiculed homeopathic dosage as "a drop of medicine in the Lake of Geneva." Members of the District Society who practised or consulted with practitioners of the opposing school were expelled. In 1875, H. Jones, H. C. Clapp, Hiram L. Chase, and F. G. Kittredge suffered this penalty, and the records of 1874 contain a reference to the debt incurred by the prosecution of homeopathic members two years previously.

But a new era was on the way; the new science of medicine was being born. The recognition of the self-limitation of disease, which meant that most diseases tend to recovery by the resisting forces of the body, enunciated by Dr. Morrill Wyman, of Cambridge, in 1869, showed why so many patients got well with little or no medication, and dealt a heavy blow to the old idea of the paramountcy of the drug. The scope of surgery, after the work of Pasteur and Lister, increased enormously. Serums and other products of the new science of biochemistry were introduced and all these advances were accepted in common by both warring schools. Drug administration was pushed into a small corner of the field it had nearly monopolized fifty years before with the result that the area of dis-

agreement between the factions was much less than that of agreement.

In 1904 Dr. Homer Gage, in his oration before the Medical Society, quoted Dr. Wm. Osler:

There are two factors in the progress of medicine, one the skeptical spirit fostered by Paris, Vienna and Boston physicians, and second, and above all, the valuable lessons of homeopathy, the infinitesimals of which certainly would do no harm and quite as certainly no good. A new school of practitioners has arisen which cares nothing for homeopathy and still less for so-called allopathy. It seeks to study rationally and scientifically the action of drugs, old and new.

It was then possible to bridge the gulf; the first timber was thrown across by Dr. A. E. P. Rockwell, of Worcester and Shrewsbury, a homeopathic graduate, who in 1901 wrote a letter to the Massachusetts Medical Society calling attention to what he termed the "Incongruous and conflicting provisions of the Bylaws as to admission of members." This was referred to a committee of which Dr. Richard Cabot, of Boston, and Dr. Homer Gage were members. They supported his contention. Dr. Rockwell claims to have joined the Society November 25, 1901. His name appears on the list of admissions in that year, but not on the official membership list until the year 1906-07. This apparent discrepancy can be explained by a series of events which represented the last embers of the old feud. Rockwell, having appeared before the censors of the Society and passed the examination, sent his dues of five dollars to the local treasurer, Dr. G. O. Ward, and requested a certificate of membership. Dr. Ward, an unbending partisan of the antagonism between the schools, refused to grant it and Rockwell appealed to the Council, governing body of the Massachusetts Medical Society. The matter lay dormant till February 7, 1906, when Dr. Frederick C. Shattuck, professor of Medicine at Harvard and Nestor of the Council, moved to appoint a committee to effect changes in the bylaws. "In these days of Christian Scientists," he said, "of Naturopaths, Osteopaths and various other 'paths,' it is about time that the educated men of the profession buried the hatchet and got together." The committee was appointed and on June 12 of that year brought in a recommendation for change in the bylaws whereby any candidate who has graduated from an acceptable school and does not practice any exclusive system might be admitted to the

Society. This was adopted, and since that time the graduates of homeopathic schools have stood shoulder to shoulder with their former antagonists in the Society. They have not abandoned their own therapy—perhaps the attenuations are less than in Hahnemann's original conception, but like the rest of us, they are content to bear the common title of physician. Their school has made its contribution to the field of medical knowledge and been absorbed therein.

To quote once more from Holmes:

Medicine appropriates everything from any source which can be in the slightest way of use to anyone who is ailing in any way; it learned from a monk how to use antimony, from a Jesuit how to cure ague, from a friar how to cut for stone, from a soldier how to treat gout, from a sailor how to treat scurvy, from a postmaster how to sound the Eustachian tube, from a dairy maid how to prevent smallpox, and from an old market woman how to catch the itch insect. It was taught the use of helonin and lobelia by the American savage.

Before leaving this phase of the subject, in which he played so creditable a part, it may be interesting to note the initials E. P. in Dr. Rockwell's name. He was named for his ancestor, Dr. Elijah Perkins, of Connecticut, brother of Elisha of tractor fame, but professionally a horse of another color.

So much for feuds; for the final chapter let us consider some modern quackery.

In the first decade of this century one Willard M. Lindsey appeared in Worcester. His sign read "Dr. W. M. Lindsey, Inc." In later court proceedings he claimed that the professional title was merely part of the company's name and entirely legal; it did not imply that he was a physician. He claimed only to be a clairvoyant and magnetic healer. He stated that at the age of ten he had begun reading the books of his father, a physician, and had soon developed an "intuitive ability" for diagnosis which rendered the accepted medical methods unnecessary. He opened a suite of offices in a building owned by a wholesale druggist, who prepared his medicines and also extended him the courtesy of the telephone switchboard. He also had offices on Columbus Avenue in Boston. The rooms were rather gruesomely adorned with jars containing tumors and gallstones, which he assured patients "had been driven out by the power of his medicines." His method, as testified to by state police

officers who went to him in the guise of patients, was to fix the patient with his eye, and say impressively, "Don't tell me anything. I know all about you. You have a tumor (or cancer, or gallstones) but I can cure you for \$100." And many believed him.

Lindsey's publicity was ingenious and well planned. His agents, all women, travelled through rural New England in the guise of corset fitters (women wore them then). Moving into a small town, they soon established confidential relations with the feminine portion of the community, and thus learned who were the chronic invalids; then the merits of the great doctor were set forth effectively. One prospective patient, who was somehow diverted into my hands after her arrival in Worcester, was a waitress from Fort Kent, Maine, the last town on the Canadian border, and 650 miles from Worcester. I could discover nothing seriously wrong with her.

Despite repeated efforts on the part of local and state medical authorities, the man did a huge business for several years. Brought into court, he nonchalantly paid fines of \$100 to \$600 from a roll in his pocket, and went back to work. He fought back at the State Board of Medical Registration, alleging discrimination, and his appeal was denied by no less a person than Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. But toward the end he was incautious enough to sign a death return; his vogue faded, and he finally disappeared.

In an even more dangerous category was the Tricho System, a syndicate which established in many New England cities, including Worcester, offices for removing superfluous hair by X-ray, a procedure abandoned by legitimate X-ray men forty years ago by reason of danger and unsatisfactory results. The offices were run by people with no medical education, who applied the rays indiscriminately. They boasted openly that the authorities could not touch them and it was so, for, under the law, the operation of an X-ray machine is not the practice of medicine. The New England Roentgen Ray and Dermatological societies put pressure on the General Court in vain. Tricho flourished until suits for damage began to be brought, then disappeared overnight. Skin clinics still see some of their victims.

Equally dangerous was the Viavi System, which claimed to treat women's diseases only, but tackled everything. During my City Hospital internship a nineteen-year-old girl with a malignant bone tumor the size of a baseball was brought in, having been under

treatment for six months by Viavi wash and internal medication; she lived three months more.

Quackery is not a new term nor a new phenomenon; Egyptologists claim to have found the origin of the term in the hieroglyphic symbol for doctor—a duck. So persistent an institution must have some basis. In his book on psychotherapy Dr. Walsh says:

Not less interesting than the therapeutic results obtained by men who were using inert remedies which they thought effective, are the cures obtained by men who had good reason to know that the therapeutic methods they were using were quite inefficient. Their good results, often loudly proclaimed by healed patients, are obtained entirely thru the patient's mind. Usually these men are supposed to possess some wonderful therapeutic secret, which they have obtained by a fortunate discovery, or by years of study, tho usually their discovery is a myth and their long years of study a fable. So long as people can be brought to believe in their powers many cures are bound to follow their ministrations. The real secret is their knowledge of human nature; they induce people to tap new sources of energy in themselves, and somehow they succeed in bringing to their aid this law of reserve energy. Besides, in many cases where patients continue to have symptoms once they have been initiated, the real reason is that their worry about themselves inhibits their natural curative power. This inhibition is prevented or obliterated by the change of mind produced by the quack, and then the *vis medicatrix naturae* (the healing power of nature) brings about a cure.

The best way to prevent the abuse of a power is to direct it into proper channels, and this modern medicine is endeavoring to do in the new work of psychosomatic medicine, which pays especial attention to the part played by the mind in the clinical picture, while still continuing the other criteria of physical diagnosis.

In conclusion, it seems fair to point out that, just as the diplomats and politicians are today striving for One World politically, so the best-advised leaders in medicine are seeking a One World of Medicine, into which each sect may bring its special contribution and be absorbed in a body which has no criteria save those of increasing and diffusing medical knowledge.

Read before the Worcester Historical Society, October 8, 1946.

*The
Worcester Historical Society
Publications*



NEW SERIES

Vol. III, No. 5

APRIL, 1950

Published by
THE WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

As time goes on, the justification of the somewhat ambitious rehabilitation program undertaken over two years ago becomes increasingly apparent. More people visit the Museum than ever before—attendance at our meetings has greatly increased—and our membership has practically doubled. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Foster, who as our Director during the period of rehabilitation had charge of the work and with the able assistance of his wife who had an unusual keen sense of the artistic, was responsible for making our Museum the attractive and colorful place it now is. It has become one of *the* places in Worcester to see, not only for its own citizenry, but also for visitors outside our own community.

Due to our limited financial resources, it was impossible to retain the valuable services of Mr. Foster, but in Mrs. Elizabeth T. Davis, our present Director who worked under Mr. Foster during his regime, we are confident the high standard of accomplishment established by him will be successfully carried out.

It is a source of great satisfaction that we are able to issue at this time another one of our publications. We wish we could publish all the papers read at the meetings of the Society, but our limited financial resources preclude that possibility. The problem of selection is difficult, but the determining factor has largely been that of local interest.

We are most grateful for the generous donations we have received, both to help defray the expense of our work of rehabilitation and also toward the payment of the operating expenses of the Society. We are especially appreciative of the special donations which made publication of this issue possible.

We feel that we are performing a real service to the community and welcome additions to our membership which would make possible the enlargement of the service rendered.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR

From the time of the last publication in December 1947, the Society's rooms continued to be closed to the public to permit further work on the rehabilitation program until the formal opening to the public in June 1948. This was preceded by a gathering of members and friends on May 18, 1948, to preview the modernized rooms made possible by the intensive work for the past fourteen months.

The first year after its reopening brought over 4,000 visitors to the Society to view the historical treasures arranged against new color and background. Many groups, unable to come during the regular visiting hours, were entertained by special arrangement. Generally, such groups hold a brief business meeting in Salisbury Hall followed by a tour of the exhibits and a social hour in the Worcester Room.

Visiting groups have been the Early American Industries Association, Massachusetts Archaeological Society and their Nipmuck Chapter, The Numismatic Society, The Rushlight Club and Pewter Collectors' Club, Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Medical Association, United Federalist, The Worcester Woman's Club, League of Women Voters and many parent and teacher associations, church groups, organizations of boys and girls, as well as school classes and historical societies.

The costume room has created a great deal of interest among the women. It has one of the outstanding collections in New England.

The Society's meetings have been well attended and some very interesting and instructive papers have been read in the past year and a half. On November 18, 1948, Judge Carl E. Wahlstrom read a paper on Abraham Lincoln "A Whig Politician and Congressman Comes to Worcester." April 28, 1949, Dr. William H. McMenemey of London, England, read a paper on "The Story of Worcester (England) Porcelain." This was illustrated. The speaker is a friend of former Mayor Edwards of Worcester, England, and came at the latter's suggestion. On May 27, Dr. Philip H. Cook read a paper on "The Nameless Grave and the Headless

Skeleton—A Middlesex County Mystery." This was followed by a talk on "The Story of the Indians in Worcester County" by President George R. Stobbs. At the annual meeting held on June 24, 1949, Henry O. Tilton spoke on "Worcester, England—Past and Present." There were reports from the Treasurer, Director and election of officers.

In the fall on October 19, Chandler Bullock read a paper on "Interesting Occurrences in the Life of Josiah Richardson of Shrewsbury, Mass., Commander of a Famous Clipper Ship." On November 30, Dr. J. J. Flynn spoke on "Old South Worcester." As a lifelong resident of this section, Dr. Flynn told a very interesting story.

On March 18, 1948, a special meeting for the women members and their guests was held at which the costumes were displayed.

Every bit of space the building affords is used for exhibits or storage, but the policy is not to crowd in order to show the articles to the best possible advantage. Accessions are restored when necessary, preparatory to being exhibited. Additions are being made to the exhibits and a change of displays is made at intervals.

Among the new accessions may be mentioned two platters with the seal "State Lunatic Hospital Worcester, Mass"; a primitive of Nathan Waldo Williams painted in 1847 by William Lydston, Jr. of Boston; a page from the second edition of John Eliot's Indian bible; a mahogany case of early papier-mache dolls; a doll over one hundred years old; an early 17th century dispatch box; mourning jewelry, clothing, needlework and books for the library.

Two notable gifts were presented to the Society during the past year. The Lion Glass Collection, consisting of more than one hundred pieces and two large glass and mahogany cases, was presented by Mrs. Marietta Parmelee Graham in memory of her mother, Mrs. Arthur W. Parmelee, a resident of Worcester for many years. The valuable collection of memorabilia which belonged to the late Captain Fried, a native of Worcester, famous for his two outstanding rescues at sea, was also presented by Captain Fried's widow, Mrs. Laura Parmenter Fried. A special meeting was called for a preview and at that time the gift was formally presented by George N. Jeppson and accepted by George R. Stobbs as President.

One of our services extended to the public is the loaning of acces-

sions for displays at the Public Library and for window exhibits at various stores and banks for which the Society is given the credit. This service gives to thousands more an opportunity to view some of our possessions.

Daily requests for information which is found in our library and records are handled and every effort is made by the staff to encourage the growing interest in the Society by the people of Worcester County.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE AND THE HEADLESS SKELETON

A Middlesex Mystery

DR. PHILIP H. COOK

In the summer of 1930 the Cemetery Committee of Stow, a small Middlesex town on the border of Worcester County, decided to improve the appearance of the premises under their care. A group of young men were engaged to restore grave mounds, true up the edges of paths, and otherwise "tidy up" the cemetery. Presently one of the men, driving his shovel down through an old mound, encountered apparently solid rock; he moved a foot or so and tried again with the same result. Then he called the foreman, and what followed was set out in this affidavit:

This is to certify that we, Frank Robbins of Stow, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, Cemetery Commissioner of the Town of Stow: Robert E. Hartin of Maynard, formerly of Stow, and F. Robert Hartin of Maynard, formerly of said Stow, did on July 15, 1930, open a grave in Stow Lower Village cemetery.

We found a rough stone placed upon the grave, the same measuring nine feet long and four and one-half feet wide, and, owing to the fact that the position of the stone was slightly cross-wise, we believe that the stone had been removed at some previous time and then replaced.

The belief that the grave had been previously opened is strengthened by the fact that upon opening the grave we found remains of vertebrae and other bones, including those of the feet, toes and arms. It is our opinion that the head had been removed, as we found no remains of any part of the same. Two feet higher in the earth than the rest of the remains we found a rib.

The grave was wider at the head than at the foot, apparently the shape of an old-time coffin. Nothing remained of the coffin but a formation of pulp, with the exception of a knot which had a nail driven through it. We found also several hand forged nails, which were so oxidized that they were hollow.

(Signed) FRANK E. ROBBINS
ROBERT E. HARTIN
F. ROBERT HARTIN

We, Frank Robbins, Robert E. Hartin and F. Robert Hartin, being duly sworn, do hereby certify that all of the statements hereto subscribed by us are true.

LESLIE W. SIMS, Notary Public.

So here was a knotty problem for that quiet New England town. Who, in that placid village, could have died with a price on his

head and such an acute consciousness of the fact that he endeavored even to protect his dead body from desecration?

But every town has a resident who is interested in its past. In Stow it was Mrs. Olivia Crowell, wife of a local clergyman. She started delving into Colonial history and wrote to Boston for assistance. What she found took her back into the England of the Restoration Period, now a household word all over America by reason of the dubious masterpiece "Forever Amber." She had started on her quest with the memory of the legend, familiar to every New England school child, of the attack on Hadley during King Philip's War while the people were at church; how a tall man with a long white beard had suddenly appeared, warned the people, and disappeared immediately; how it had been rumored that he was a fugitive from English justice. Mrs. Crowell published her story in the Stow Memorial volume of 1933, and upon it most of the present paper is based.

In 1649 King Charles I, after being tried for treason, was condemned and beheaded. Then followed the so-called Republic of Oliver Cromwell. He died in 1658, after refusing the crown, and in 1660 Charles II came down from Scotland and was hailed as King. Genial and easy going in many respects, he was nevertheless firm in insisting on the punishment of all those who had had to do with the execution of his father, 84 in all. So in 1660 three proclamations were issued by Parliament. Mrs. Crowell found them in the Yale University Library. The first embraced the full number of 84 men; the second, about twenty; the third specified only Whalley and Goffe. It begins as follows:

A Proclamation

For apprehension of Edward Whalley and William Goffe.

Forasmuch as Edward Whalley, commonly known by the title of Colonel Whalley, and William Goffe, commonly called Colonel Goffe, are, amongst others, by an Act of this present Parliament, Entitled, An Act of Free and General Pardon, Indemnity and Oblivion, wholly excepted from Pardon, and left to be proceeded against as Traytors, for their execrable Treasons in sentencing to Death, signing the instrument for the horrid Murder, or being Instrumental in taking away the precious life of Our Late Dear Father of Blessed Memory.

And forasmuch as they, the said Edward Whalley and William Goffe, having absented and withdrawn themselves, and fled, as we have been informed, to the Parts beyond the Seas, are now, as we certainly understand, lately returned into Our Kingdom of England, and do privately

lurk and obscure themselves in parts unknown: We therefore have thought fit, by and with the Advice of our Privy Council, to publish the same to all Our loving subjects, not doubting of their Care and Forwardness in their apprehension: &c.

It is unnecessary to wade through all the stilted language of the Proclamation, but the last paragraph was potent:

And lastly we do hereby declare, that whosoever shall discover the said Edward Whalley or William Goffe, either within Our Kingdoms of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Dominion of Wales, or in any other of Our Dominions and Territories, or elsewhere, and shall cause them, or either of them, to be Apprehended, or brought in alive or dead, if they, or either of them, attempting resistance, happen to be slain, shall have a reward of One Hundred Pounds in Money for each of them so brought in, Dead or Alive, as aforesaid, to be forthwith paid to him in recompence of such his service.

Given at Our Court in Whitehall the two and Twentieth day of September in the Twelfth Year of Our Reign.

But Whalley and Goffe had not returned to England. On the accession of Charles II, they, with John Dixwell, another of the Judges, had sailed from Gravesend Port on the "Prudent Mary," Capt. William Pierce, navigator, in 1660. With them on the ship were Daniel Gookin, well known in early Worcester history; Johnson, a printer, on his way to produce John Eliot's Indian Bible, and William Jones, the most prominent citizen of New Haven. Gookin and Johnson were to be of great service to them. They went to Cambridge, where they were entertained by Gookin for seven months.

Aside from calling himself "Mr. Cook," Goffe at first made no effort to disguise himself. And apparently the alias was transparent. Stiles' "History of the Judges" tells how a braggart fencing-master erected a stage in Boston and walked it for several days, challenging all comers to a bout. At length one of the Judges, disguised in a rustic dress, appeared with a cheese wrapped in a napkin for a shield, and holding in his right hand a mop smeared with muddy puddle water.

He mounted the stage; the fencing master railed at him for impudence and bade him begone. The Judge held his ground; whereat the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword. The Judge received the sword into the cheese and held it while he drew the muddy mop over his antagonist's mouth; this occurred several times, until the braggart's face was well smeared with mud. The

latter, in anger, then threw away the small sword and picked up the broad sword, on which the Judge, fixing him with his eye, said "Sir, I have only played with you, but if you come at me, with the broad sword, I shall certainly take your life." And the man, desisting, exclaimed "Who are you? You are either Goffe, Whalley, or the Devil; for there was no other man in England who could beat me."

Being warned of a requisition for their capture, the refugees fled across country to New Haven, being entertained en route by Gov. Winthrop at Hartford. At New Haven Rev. John Davenport took them in. The chase growing hotter, they went ostensibly to Milford, returned secretly to Davenport's cellar for a month, then hid in a hole in a rockpile at West Haven; the place is still called "The Judges' Care." In 1674 they went to Hadley, where Pastor Russell received them. Dixwell joined them for a while but soon disappears from the story. Goffe was now using the name of Walter Goldsmith.

On August 5, 1674, Goffe wrote to Rev. Hooke, Whalley's brother-in-law, "He is very weak indeed." Whalley was more than ten years older than Goffe, who had married his daughter. He died some time between 1674 and 1676.

In 1767 Dr. Ezra Stiles of Yale, being interested in the history of the regicides, wrote to Samuel Hopkins of Hadley. Stiles' History gives the answer:

Both of them were secreted in this town. One of them died in this town (Whalley, those who remember say); the other, Goffe, left the town after Whalley's death and it is not known where he went. With respect to the one that died in this town, the tradition general is that he was buried in Mr. Tilton's cellar.

Thus Goffe disappeared after Whalley's death. In 1678 someone who had seen one of the proclamations complained to Governor Andros of New York that Colonel Goffe, under the name of Cook, was hiding in the home of Joseph Bull of Hartford, and that official ordered Governor Leete of Connecticut to make a search for him; but Leete, a friend of Goffe, quashed the matter.

Now, what kind of man was this sole surviving refugee? Major General William Lord Goffe, as he is styled by Cromwell, was the son of Rev. Stephen Goffe, a puritan divine, Rector of Stanmer in Sussex, England. Joining the Army in 1642 he rose to a Cap-

tain's rank in 1645. Oxford made him M.A. in 1649. He fought at Dunbar and Worcester, aided in expelling the "Barebones Parliament" in 1653; was made Major General in 1655 and included in the House of Lords 1654-56. He was one of the judges who signed the death warrant of Charles I. Such was his prestige that he was mentioned for "Protector" as Cromwell's successor.

After leaving England, there is evidence that he received financial help and carried on correspondence with his wife. He wrote her the last definite record of his life, stating that he had prospered, and had carried on a small trade.

In 1767 the aforesaid Dr. Ezra Stiles wrote to various New England clergymen asking for anything of a remarkable nature connected with their towns. Rev. John Gardner, of Stow, answered thus, in part:

. . . I Can't call to mind above one thing worthy of publick notice, and that is the grave of Mr. John Green; once an inhabitant of Charles-town. He came to New England with his sister and her husband, having been in high favor with the Lord Protector (whether he was excluded by the Act of Oblivion I cannot tell), after the restoration of Charles II. Some time after his arrival he came with them to Stow, and here lived and died and lies buried in this place.

The town records of Stow show that Mr. John Green died November 10, 1688. His will, entered on the Probate Records, disposed of considerable property, including real estate in Sudbury. Early settlers of the town say there came to Stow, toward the end of the 17th century, an elderly man who avoided publicity, and when the end approached, told his friends that he was one of those who condemned Charles I. When buried, he wished this tremendous, unmarked slab laid over his body, as he feared evil-disposed people might dig him up.

Mrs. Crowell's narrative ends at this point, but additional data of interest were obtained from Everett P. Smith, a former resident of Stow. He states that on advice of the Massachusetts Historical Society she wrote to the Record Office in London, where practically every document since the Domesday Book is preserved, asking if the reward for the head of William Goffe had ever been claimed, and received a negative answer. But the findings at the opening of the grave open possibilities for interesting speculation. The fact that, as stated in the affidavit, one rib was found at a level two feet higher than the rest of the bones indicates that the opening

took place after the body had disintegrated. If Goffe had lived another year, he would have received amnesty under a proclamation of William and Mary in 1689. News traveled slowly in those days. Did the grave robber find an unidentifiable skull, or, if the long white beard which Goffe is said to have worn had not decayed, was he met with the answer that the English Government was no longer interested in the head of the Regicide?

The point may well be raised that we have not definitely identified Goffe with the individual buried at Stow. Then where else was he buried? Let us see what information can be obtained from three authorities, Stiles, already cited, who wrote about the time of the American Revolution; Welles, writing in 1927, and Lindsley in 1931. Each of these writers cited other commentators.

Stiles states: "James Davids (Col. John Dixwell, another Regicide) died in New Haven and was buried in the Congregational Church Burying Ground, where his monument may still be seen." He also noted a "tradition" that Goffe also was buried in New Haven.

Welles says: "It has been supposed that Goffe died in Hartford and was buried there (no word of him exists later than Peter Tilton's letter of July 30, 1679. I think we are safe in saying that Goffe died in 1679. If he died in Hartford he was of course buried there. But he may have been removed to Hadley. Governor Hutchinson found a tradition that two persons were buried in the minister's cellar, and Hopkins that one was buried in Mr. Tilton's cellar, in his garden or behind his barn.

"Hopkins also found a tradition that Goffe went first to Hartford, then to New Haven, and then further South, being heard from later in Pennsylvania and Virginia."

Lindsley states that "Goffe and Whalley died at Hadley, were buried in the minister's cellar, and removed to New Haven after Dixwell's death, where they were buried in the Congregational Burying Ground. The grave of Goffe is marked by a short stone with the inscription 'MG,' the underlining of the M indicating cryptically that it is intended to be reversed, to make a W for William Goffe." It would seem strange that Stiles, writing from New Haven 150 years nearer the event, should have overlooked this.

To quote Lindsley again:

It was for many years a mystery where these men were while living, and it is wonderful how well their secret was kept for twenty or thirty years.

But (to commit a Hibernicism) they also had to look out for themselves after they were dead. Taught by the fate of their mighty leader, Cromwell, whose remains were disinterred and maltreated by the Royalists after the Restoration, these men and their friends took considerable pains to conceal from their enemies their place of sepulture. Justification for this is given by Stiles: "As late as the last French War, in 1760, British officers, passing through New Haven and hearing of Dixwell's grave, visited the spot and declared with rancorous and malignant vengeance that if the British Ministry knew of it, though it was even then 118 years after the death of Charles and 70 after Dixwell's, it would cause their bodies to be dug up and vilified"

Under these circumstances an impregnable chain of evidence can hardly be expected: but the character of the grave at Stow is certainly that of a Regicide and there is no definite evidence of another burial place for Goffe, whose colleagues have been otherwise accounted for.

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PRESENTATION OF FRIED MEMORABILIA TO WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BY GEORGE N. JEPFSON

Tuesday, 8:00 p.m., November 1, 1949

Mrs. George Fried is here this evening, to present formally to the Worcester Historical Society, the memorabilia of her famous husband, Captain George Fried. It was his desire that this material (a record, and a recognition of his heroic acts on the high seas) repose in Worcester, the place of his birth, that the people of this City, and especially its youth, could receive inspiration from it.

We believe the presentation this evening, should be in the form of a memorial to Captain Fried, to bring back to our Worcester people the story of this sailorman of ours who, during his life, received the acclaim of the seafaring world for his courageous and skillful seamanship, when the crews of the British ship *Antinoe* and the Italian ship *Florida* were in peril. Men who qualify for acts of this kind, always have a background of experience in their profession. They have the virtues of thoroughness, persistence, determination and courage in their characters. Captain Fried proved he had all of these attributes and more.

Let me give you a short history of the career that led up to these famous rescues. Captain Fried was born in Worcester on August 10, 1877. He was of Swedish descent—his Viking blood evidently did him no harm. He attended grammar school in Worcester, and was a newsboy. He was always busy with youthful jobs, and was a leader in sports. After grammar school he had to go to work to help support his family. He left Worcester and went to New York. While there, the Spanish War broke out. He came back to Massachusetts and enlisted in Battery M of Boston, and served two years in the Army. On his discharge, he enlisted in the Navy and served there for 16 years, obtaining the rank of Lieutenant. He had a flair for navigation. At the Naval Academy his course and charts, showing the movements of the *Roosevelt* during the *Antinoe* rescue, are preserved as a fine example of the solving of a tough navigation problem.

In the first World War, he was Captain of a U. S. Transport. Among his assignments, was the return of the Czech regiments from Siberia to Germany. This voyage took him around the world.

In 1920, he left the Navy and joined the Merchant Marine, first serving on ships of the U. S. Shipping Board. He served as Captain of the *Leviathan*; the *George Washington*; the *Roosevelt*; the *New York*; and the *Manhattan*.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed him Supervising Inspector of the U. S. Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection in 1934.

During World War II, he became Marine Inspection Officer of the Coast Guard Third District. For this service, he received high commendation for his supervision of the movement of troops and materials from Secretary Forrestal. He died at his home in Yonkers, New York on July 3, 1949.

Time will not permit the full story of the rescues of the British ship *Antinoe* and the Italian ship *Florida*, but among his memorabilia we find some 90 radiograms that passed between the *Roosevelt* and the foundering *Antinoe*, and land. They are, of course in the words of the two Captains, and I shall read a few of them to you.

First, those from Captain Tose, of the *Antinoe*:

S O S—Two boats smashed. Bridge badly damaged. Think it advisable for you to stand by. Having difficulty in keeping ship hove to.

Wish to abandon ship but have not the means.

Very many thanks. Our number three hatch is stove and we are temporarily repaired until daylight. Bridge badly damaged and starboard boat washed overboard. Engine, telegraph and steering gear damaged. Port lifeboat broken by seas.

Stoke hold now flooded. All boats smashed. Further damage to bulkhead, and bunker hatch stove in.

We have fifty degree list.

Request that more oil be pumped overboard.

We are sinking rapidly.

And from Captain Fried, the following:

Our Latitude 45-50 North, Longitude 40-55 West, Course 65, Speed 18. Will stand by you. Will be near your position by 11:30. Keep me informed.

You are now in sight. Do you intend to abandon ship. How many in crew. Have you life jackets. Can you stay afloat until weather moderates.

Will stand by you all night. Have good lights showing.

Have heaving lines ready. We are going to launch boat soon.

We must wait until weather moderates some.

Will float you a boat. Be on lookout in your stern.

Have lost three boats and now must await daylight and moderating sea.

Getting boat ready now. When boat comes, get in quick. Be ready on stern with heaving lines.

When rescue was complete, Captain Fried reported to the United States Lines, as follows:

FIVE-FORTY A.M. of Twenty-Fourth received S O S from Steamship *Antinoe*. Proceeded to her position by radio compass bearings which proved her given position one hundred miles in error. Alongside her noon. Wind West, Force ten, with violent snow squalls, high rough sea. We rolling thirty-five degrees. Took position quarter mile windward. Pumped oil overboard with excellent effect. Her Captain claims this saved them sinking. Lost sight her nine p.m. Her radio and dynamo out of commission. Severe snow squalls. Searched, picked her up again three-forty p.m. Twenty-Fifth. Engine and Fire-room flooded. Number three hatch broken. Heavily listed starboard. Weather moderated. Attempted send manned lifeboat, Chief Officer Miller in charge. When lowered lifeboat, vicious hail squall hit us. Sea proved too rough for lifeboat. Men spilled out of boat but managed get back in boat. Covered with fuel oil, seemed exhausted. Ordered men aboard, assisted by lifelines. All recovered except Wirtenan, Master at Arms, Heitman, Boatswain's Mate. Made every effort pick these men up. Handicapped by darkness and continuous snow and hail squalls. Used powerful searchlight. Weather increasing.

TWENTY-SIXTH. Continued station, distributing oil weather side *Antinoe*. She showing one oil lamp. Her distress signals indicated perilous situation. Attempted float boat to her by aid Lyle Gun. Got boat to her, but she lost it. Tried floating cask—failed.

TWENTY-SEVENTH. Kept station. Attempted float boat to her with end of line leading from top of after King Post, in order allow line drop on her deck by coming up close her stern and swinging round sharply. Failed. Fired Lyle Gun again and rockets got line to her. When they hauled in line, cut on their rail—lost boat. Fired Lyle Gun sixteen times. Line carried away near projectile frequently. Suggestion Colonel Hearn, Artillery Expert, Passenger, use spiral spring between projectile and line successful. Chief Engineer Turner made thirteen projectiles. Weather now moderating—occasional snow squalls.

SEVEN-TWENTY P.M. Lowered manned lifeboat successfully. Took off twelve men. Boat badly damaged. Cut her adrift.

MIDNIGHT. Weather greatly improved and aided by moonlight took remaining crew aboard. Captain Tose had to be carried aboard and despite his physical condition asked be carried to bridge to express gratitude. All crew in pitiful condition. No food nor water two days. Little clothing. Exposure. Minor injuries.

ONE-THIRTY-FIVE A.M. Proceeded on our way. *Antinoe* still floating. Both well decks awash. Fifty degrees starboard list. Stood by her three and half days. Our own crew almost exhausted from long vigil. When my two men were lost, Doctor Cochran and Monsignor Whelan held services for them at four P.M.

TWENTY-EIGHTH. Doctor Cochran held very impressive services. All passengers, crew, and rescued attending. Passengers very liberal donating clothing to rescued. Some passengers and crew sustained minor injuries from heavy rolling. Impossible to cook properly. Menu limited. Have lost six Lundin Boats, which may hold up clearance returning. Request instructions. Used all our small rope. Hung cargo nets and all lifeboat ladders over side for rescued.

Radiogram, Harry Tose, Master, of the Steamship *Antinoe* to the *Daily Mail*, London:

All crew Steamer *Antinoe* saved by skillful seamanship—wonderful manoeuvring Liner *President Roosevelt*, by Commander Fried. Perfect discipline was maintained by my entire crew during five days that *Antinoe* drifted helplessly in the trough of the Atlantic sea, being battered all the while by mountainous seas. All living accommodations aboard flooded by seas. My four engineers worked ceaselessly, keeping pumps going until driven from engine room by inrushing water. *Roosevelt* made various attempts by lifeboats and rocket apparatus to get line to us, finally succeeding. Six lifeboats lost during attempts. All Officers and Crew of *Antinoe* recovering from exhaustion and exposure. Fried has shown us every courtesy and left nothing undone to make us comfortable. We are deeply grateful. I deeply deplore loss of two men from *Roosevelt* Crew who gave up lives in first attempt to come to our rescue.

The rescue of the *Antinoe* Crew took three days and twenty-two hours, and ended on January 29, 1926.

The *Florida*, an Italian steamer of 3,500 tons, and a Crew of 32, sent out an SOS call on January 22, 1929. Captain Fried was in command of the *America*. He received the *Florida* SOS—"Rudder gone, heavy seas, need immediate assistance." Captain Fried located this ship with his radio compass. Without it he said he could not have found her. The wind again was of hurricane force, with snow and hail. The *America's* lifeboat, manned by a crew of 9, with the *America* to windward, brought back on its one trip the 32 men of the *Florida*. The *Florida's* Captain, Guiseppe

Favaloro said, "It was a great manoeuver on the part of the *America*, as I could do nothing to help. It was dark; I had no lights. The *America* in approaching, came abeam to windward, launched its boat, and it came to my ship just in time and took us off. Immediately afterwards, the wind and seas increased and the rescue, if delayed, might have been impossible."

Captain Fried became the American sea hero of his time. He was internationally known. The exhibit of memorabilia that you will see here tonight, indicates what four Nations thought of the Captain.

The Press recognized in him a graphic writer of his experiences. The Associated Press made him an honorary member—only two men had thus been honored in its history. The *Worcester Telegram* of January 26, 1929 said, "You can understand Captain Fried of Worcester writing a saga of the sea. Before ever the wallowing *Florida* called for help, he had established himself as such a writer, in deeds, and words."

The *New York Times* wrote of him as follows: "Fried's heroic efforts at a rescue have elicited the greatest admiration from the shipping world. Certainly nothing finer in sea chronicles than the fidelity of the Captain of the *President Roosevelt* to a conception of duty that is honorable to the American Merchant Marine."

The *Daily Mirror* of London—"Captain Fried and his men have shown once again what dogged pluck can do against almost insuperable odds. We salute them as worthy to take their places in a great story of heroism of the sea."

The *Daily Mail* of London said—"The Atlantic Ocean has been the scene of many heroic rescues, but we doubt whether there is anything finer in history than the rescue of the Crew of the *Antinoe*."

So, here tonight, we do honor to this Worcester man, who through his deeds has brought honor to the City of his birth. He willed to his wife, Laura Parmenter Fried, all of his medals, scrolls, and papers, with the understanding that she, at some time, would find a place for them in Worcester. With the same fidelity as her famous husband, she is carrying out his wishes.

I am sure he would be very proud of her were he here. At the time of the *Antinoe* rescue, she sent him a telegram. It said, "Courage," signed Laura. She is just out of the hospital and it has taken courage for her to be with us here tonight.

ACCEPTANCE OF FRIED MEMORABILIA

BY PRESIDENT GEORGE R. STOBBS

In behalf of the Worcester Historical Society, I accept with deep appreciation and gratitude the gift of this most interesting and valuable collection of memorabilia belonging to the late Captain George Fried. It will be numbered among our choicest treasures.

Worcester has always been very proud of this native-born son of hers. Its citizens have followed his career with keen interest and have acclaimed with other Americans and people throughout the world the superb seamanship and dauntless courage displayed by him at the time of his rescues at sea, which brought not only great distinction to himself but to the United States Merchant Marine in whose service he was engaged.

It was my own privilege while a Representative in Congress from this District to have the pleasure of presenting Captain Fried to the members of the House of Representatives while he was visiting Washington with his wife after one of his heroic rescues, and later to accompany him to the White House to be received by President Coolidge. In the very brief remarks I made when presenting him to the House, I said, "Captain Fried has the blood of the Vikings in his veins." To me he was always the personification and a true descendant of those hardy Norsemen who over a thousand years ago sailed the wide seas in their frail barks, combating and surmounting the dangers of the elements and imbued with the spirit and unconquerable determination of which heroes are made.

Such was the heritage of Captain Fried, and this Society is most grateful to Mrs. Fried and Mr. Jeppson and his committee for making it possible for us to preserve in our Museum for posterity to see the awards which came to him in living up to that heritage.

A SKETCH OF THE CAREER
OF CAPTAIN JOSIAH RICHARDSON

A Famous Captain of Some Notable Clipper Ships

BY CHANDLER BULLOCK

In the neighboring town of Shrewsbury in its attractive cemetery is a six-foot high marble monument with the inscription "To the memory of Captain Josiah Richardson who was lost at sea in the *Staffordshire*, December, 1853." Yet his mortal remains lie not in Shrewsbury. However, the house that he bought for his family, and where they lived until his death, still stands on the main street of Shrewsbury on its eastern slope just below the town Library. To that homestead the Captain himself hurried as often as his lengthy sea-voyages permitted.

Josiah Richardson was not born in Shrewsbury but in Centerville, a part of Barnstable on Cape Cod. His father, John Richardson, graduated from Harvard College in 1800, and after graduation, came to Centerville to found and conduct the first private grammar school established on the Cape. There he fell in love with the Cape—and a Cape girl, and married her. And there on the Cape was born in 1808 his son, Josiah Richardson. There young Josiah naturally heard the winds and the waves of the nearby sea.

There is a subtle something in the steady breaking of the ocean waves on any shore that has to most both a charm and a call, a call apt to bring on a "wanderlust." And the men and the boys of Cape Cod of a century ago felt that call to the *n*th degree.

Now there may be some persons elsewhere who agree with a so-called smart commentator who has said: "I love the sea—I dote on it—from the beach." But there was no such "sissy talk" down on old Cape Cod.

There may indeed be some who fear the sea—even have a vague, neurotic fear of it; but our coastal towns have bred very few of such. There may be some non-New Englanders who describe the sea as monotonous; but any old sailor of Cape Cod (if he knew Shakespeare), would say of the sea, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety."

So the sea beckoned to young Josiah. At the age of eleven he shipped as a cabin boy on a short coastal voyage during the summer school vacation. He repeated that every summer. Yet he went through the high schools of the Cape, and was a well-educated man of those days. Thus he rapidly acquired nautical knowledge—becoming master of a small schooner at the age of twenty-one.

At twenty-two he made his first foreign voyage as Captain in the small brig, *Orbit*, which he took from Boston to Europe with a general cargo. Thus, his seamanship “know-how” took him to a command position in his early twenties. Thereafter he was always in supreme command on shipboard. For several years he sailed the brigs *Owhyhee* and *Leander* carrying cargoes to Marseilles and Cape Haytiere—occasionally running down to Rio de Janeiro. Once he took a cargo of logwood from Cuba to Cronstadt, Russia.

By 1839 he was through with smaller vessels. He then took command of the ship *Chatham* and for two years was hard at work carrying cotton from our southern ports to Liverpool and Havre. Thus, he took an active part in the vast cotton export trade which led the South before the Civil War to be so confident with their boast that “Cotton Is King.” He unwittingly—as it were—helped indirectly in aiding on the Rebellion.

Time limits us in sketching many of the interesting details of his career. Many of the logbooks kept by him on his voyages are still extant. In 1843 he took a long shore vacation. He married Harriet Goodnow of Princeton and moved from Barnstable to Shrewsbury where he bought that house we have mentioned. After a year, planting fruit trees and becoming a deacon of the Shrewsbury Congregational Church, he was induced by ship owners to put to sea again. Perhaps that was the entire reason, or perhaps he began to be restless at the confined routine of living just in Worcester County. In any event, in 1844 he took command of the ship *Walpole*, a very sizable ship.

For two years he commanded the good ship *Walpole* carrying wheat from New York to Liverpool. We have his own logbook of 102 years ago, and I will read an extract from it. It is a typical example of the fury of a North Atlantic storm on even the larger ships of those days. The staunch ship was tossed about so that it makes his writing at the time difficult to read—but I have deciphered it, and I will quote:

Jan. 20, 1847 . . . Latter part much harder squalls; snow, hail and rough high cross sea, breaking in upon the deck, taking away ports, staving doors . . . and other damage . . . The ship laboring hard, we trying the pumps often—a tremendous gale from the WNW with high sea.

Jan. 21, Hard gale coming in squalls . . . Hail, snow; wind blowing a hurricane during the squalls. At 3 P.M. sea very high and winds increasing . . . Sea breaking in upon decks, keeping them full, carrying away monkey rails etc. Winds and sea increasing to such a degree that the sea would break in upon both sides of the ship, filling her waist full of water, the ports being swept away. At times the sea seemed to make highway over her, sweeping the decks. Brought the ship to the wind under one close reefed main tops'l, but found it blew so hard that the ship would at times lay her lee yard arms three feet under water . . . At 7 A.M. . . . sea and wind very violent and high, breaking over us, staying in part of the deck house forward . . . Constantly trying the pumps, but the water did not come to them.

Jan. 22 . . . Heavy gales from N. W. and rough sea. Squalls, snow and hail . . . Trying pumps but could not get any water from them, the ship laying down so much upon her broad side the water would not come to them at all. Tried the bilge pumps, but they would not work—soon choked with wheat—at 12 midnight . . . sounded the pumps; found two feet water in the well room; pumped a few strokes and the boxes became choked.

And so on for two more violent, exhausting days of storm. Let us requote from the entry of January 21, 1847.

“The wind blew so hard that the ship would at times lay her lee yard arms three feet under water.” Imagine that scene on deck. When the outer end of these yardarms were three feet in the sea then the ship's deck must have had a slant of about 45 degrees. The wonder is that no men were thrown or washed overboard. They must have been clinging desperately to every solid hold possible.

In spite of everything, Captain Richardson got the *Walpole* across the Atlantic in 28 days with no loss of life or serious injuries to men or ship. And he brought her home again. On arriving there he was pleased to learn that the owners had decided to send her out to Manila.

And so he sailed the *Walpole* to Manila. He had to remain in Manila several weeks unloading his cargo and picking up a paying cargo to bring back to New York. That was his job. So he had time in Manila to write some letters to his wife back in Shrewsbury. These letters of a century ago have been carefully preserved. They are still alive with human interest.

Now the Captain was a strong vigorous man of forty then—but he was a man of natural, human qualities. He was always busy on his ships, and even busier on shore where he met and had many dealings with importing and exporting businessmen of the world ports to which he sailed. He met officials of foreign cities who invited him about; he frequently had on shipboard with him companionable passengers. Yet his thoughts frequently turned back home, to his wife and children, his church, and the fruit trees he had planted on the Shrewsbury hillside. Yes, nostalgia sometimes gripped him—especially in those many weeks he had to spend in Manila with the ship *Walpole*.

Time prevents our quoting much from his many interesting letters. But as a sample I will quote parts of one sent from Manila on this particular *Walpole* voyage.

Manila, September 4, 1847

My dear Harriet,

Since I last saw you I have not had one hour of sickness as to bodily health. But I suppose I have known the painful sensation of homesickness—I cannot dwell upon parted and past joys, dear Harriet.—And now while I am writing at 12 o'clock Meridian (midday) it is now 12 midnight with you—you are now directly under me so that we are now separated as far by distance as is possible within this world.—Kiss all our dear children—Father will bring them some funny things. I think of bringing little George a little monkey. I have one on board and when he wants sugar he will make his mouth go like a child. . . . (*Now the Captain touches other subjects in his letter.*) The natives of Manila do not look unlike our Indians except smaller in stature and darker in complexion occasioned in some respects by the hot climate. The dress of the native ladies is simple;—a square piece of calico of various colours from the waist over the hips tight reaching down nearly to the ankles. Then a light Chemise over the shoulders reaching down to the cloth—making the dress.

We now make our own comments.—Poor man—knowing his wife, being a woman, would want to know what the women wore in that then very strange part of the world. So the Captain tried to tell her, and he did it about as unsuccessfully as any man does when he tries to describe a woman's dress.

And in some instances you see Eve in her primeval state.—Nearly all the women wear clogs made of wood on their feet. (*As a deacon of the Shrewsbury Church the Captain saw things he never saw before. And now to resume quoting from the letter.*)

The streets of Manila are not paved or regular. There are some

fine buildings but the larger part . . . are one story houses which have no floor but Mother Earth although they have tile roofs.

The city of Manila proper is a walled city,—no foreigner is allowed to do business in the city. He may pass through but he cannot do business. The city in all has eighty thousand inhabitants.

That is a brief description of Manila of a hundred years ago when the Far East retained some of its exclusiveness and Western foreigners were not particularly welcomed or often seen.

Now just one more excerpt from this Manila letter.

The *Walpole* is too large for an India ship. The Malays when they come aboard say, "Her much the big ship." Mr. Curtis, my passenger, I found a nice young man. We now board together on shore. I visit the ship every morning. Thus far my crew and officers have given satisfaction. Not more than three have been sick. Could you now see the *Walpole* methinks you would say she looks better and is a fine looking ship. I embrace again my dear Harriet in my arms.

Your affectionate husband,

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

There are many other such letters, sent from various ports of the world. Most of these other letters we need not quote because this one is so typical of all. They show his natural affections; that he had friendly passengers he liked; that he kept his eyes open wherever he was; that he watched the welfare of his crew; and that he was proud of his ships and kept them in the best condition possible. From all the evidence Captain Richardson loved his profession and found it full of activity, stimulation and adventure.

In the eighteen-forties ship captains received for compensation \$30 to \$50 a month, their board and lodging on voyage—and most important of all—five per cent of the gross freight receipts. But Captain Richardson had in addition, and was given, a one-quarter interest in the ship *Townsend*. This ship he sometimes sailed himself, but usually let other friendly shipmasters sail it. This interest in the *Townsend* he retained during his life. It was appraised in his estate as worth \$10,000, a goodly sum a hundred years ago.

In 1849 and 1850 two historic events occurred, both of which increased the demand for more ocean ships and shipping.

One was the great five-year famine in Ireland which caused hundreds of thousands of Irish to come to this land of plenty. So the ship *Walpole* was fixed up with a larger steerage capacity. And

still under the command of Richardson, she made continuous trips as a packet between Liverpool, Ireland, and New York. Thus Captain Richardson carried thousands of Irish immigrants to this country during the great Irish immigration to these shores. Some of their descendants here owe the Captain a bow of recognition for transporting to this country their forebears.

The other historic event of 1849 was the discovery of gold in California. By this time Donald McKay had become the greatest ship designer and builder in the country, and his shipyards had been moved to East Boston. Now California was a long way from the Eastern seaboard; there was no transcontinental railroad, and no Panama Canal. Ships to the Pacific had then to circumnavigate Cape Horn.

Moreover, men, excited by the gold fever, wanted the quickest passage possible to the gold fields. History records that at least 80,000 fortune seekers from the East went to San Francisco between 1849 and 1852, and most of them by ship around Cape Horn.

Donald McKay and his backers foresaw this now famous "gold rush" and prepared for it. So they at once designed and built a newer style of clipper ship—narrower in beam, sharper in bow, longer, more heavily yarded and canvased. All this intended for more speed through the sea than any ship had ever attained before.

They built such a clipper ship and called it the *Staghound*. She was intended to be the Queen of the Sea—and so she proved to be.

In confirmation of this statement let me quote from maritime historians. Richard McKay's book entitled, *Some Famous Sailing Ships and Their Builder, Donald McKay*, says, "The *Staghound* was the largest merchant vessel ever built up to the close of 1850. This magnificent ship incited the wonder of all who saw her in the stocks." Henry C. Kittredge (now Headmaster of St. Paul's School, Concord) states in his book, *Shipmasters of Cape Cod*, "The *Staghound* was the aristocrat of all ships when she was built." Historian Samuel Eliot Morison states much the same of the *Staghound* in his book, *History of American Clipper Ships*.

At this point I want to call your attention to a painting of the *Staghound* that stands on the easel on this platform. It was painted in one of the leading China ports where the *Staghound* lay at harbor. It was done under Captain Richardson's supervision by an accomplished Chinese artist, and it can be assumed to be fairly

accurate. This picture descended to the Captain's granddaughter, my wife, Mrs. Bullock. It now hangs in the hall of our home on Sever Street. Below the picture is affixed a sonnet which reads as follows:

Clipper Ship *Staghound*

(Commanded by Captain Josiah Richardson

Grandfather of Mrs. Chandler Bullock and Mrs. Arthur E. Nye)

This clipper can breast a midnight gale!
Under the taut and close-clewed tops'l yards
Her canvas strains, her block and tackle wail.
Within the darkness of the hold she guards
A cargo from the Orient. See how
The creaking shrouds quicken her will to ride
Through swirling foam spray at her keen-cut bow,
And show the glint of copper on her side.

Triumphantly, at sunrise, she has made
Her final port of call, whence she will bear
Romance forever as adventures fade.
Our clipper ship will tell of joy, and fear,
Mystery, and moonlight, storm, and Eastern trade
From this painting that now is hanging here.

Well!—who was to command such a new and unique ship as this magnificent *Staghound*? The question seems to have been answered almost before it was asked. Let me quote again from Kittredge's book, *Shipmasters of Cape Cod*:

No higher tribute to the character of Josiah Richardson could have been paid than the *Staghound* owner's invitation to Josiah Richardson to command her. After twenty years of quiet, steady work in schooners, brigs, and ships, by this command, he became overnight one of the most eminent of shipmasters in the country.

The *Staghound* was launched from the shipyards in East Boston and towed to New York where she anchored at the foot of Wall Street, there to load her main freight and passengers. New York then as now far surpassed Boston as a shipping point. Salem, so vividly described by Esther Forbes Hoskins in her *Running of the Tide*, was by 1845 stagnant in her harbor.

While the *Staghound* was loading in New York there was much wagging of heads by old-time sailors. They thought she was too fine-pointed in the bow. No ship so heavily sparred had ever been seen in the port of New York. Moreover, she was 227 feet

over all, and no merchant sailing ship had ever been built before as long as that. Her sail carrying power caused wonder—as she spread over 8,000 yards of canvas.

There was so much criticism that the marine underwriters on her first voyage charged extra premiums to insure her.

However, California freight was then booming and the *Staghound* carried freight at \$1.40 per cubic foot. Her first cost was paid for before she cleared for San Francisco. A remarkable fact even for those days.

On February 1, 1851 she left her pier with a crew composed of the Captain, four Mates, thirty-six able seamen, a steward, two cooks, a sail-maker, a carpenter, and four cabin boys. She had a large number of passengers also.

She was a Yankee built clipper—as many ships were then—and her officers and crew were mainly Cape Codders and north shore New Englanders. There was a song at that time popular among New England seamen, which was called a “topsail chantey.” It was often sung by seamen. It goes like this:

Down the river hauled a Yankee clipper,
And it's blow, my bully boys, blow!
She'd a Yankee mate and a Yankee skipper,
And it's blow, my bully boys, blow!
Blow ye winds, heigh-ho,
For Cal-i-forni-o
For there's plenty of gold,
So I've been told
On the banks of the Sacrament-o.

Doubtless the officers and crew of the *Staghound* sang that old song lustily as she left the pier. South, Richardson sailed her. His logbook shows incidentally that the second officer was seasick the first two days out. When an “old salt” is seasick it can give some comfort to landlubbers. South he sailed her, across the Equator, down by South America. When off the coast of Brazil we notice this simple, brief statement in the Captain's logbook: “Picked up at sea eleven men in a small boat who said they were the crew of the Russian brigantine, called the *Sylphide*, which had sunk off the coast. Took them on board.”

That is all you see in the logbook of that rescue, but Captain Richardson was to hear more about it later after he finished his voyage.

On the *Staghound* went past Tierra del Fuego; well-reefed through the storms around Cape Horn up to the harbor of Valparaiso, Chile, her first port of call since leaving New York.

The biggest ship ever seen in Valparaiso harbor, she was visited there by the leading dignitaries of the city, and they were entertained by Captain Richardson. On she went north through the Golden Gate to San Francisco, anchoring in that best of all harbors on either coast of this country.

In a letter to his wife sent from San Francisco on that voyage in May of 1851, the Captain says among other things in his description of that city: "In a moral point of view it is a wonder that anyone gets away from it uncontaminated. It is a great drinking place." There speaks not the Captain of the Seas but the Deacon of the Shrewsbury Church.

We are sure the Captain was not contaminated, but some of his crew were, and some of them deserted to the gold fields. However, the crew's full complement was filled by recruiting other seamen who had previously deserted from other ships. They had found from dire experience that all is not gold that glitters, and were now ready to go to sea again. Allan Forbes in one of his historical pamphlets states that early in the gold rush some hundreds of sailing crafts lay abandoned in San Francisco harbor—the entire crew deserting to seek their fortunes in gold nuggets. History shows that there were labor troubles then as well as now.

During the *Staghound's* stay in San Francisco, and because the international freight situation seemed so promising, it was decided to sail the *Staghound* to Canton, China, without going back to the United States. The *Staghound* made the passage to Canton in record time. The best day's run was 358 nautical miles. Some steamers of today cannot make that nautical mileage. There in Canton Richardson spent some time in collecting an enormous cargo of tea. During his stay there he wrote a letter to his wife which I will now quote in part:

Canton, China, Oct. 7, 1851

My dear Harriet,

Nearly all of the American, English and French have visited the *Staghound*—the foreign Consuls, English and American, have dined or taken tiffin on board. . . . It has been thus far more a public station than was expected by me before I entered upon it (i.e. the ship). Thus far as much and more than if she belonged to the United States Gov-

ernment. The public say her equal never came into these waters. She is now all newly painted, gilt, etc. Your painting of her looks well. There is no quiet life here at all. . . . Am thin in flesh.

Affectionately,

J. R.

The Captain was not only an excellent good-will representative for this country, but he also was a good Yankee trader for the ship's owners.

The *Staghound* sailed from Canton on November 9, 1851 with her cargo of tea. It was decided that it was shorter to journey homeward by sailing west around the Cape of Good Hope. Thus, the ship went around both historic world Capes and so around the world to New York. The results of the *Staghound's* first voyage were remarkably satisfactory. Her outward cargo to San Francisco had been secured at unprecedented high rates, so her freight list had exceeded \$70,000. Her homeward cargo of tea was sold at auction in New York. The ship had been absent 10 months and 23 days, including much time in ports with cargo both in and out. It was a very long time to be away from one's wife and family, but Richardson had the satisfaction of distinguished achievement. When the earnings of the voyage were computed, it was found that the *Staghound* had paid for itself, and in addition divided among her owners over \$80,000.

When Captain Richardson arrived at the ship owner's office in Boston he found certain official communications awaiting him. There were three letters that meant much to him. The most important one was a translation of an official letter from the Russian Minister at Washington to the Secretary of State of the United States, who was then Daniel Webster.

The second communication was a letter from Daniel Webster sent to the Collector of Customs at Boston asking him, the Collector, to turn over the translated communication from the Russian Minister to Captain Richardson. This letter was signed by Daniel Webster himself, though the body of the letter itself was transcribed by a clerk in the Department of State. The third communication turned over to the Captain was the letter to him from the then Collector of the Port of Boston, a Mr. Greely.

Copies of these three communications are made a part of this paper. The three originals are still carefully preserved and treas-

ured by Richardson's granddaughters, Mrs. Bullock and Mrs. Arthur E. Nye.

Washington, December 29, 1851

Mr. Secretary of State:

A Russian vessel, *La Sylphide*, Captain Sundstrom, was wrecked on the coast of Brazil, in the course of last Spring. The Captain and eleven sailors appertaining to the crew, having taken refuge in a frail boat, without water and without means of subsistence, remained for three days in a most dreadful position, and it was when they had reached the culminating point of their sufferings, that they were met by an American vessel called *Staghound*. Captain Richardson, who was in command of said vessel, hastened to pick up these shipwrecked persons, and supplied them with whatever clothing they wanted. He fed them on board his vessel during six weeks, and after landing them at Valparaiso, Captain Richardson positively refused to receive any pecuniary compensation whatever. The particulars of this act of humanity and disinterestedness have been communicated to the Emperor, and His Imperial Majesty has been pleased to authorize me, Mr. Secretary of State, to convey his thanks to Captain Richardson, as well as to express his gratitude to that officer, for the promptness with which he hastened to save and to take care of these Russian sailors.

Having no knowledge of the place of residence of Captain Richardson, I venture to ask, Mr. Secretary of State, that you will make such inquiries as may be within your reach on the subject, and that you will cause to be forwarded to that brave sailor this mark of the kind appreciation which His Imperial Majesty entertains of an act which reflects so much honor on the merchant marine of the Union.

Be pleased to accept, Mr. Secretary of State, the assurance of my high consideration.

(Signed) A. DE BODISCO

The Honorable

DANIEL WEBSTER,
Secretary of State

Department of State
Washington, 22 Jan. 1852

To the Collector of the
Customs at Boston, Massachusetts

Sir:

I will thank you to cause the enclosed translation of a note, which has recently been addressed to this Department by the Russian Minister, to be handed to Captain Richardson, of the American ship *Staghound*, belonging to your port. It conveys an expression of the thanks of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia for services rendered by Captain Richardson on the coast of Brazil last Spring to some shipwrecked sailors belonging to a Russian vessel called *La Sylphide*.

I am, Sir, respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

(Signed) DANIEL WEBSTER

Custom House—Boston
Collector's Office 26th Jan. 1852

Sir:

I have the pleasure to enclose to you a letter I have just received from Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, requesting me to hand to you an enclosed translation of a note he has recently received from the Russian Minister at Washington, conveying an expression of the thanks of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia for services rendered by you on the Coast of Brazil, last Spring, to some shipwrecked sailors belonging to a Russian vessel called *La Sylphide*.

With sentiments of regard
I am, Your Obedient servant
(Signed) P. GREELY, JR.
Collector

CAPT. JOSIAH RICHARDSON,
of the Ship *Staghound*

After this voyage and receiving these communications Captain Richardson needed a well-deserved vacation. And he spent the next three months at home with his family and his fruit trees and garden in the hill-town of Shrewsbury.

Meanwhile another of McKay's great clippers was being built. It was even bigger and larger throughout than the *Staghound*, measuring 240 feet over all, a ship of then record size. It was the pride of McKay and the shipyards. In view of Richardson's great success with the *Staghound* he was asked to command this new ship to be called the *Staffordshire*. He accepted it; he could not resist it. The owners wanted more of the Far Eastern trade, both freight and passenger, and so the Captain was asked to take the ship first around Cape Horn to San Francisco. And after landing passengers and freight there he was to proceed to the Far East.

On May 3, 1852 the *Staffordshire* left Boston with 120 passengers and a freight list 13 feet long. The ship arrived in San Francisco Harbor 101 days later, which smashed all sailing records of those days for that particular passage. Richardson's still extant log-books of that ship showed she could make in good sailing weather 16 knots. Every other ship going in the same direction that was seen on the horizon ahead was before long left on the horizon astern.

After the record run of the *Staffordshire* to San Francisco, Captain Richardson was presented with a handsome silver pitcher

as a tribute from the passengers on his ship. This pitcher with its engraved tribute is a treasured family heirloom.

Richardson took on more freight and passengers at San Francisco and then proceeded to China, Singapore and Calcutta.

I will merely read portions of one of his letters from Calcutta, India—just as a matter of human interest.

Calcutta, India
December, 1852

My dear Harriet, etc.

I have cards of many of the noblemen here; they have visited the *Staffordshire* with the American Consul. I expect to dine with them at their club tomorrow evening. . . . Have just purchased your shawl for \$112—would cost \$150 in Boston. Also 2 scarfs at \$10.50 each. . . . I hope to make some money this voyage.

With love, etc.

Doubtless Josiah Richardson was a good Yankee trader for himself, personally, as well as for his shipowners in cargo deals.

Continuing this trip around the world he sailed the *Staffordshire* from the seaport of Calcutta to the United States in 82 days—another record.

After this successful round-the-world voyage, the owners of the *Staffordshire* envisioned an even greater opportunity in putting her on a regular trans-Atlantic run. Richardson was often called down from Shrewsbury to the McKay shipyards as a consultant while the *Staffordshire* was being re-rigged and re-fitted for the European runs. In Richard McKay's *Famous Sailing Ships and Their Builder*, Donald McKay we note that the latter often invited the Captain to spend a day or two as his personal guest. They were congenial, and both ardent lovers of the sea.

The *Staffordshire* had many prominent first cabin passengers on these European runs, and their names often appeared in the newspapers of the day. This ship usually made these trans-Atlantic runs in about 14 days.

We now pass to the final and fateful trip of the *Staffordshire*. She sailed from Liverpool on Tuesday, December 8, 1853 with approximately 180 passengers. It was a winter sailing and so the passenger list was light. We are beginning now to move towards one of the high tragedies of the North Atlantic Passage.

All went well and smoothly until the *Staffordshire* approached the coast off Nova Scotia. On December 23, a tremendous gale

began to blow with enormous seas. The barometer fell to the 28 degree mark, a remarkably low barometric reading for sea level. It was a hurricane reading. That particular storm was momentous in its ferocity, sweeping the whole North Atlantic. Many of the newspapers of the day have accounts of several total wrecks of fine ocean ships.

The *Staffordshire* was plunging heavily into the waves. Suddenly the end of the bowsprit and the top of the fore-topmast broke and the rigging between them became entangled.

Captain Richardson was then 44 years old, right in the prime of life, full of physical vigor. As Captain he felt it his duty to go aloft to better survey the situation and so see what orders to give for repairs. While aloft, to steady himself, he placed his hand on what was called a "dead-eye," which became suddenly loosened from its ordinary firm hold. It turned in his grasp and he was precipitated a distance of 30 feet upon the deck. He could not arise; his left arm was broken as was his ankle, and he seemed injured internally—his back probably broken. It is not unreasonable to think the Captain believed he was beyond recovery. He was carried down to his cabin, and there attended constantly by the ship's doctor. Exactly what the Captain's injuries were we shall never know because the ship's doctor was not among the survivors. The presumption is that Richardson was mortally injured.

From the very moment of the Captain's fall and his complete disability the command of the ship devolved, as customary, on the First Officer, a Mr. Alden. He had been appointed to that position by the *Staffordshire's* owners, and his previous record had been good. The ship proceeded through the storm under Alden's command.

This accident to the outer bow-sprit and the fore-topmast which the Captain attempted to investigate was not serious. The ship could have easily made port. Similar damages to a clipper's rather delicate rigging were fairly frequent.

For thirty hours more the *Staffordshire* proceeded slowly, pounding heavily in the rough seas. The fatal accident to the ship occurred the day after Captain Richardson was taken helpless to his cabin.

On the evidence collected from survivors Alden felt too sure of his whereabouts—not even ordering soundings with the lead.

About midnight of the day after Alden took charge the Second

Officer, who was on watch, saw a light forward. He called First Officer Alden who pronounced it to be a ship's light—even though the Second Officer maintained it was a fixed light. So Alden let the ship continue on its course. The light was subsequently proved to be the light on Seal Island, (a part of the Sable Island area).

The ship continued on its course and before long struck a rock with a shattering shock. Unfortunately, then the Fourth Officer lost his head, flung himself on the deck and prayed loudly and desperately in the presence of the crew. They then became panicky. First Officer Alden lost control over them; he could not get his orders obeyed. The ship began to settle rapidly.

As to what happened to the Captain in his cabin we have to depend on the evidence of Mr. Alden. Whatever were Alden's deficiencies—at the last moment he did go down into the cabin and offer to carry the Captain to a boat.

Then, according to Alden, Richardson said, "Can't you beach her, we must be near shore." Whereupon Alden said "No, she has slipped off into deep water and will sink in a few minutes." The Captain then said, "Then if I am to be lost, God's will be done." These were his last words.

Finding it impossible to move him, Alden rushed to the deck attempting again unsuccessfully to control the panic-stricken crew and passengers. Several boats were staved in or swamped by the tremendous waves, and only a few got away safely. Of all those on board only 40 survived and 180 were lost.

All the evidence of the disaster is contained in the newspapers of the time, chiefly the *Boston Journal* and the then existing *Worcester Transcript*. Their reporters had interviewed survivors. These newspaper clippings of the time have been kept and were carefully reviewed by Mr. Kittredge in preparing his book on *Shipmasters of Cape Cod*. He has an excellent reputation as an impartial student of history. I now quote from Kittredge's summary of the *Staffordshire* wreck.

The final disaster seems to have been caused by Mr. Alden's inability to make the crew carry out orders which he had received from Captain Richardson. The *Staffordshire* in a North Atlantic gale was too big a command for the mate. Only men of the first magnitude, strong enough to control a panic-stricken crew, and brave enough to turn disaster into victory, were fit to command the great clippers of the 1850's. Such a man was Captain Richardson. When he went down with his ship the country lost a great Captain and a great gentleman.

Twenty-two of his direct descendants are living today. They believe they owe him something—they hope they inherit some of his stamina, his courage and character.

And so the mortal remains of Captain Josiah Richardson do not lie by that memorial stone in the Shrewsbury cemetery. They lie, as in a sepulchre, in the cabin confines of the famous *Staffordshire* down at the bottom of the North Atlantic Ocean—somewhere between the Grand Banks and Sable Island. This part of the ocean is known in maritime history as “The Grave Yard of the Atlantic.” The *Encyclopedia Britannica* states that over 200 wrecks of major vessels are known to have occurred there.

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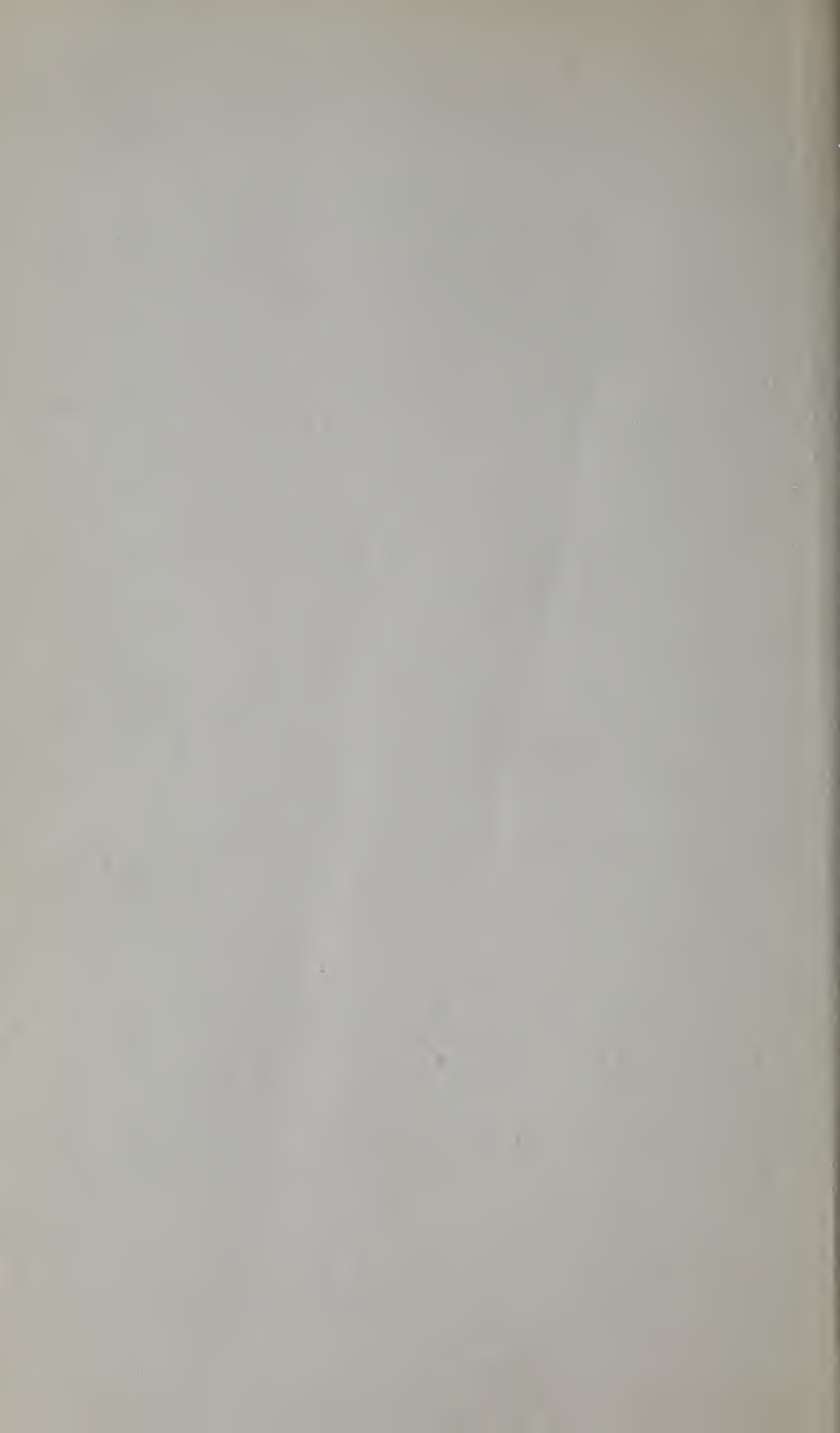
Somehow, I believe we need not feel too sorry about his fate. The disaster to his ship was due to no fault or negligence of his. During his career he had accumulated enough to leave his family with the comforts of life. His name and career are featured in every maritime history of our country's commerce of a hundred years ago. Some of his logbooks are now in the maritime museums. The pictures of his last two ships are now collectors' items.

At his Captain's table he often sat with cosmopolitan and interesting passengers. In cargo dealings he contacted many exporting and importing businessmen. He commanded many men under him. He commanded the *Staghound* and the *Staffordshire*. These two ships were the very newest and most famous ships of his day, the equivalent in his time to the *Ile de France* and the *Queen Mary* of today.

He had been entertained when on shore by persons of consequence in port cities, cities ranging from St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), Liverpool, Marseilles, New York, Charleston, New Orleans to Rio de Janeiro, San Francisco, Manila, Canton, Hong Kong and Calcutta. How many ship or steamship commanders of today will ever have such a world-wide range of voyaging?

Though the sea claimed him at 44 years of age he had ridden the Seven Seas in triumph for thirty years.

In brief, his life was worth while, often exciting, and full of adventure and more crowded hours than are given to most men in a long lifetime. At the end he died a gallant death. And that death was not as a soldier in the waste of war, but as a true seaman in the constructive work of international commerce.



*The
Worcester Historical Society
Publications*



NEW SERIES

Vol. III, No. 6

APRIL, 1952

Published by
THE WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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DIRECTOR'S REPORT

The following report will convince you that there is never a dull moment in the activities at the Museum. Visitors from out of town who have visited our rooms because they had been told that it was a must have not been disappointed and have enthusiastically expressed their satisfaction. An increase of visiting school classes, clubs and organizations has kept the staff busy and, in fact, at times has been about all the staff can handle efficiently.

The aim of the monthly bulletin has been to keep the members and friends of the Society informed of the coming activities, but not everything is reported in the bulletin due to lack of space and last minute arrangements.

There has been very good publicity in the newspapers and the staff has many times rearranged exhibit space for photographers for newspapers and magazines. There have been interviews on the radio and this plus the newspaper publicity has brought additional visitors to the Society.

An increase of attendance at the meetings during the last two years has been noted. Three topics presented briefly at a meeting held October 30, 1950, gave the members and guests a fascinating glimpse into them. "Anthony Chase" was the subject of a paper read by Miss Sarah A. Marble, a descendent. The Society has on exhibition many articles belonging to Hannah Green Chase, his second wife, and also has a shoemaker's bench once belonging to Anthony Chase. "A Brief Outline of the History of Glass" was discussed by Mr. Charles E. Ayers, an authority on this subject, and Mr. Warren C. Lane talked on "The Visit of Louis Kossuth to Worcester." Mr. Kossuth, a Hungarian patriot and statesman, made his visit April 26, 1852. A tribute to William J. Waite, a deceased staff member, was prepared by Miss Emma Forbes Waite and read by the director. In the absence of President Stobbs, Vice-President Chandler Bullock presided.

In commemoration of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the founding of the Society, all historical societies of Worcester County were invited to join with this Society on Saturday afternoon, November 18, 1950 in Salisbury Hall. Mr. Earle W. Newton,

director of Old Sturbridge Village, was the guest speaker and his talk was encouraging to those of our guests who find it difficult to arouse enthusiasm for historical things. It was a "pep" talk on the making of a historical museum live with color and proper settings for exhibits. This Society's rooms were excellent examples for this subject. President Stobbs read a brief outline of the history of the Worcester Historical Society.

A paper on "The Great Church Schism in Worcester," prepared by Rev. Dr. Frederick Lewis Weis, minister of the First Church of Christ, Lancaster, Mass., was read at the meeting, March 14, 1951 by Mr. Clifford K. Shipton, librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, in the absence of Rev. Dr. Weis who was unable to attend because of illness. Mr. Shipton injected very ably, some of his own comments and ideas and those present were extremely interested in the subject.

The costume room received a "going over" when the Bay State Historical League and this Society held a joint meeting on Saturday, April 21, 1951. In the morning, guests from out of town viewed the exhibits in the Society's rooms and a few ate box lunches in Salisbury Hall. The afternoon meeting was held at the Worcester Woman's Club House. President Stobbs spoke on "Some Interesting Events in Worcester History," and this was followed by a fashion show of wedding gowns, dating from 1808 to 1908. The committee members for this show, Mrs. Robert K. Shaw, chairman, Mrs. Chandler Bullock, Mrs. Arthur E. Nye, and the director worked long hours to make this show a success. Refreshments were served in the Society's rooms to the largest gathering ever held in the building.

At the annual meeting, May 22, 1951, the officers and executive board members were re-elected and the annual reports were presented. President Stobbs discussed the recent decision in Probate Court which sanctioned the transfer of assets of the Rufus Putnam Memorial Association to the Society. This gift to the Society was brought about through the untiring efforts of Mr. Chandler Bullock, Dr. Philip H. Cook, last president of the Association, and President Stobbs. Dr. Cook spoke briefly on the life of General Putnam, his career as a Revolutionary War officer and his part in the settlement of the country. Mr. Charles B. Campbell read a paper on the Quinsigamond area and the Tatman Cemetery.

On June 13, 1951, several members gathered at Old Sturbridge Village and spent an interesting day viewing the exhibits housed in the various historical buildings. The sites for the Lincoln Mansion and the Isaiah Thomas Printing Shop were of special interest to them.

On October 30, 1951, members examined for the first time, some of the accessions received from the Rufus Putnam Association which were formerly on exhibition at the house in Rutland, Mass., and which have added many items of historical interest to our growing collection. Mr. Ivan Sandrof, a *Worcester Sunday Telegram* feature writer, read a very interesting paper on "The Forgotten Giant of the Revolution," an account of the life of Brigadier General Timothy Ruggles.

On November 14, 1951, Professor Franklin C. Roberts of Boxford, Mass., senior professor of the History of Education at the School of Education, Boston University, explored the subject of "Education in Colonial New England." A copy of his notes is on file in the library of this Society.

March 18, 1952, Mrs. Robert K. Shaw read a memorial to Mrs. Harriette M. Forbes, one of the first women members to be admitted to membership in this Society. Mr. Russell A. Stobbs told of his experience as a passenger on the transcontinental train, City of San Francisco, when it became snowbound high in the Rocky Mountains last winter and spoke on his various travels, accompanying his talk with excellent pictures he had taken himself. Both subjects were of particular interest to the members as there was an overflow at the meeting.

April 22, 1952, Dr. Philip H. Cook read a paper on "Pearl Street Fifty Years Ago," calling forth from the members interesting extemporaneous remarks. Old scenes and maps of Worcester were on exhibition.

The tea committee under the excellent chairmanship of Mrs. James C. Fausnaught has been most generous in providing refreshments and table decorations at all the meetings. The sociability of this feature provides just the touch to complete a well-rounded-out program.

Heavy storms have made it necessary to have several repair jobs done on the roof; lights in the museum had to be replaced and some plumbing repaired. There has been expense in rearrang-

ing exhibits and preparing new ones such as the Rufus Putnam Memorial and the lighting of the Putnam cases in Salisbury Hall. By doing the work ourselves on these cases nearly half of the cost was saved.

Loans to schools, business houses, other museums and banks have continued and although it entails quite a bit of added work, it is a worthwhile project.

Our librarian is re-cataloging the contents of the library and the work should be completed, granting nothing unforeseen happens, in the very near future. Additions to the library keep coming in including duplicate local historical material with permission to dispose of it to the Society's advantage and the usual exchanges with other historical societies. Among the new accessions in the library is an account book of the Waters family of Millbury, Mass., written on Stamp Act Paper, dating from 1769, and a high school address given in Millbury, June 24, 1886 by Paul W. Thayer, age 17 years, who was valedictorian of the class and a descendent of the Waters family. These were presented by the late Mr. Thayer of Burlington, Vermont. The high school address reveals some additional facts concerning the industrial history of Millbury. A book entitled "The Worcester Collection of Sacred Harmony," an Isaiah Thomas imprint, dated 1788, was presented by Mr. Gordon Hutchins, Concord, Mass., and is an excellent addition to the Isaiah Thomas collection. Among the hundreds of items received from Rufus Putnam Association, there were two documents of great historical value. They are framed paroles with signatures of the Hessian and British officers taken at the Battle of Saratoga. Some of those listed on the paroles were prisoners of war in the Putnam House, Rutland, Mass., in 1777. The signature of General Burgoyne heads one list. There is, also, George Washington's signature on the discharge papers of one, Lemual Ross, dated June 10, 1783.

Articles from the Rufus Putnam House which are on exhibition are of practical use as well as ornamental. There is a James Evans Slope clock, 17th century, restored and keeping perfect time; a desk, American, 18th century, originally from the home of Leonard Hoar of Lincoln, Mass., cousin of Senator George Frisbie Hoar's father; three styles of Windsor chairs and a Pennsylvania rocker, also restored, in use in the office.

In the Rufus Putnam Memorial Exhibit is a Sheraton four-posted bed, bureau, washstand; highboy, American, 17th century; Chippendale mirror, light stand, and comb back Windsor rocking chair. A collection of armour which includes helmets, breast-plates, 16th century, and a pair of boots of the kind worn by Riedesel's Brunswick Dragoons, captured at Saratoga, 1777, are shown in a special case. In the kitchen exhibit, the clock jack with the cradle grill, English, is rare and there are many articles of kitchen equipment in storage for the present. One of two remaining pickets rescued by Mr. Ira G. Dudley of Marlborough, Mass., from destruction, is now on exhibition in the Indian corner of the Museum. It is over 12 feet high and formed the stockade in Rutland, Mass., enclosing some of the prisoners of war from the Battle of Saratoga.

To mention a few on the second floor, one should not overlook the Clementi piano, made between 1780-1790, probably imported by John Jacob Astor, the 17th century dresser, Dutch, with the collection of English and American pewter.

With the articles in storage, there is a tea set of Lowestoft china, with a helmet pitcher, which is quite rare, also eight plates of Wedgewood with American scenes.

The Society has been very fortunate to receive many articles from members and friends during the past two years. The gifts include a large addition to the costume collection, a few of which are now on display. Among those contributing to the collection were Mrs. Rockwood H. Bullock, Mrs. Homer D. Carr, Mrs. Frank N. Houghton of Shrewsbury, Mrs. Aldus C. Higgins, Mrs. Florence E. Emory, Mrs. Florence W. G. Clapp of California, Miss Jennie Ruggles of Portland, Maine, and Mrs. Roger Kinnicutt. Mrs. John W. Higgins and Mrs. Albert W. Rice gave a large collection each of gowns. Most of the gowns and accessories came from the ancestors of the donors. There have been articles added to the Captain George Fried collection and also Lion Glass Pattern of the Graham-Parmelee collection. A lovely miniature of Governor Ermory Washburn was presented by his granddaughter, Miss Mary E. Batchelder of Cambridge, Mass. The padlock used on the first bank in Worcester, 1804, has come into our possession and a few more articles once belonging to John B. Gough, the great temperance leader. Only a few of the great number of gifts have

been listed in this report but it would not be complete without mentioning the gift of land recently received. It was through the generosity of Mr. Albert W. Rice that the Society was able to purchase the land next door which not only gives us protection but allows us to have faith that the hopes of a much needed future addition to the Society's building will be realized.

The staff has been encouraged by the close interest shown by President Stobbs and members of the executive board and other members who from time to time have brought friends to enjoy the exhibits in the Society's rooms.

WORCESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD

Read by the President George R. Stobbs at Meeting
November 18, 1950

On a cold Saturday afternoon in January, 1875, four men met together to discuss the forming of a society "for the purpose of increasing an interest in archeological science, and to rescue from oblivion historical matter that would otherwise be lost." And there at that meeting the Worcester Society of Antiquity was born.

Who were these men? In addition to Samuel E. Staples, there were John G. Smith, Richard O'Flynn and Franklin P. Rice.

Samuel E. Staples, merchant, in his early years was deeply interested in music, was largely responsible for the founding of the Worcester County Musical Association, and for ten years was its president. His interest in local history came in his later years, but the success of the Society's first ten years was largely due to his efficiency in setting in motion and directing the machinery which laid so solid a foundation for its continuance and growth to this day.

John G. Smith, a dealer in antiques, served as the first librarian of the Society for the first three years.

Richard O'Flynn, the Irish immigrant, was an outstanding character, who, by dint of hard labor in his earlier years, was able finally to fulfill his lifelong ambition to indulge his fine taste for history and literature by opening a secondhand bookstore on Front Street through which he acquired many rare volumes with which he generously enriched the Society's library. He also donated a fine collection of Indian artifacts, the fruits of another hobby.

Franklin P. Rice was a man whose interest in history was lifelong. It was through his work that the Society was able to publish the Worcester Proprietors' Records, Vital Records, Inscriptions from the Old Burial Grounds, now no longer in existence, information which would have been completely lost.

At the second meeting a week later, the Society's membership was augmented by one more, Daniel Seagrave, and at the third

meeting two weeks later by two, Henry D. Barber and Henry E. Stedman. At the close of the first year the number of members was twelve.

On the solid foundation laid by these few devoted members the Society steadily grew during the ensuing years. At first the meetings were held in the homes of the members; later a room was rented on Foster Street and this room contained for some years the beginning of our library and museum. In 1885 the tenth anniversary of the founding was celebrated by a meeting in the Old South Church on the Common, where the City Hall now stands, and later that same evening by a banquet at the Bay State Hotel, both of which buildings have now passed into history. By this time the Society could show a tremendous amount of work done in the way of preserving records. It had printed 2,500 octavo pages of historical matter hitherto unprinted, and had gathered a library of some 12,000 volumes. The membership now numbered 175.

Steadily through the years the Society continued its work of preserving records and relics of bygone times. The need for larger quarters had become acute, and it was then that Stephen Salisbury came forward with the gift of land for a building, this land which his grandfather had purchased from John Hancock, signer of the Declaration of Independence. This land John Hancock acquired by bequest from his uncle, Thomas Hancock, proprietor of the Hancock Arms Tavern on Lincoln Street. And it may be of interest to mention here that we have among our prized possessions John Hancock's trunk which accompanied him to Philadelphia when he signed the Declaration. It stands in the hallway on this floor next to the door into the Worcester Room. Mr. Salisbury also gave \$25,000 towards the new building, a sum which meant more then than it does today. Another very generous contributor was Mr. Albert Curtis. The year 1891 saw the Society established here in its own building which at that time seemed amply adequate to house its possessions, and the twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated in this building. By that time the membership numbered some 400.

The name was still The Society of Antiquity, but owing to the confusion with the American Antiquarian Society, it was thought best to change the name to the Worcester Historical Society which

was effected in 1919. At first the membership consisted of men only, but in 1893 it was voted to allow women to become members, a step which has never caused any regret. Among the first women members was Mrs. Harriette M. Forbes, the value of whose interest in and contributions to the Society is inestimable.

The fiftieth anniversary was observed by a dinner at the Bancroft, now Sheraton Hotel, at which Prof. U. Waldo Cutler read a historical sketch of the Society, Mr. Robert Shaw was toastmaster, and other speakers were Dr. Charles L. Nichols, Hon. Charles G. Washburn and Dr. Samuel B. Woodward, all prominent in Worcester's civic affairs.

And now at our seventy-fifth anniversary the Society can justly be proud of the achievement of the years of constant devotion of its comparatively few but select members. The library, which is confined mostly to material on local history, contains some rare and unique volumes; the information contained in it is at the service of any researcher, and it is frequently used. The museum possesses some valuable relics. Among these may be mentioned Mercy Hurd's trunk, standing down on the landing of the stairway, brought to Cambridge in 1635. Mercy Hurd married, after her first husband, Thomas Brigham died, Edmund Rice who was the grandfather of Jonas Rice, Worcester's first permanent settler. We have the cradle in which Clara Barton was rocked as a baby, a quern or grinding handmill, brought from Ireland and presented to the Society by Richard O'Flynn, one of our founders. In the kitchen exhibit may be seen a bannock board, few of which are extant today. And we have in our possession Elder Brewster's mortar and pestle which came in the "Mayflower" with him. There are many more rare relics of the past too numerous to mention in this brief sketch.

In 1946 and 1947 the building underwent a complete renovation and the exhibits were rearranged in the attractive form that you see today. Since then there has been a marked increase in the interest and number of visitors.

The success and growth of the Society is entirely due to the fact that, in its seventy-five years of existence, there have always been some devoted members who have given unstintingly of their time and interest to furthering its work. At the present time deserves mention a long-time member of the Society and of the

Executive Board, Mr. Charles E. Ayers, who for the last three years, without any remuneration and frequently furnishing material at his own expense, has worked daily side by side with the small working staff to whom his services, information and encouragement have been invaluable.

GENERAL RUFUS PUTNAM

Read by Dr. Philip H. Cook at Annual Meeting, May 22, 1951

The affairs of the Rufus Putnam Memorial Association are being wound up after a career of exactly half a century but its funds and the best of its collection of relics will perpetuate the memory of the man here in the rooms of this Society. To refresh the memory of some, and introduce the General to others, it seems appropriate that the last President of the Association should give a brief sketch of his career.

Rufus Putnam was born in Sutton, April 9, 1738, the youngest son of his parents. The death of his father when he was seven years old forced him to live, first with a grandfather at Danvers, then with a stepfather. Neither had any cultural background, and the boy had no opportunity for instruction.

At the age of 16 he was apprenticed to Daniel Matthews of Brookfield, a millwright, and there learned the rudiments of mathematics.

In 1757 he enlisted in Captain Ebenezer Learned's company, for service in the French and Indian War, going in as a private and emerging three years later as ensign. His first marriage took place in 1761, but the wife, and the child she bore him, died within a year. In January 1765 he married Persis Rice of Westborough, and lived in North Brookfield till 1781, when he moved to Rutland, taking over a large house formerly owned by a Tory named Murray, who had lost it by confiscation. The purchase price, including 150 acres of land, was £993.

Immediately after the battle of Lexington Putnam volunteered, and was made lieutenant colonel in Colonel David Brewer's Massachusetts Regiment. He planned and superintended the construction of the Continental Army's defense lines at Roxbury and Brookline, pleasing General Washington and General Lee so much that he was made Acting Chief Engineer of the Army. A book on field engineering, acquired by chance, gave Putnam the idea for fortifications on Dorchester Heights which forced the British to evacuate Boston on March 17, 1776. Continuing in the service, he was appointed Brigadier General in January, 1783.

Early in the same year Putnam became interested in the formation of a settlement in the new lands west of the Ohio River. Through him, 288 officers of the Continental Army forwarded a petition to Congress asking that their bounty lands should be in this region. But conflicting claims, Indian troubles and governmental routine held up action. On March 1, 1786, a meeting in Boston organized the Ohio Company with a capital of one million dollars. The plan of sale adopted by Congress was unsatisfactory, and in 1787 Putnam and Rev. Manasseh Cutler succeeded in contracting for $1\frac{1}{2}$ million acres of land in the valleys of the Big Hocking and Muskingum Rivers, on more favorable terms.

On November 23, 1787, Putnam, as superintendent, led the first party of emigrants, divided into two sections. After a long winter journey to the western slopes of the Alleghanies the parties met on the banks of the Yougiogheny on February 14, 1788. They built boats, embarked on April 1, and on April 7 landed at the present site of the City of Marietta, Ohio, and started the first settlement in the Northwest Territory.

In 1790 General Putnam was appointed by President Washington as one of the Judges of the Court in the Territory, and he moved his family—wife, eight children and two grandchildren—to Marietta in the same year. Before leaving Massachusetts he had found time to serve in the force which suppressed Shays's Rebellion.

General Putnam continued his usefulness to the new community; he made a treaty with the Wabash Indians; he was a delegate to the convention which framed the first constitution of Ohio. Other "firsts" scored by him were the Marietta Academy, the Congregational Church, the first Bible Society west of the mountains, the first Sunday School.

He died in 1824, nearly 87 years old. Most of his manuscripts are in the Library of the College at Marietta.

FORGOTTEN GIANT OF THE REVOLUTION

The Story of Brigadier-General Timothy Ruggles of Hardwick

BY IVAN SANDROF

Read before the Worcester Historical Society on October 30, 1951

His name was Timothy Ruggles—a stormy, stubborn giant with a wry, sensitive mouth, flashing dark eyes and a swarthy complexion. He has been too long lost in the sea of history.

“Had he been so fortunate as to have embraced the popular sentiments of the time, there is no doubt he would have been ranked among the leading characters of the Revolution.” So declared Worcester scholar and historian Christopher Baldwin.

Ruggles was born on October 11, 1711 in Rochester. He was the son of Rev. Timothy Ruggles, minister of the first parish of that community. Slated for the ministry, Ruggles refused to follow his father’s suggestion and chose law instead at Harvard College.

He was graduated at 21 in 1732, the year that Washington was born, and began to practice in his home town three years later.

In 1736 Attorney Ruggles moved across Buzzard’s Bay to Sandwich. He was married about this time to a wealthy widow, Bathsheba Newcomb.

From her previous husband she had inherited an ancient tavern on the shore of Shawme Pond. Now beside the swinging tavern sign there appeared another: “T. Ruggles, attorney-at-law.”

Wrote an earlier biographer, fascinated by the versatile Ruggles: “He practiced successfully at two bars, waited at once on the table and stable; umpired at quoit-pitching and foot races.”

Three years later, at 28, Ruggles was elected as a representative to the General Court of Massachusetts. Between sessions of the court and his private practice in Barnstable, Bristol, Plymouth and Sandwich, he acted as bartender, hostler and tavern manager.

“No man,” declared the up-and-coming Ruggles, “should be above his business.”

Early in his life Ruggles was attracted to the military. In 1740

he enlisted in a company formed to serve in the West Indies during the War with Spain.

The majority of men enrolled were Indians judging from the muster roles in the State House archives. Ruggles was commissioned as a captain, but saw no service. The company was disbanded because of an over-supply of troops—a fortunate occurrence, perhaps, for nearly all the men who did embark on the expedition lost their lives.

Ruggles had many qualities that made him stand out from his contemporaries. One was a rich sense of humor.

About 1742 the Supreme Court of Judicature came to Barnstable for its regular calendar session. The Court was headed by Chief Justice Lyne, a humorless, crochety character.

Ruggles was in the courtroom before the session opened. An old decrepit woman, witness in a forthcoming case, timidly entered the room. There were no empty seats. Helplessly, she looked about her.

The young barrister guided her to a seat—the seat reserved for the Chief Justice.

Soon the court opened in its rich, be-wigged formality with accompanying officers and clerks, the cries of “O yez!” and “The Court!” The Chief Justice marched across the floor to his seat and found it occupied.

Indignantly he asked what she was doing there.

The witness pointed to Ruggles. “That man told me to take this seat.”

The Chief Justice brusquely told her to leave. Then he turned to the barrister.

“Mr. Ruggles—why did you give that woman my seat?”

“I thought it was a good place for an old woman,” replied Ruggles.

In 1754, Ruggles and his family moved to Hardwick. There were seven children by this time with two years between them. Three sons were Timothy, John and Richard. Four daughters were Martha, Mary, Bathsheba and Elizabeth.

Ruggles came to Hardwick because of his father. Rev. Ruggles had helped to found the town with families from Roxbury and his Rochester parish as a landed proprietor. Among the settlers were five or six of his own children.

A year after he had settled in Hardwick, Timothy Ruggles shucked the law and began a remarkable military career in the French and Indian Wars.

He became colonel of a Massachusetts provincial regiment which included men from Hardwick, Rutland, Barre, Athol, Petersham, New Braintree, Warren and Brookfield. He went on to command a brigade and then a full division under four successive British commanders-in-chief. They were Johnson, Loudon, Abercrombie and Amherst.

One of the few incidents to emerge from this experience concerns a bateau, a flat-bottomed boat tapering sharply at the ends and requiring considerable skill to navigate through the swift rapids of Canadian rivers. This particular bateau was crammed with soldiers, provisions and ammunition.

Ruggles wanted to steer the craft. The native voyageurs tried to talk him out of it, but Ruggles refused to listen.

The bateau took a nose-dive almost at once. The ammunition and stores plunged to the river bottom. The men were rescued with difficulty and Ruggles was finally pulled out like a huge fish, more dead than alive.

"His epigrammatic remark on regaining consciousness was characteristic of the temper of the man," states a biographer of the incident.

What the remark was, the writer modestly failed to say.

The climax of Timothy Ruggles' military career came in the victory against Crown Point, where the Worcester County officer was second in command under Sir William Johnson.

Ruggles returned to Hardwick with the gratitude of the King still ringing in his ears. Out of it came the title "Deputy Surveyor of the Woods" or "Surveyor General of the Woods" or possibly both. There is some confusion of the records here.

With it went an annual income of 3,000 pounds sterling—a lot of money in those days. But a misprint carried through the years indicates that the amount may have been only 300 pounds!

Ruggles was also given over 1,500 acres of land in Princeton.

Hardwick elected him as its state representative for 24 years. He was Speaker of the House in 1762 and 1763. In 1757 Ruggles was appointed one of the judges of the Common Pleas Court for

Worcester County and in 1762 he was made Chief Justice, a post he held until the Revolution.

Presiding at his bench one morning, Justice Ruggles saw one of the lesser justices from the County take his seat and a dog spring up beside him on another seat.

Ruggles glanced severely at the dog. "Have you been sworn in as a Justice of the Peace?" he demanded. "You have not, you say? Then go immediately and be sworn. You are not otherwise qualified to sit!"

Between court sessions and sessions of the state legislature, Ruggles spent all of his time as a gentleman-farmer. He now had everything that one man could wish for—fame, fortune, a large family and his health.

His Hardwick farm became a show place. It included a park of about 20 acres where between 20 and 30 deer flitted from maple to oak. A pack of hounds bayed in the kennels. Ruggles never hunted, but kept his hounds for visitors. He was a hearty host, fond of company.

Ruggles' interest in farming and in animal husbandry marks a fascinating chapter in New England agricultural history. He was far ahead of his time and unquestionably a local pioneer in various phases of apple growing, scientific farming and the breeding of thoroughbred horses and cattle.

He had more than 30 choice horses in his stables. Among them was his favorite "war horse"—coal black and big enough to easily carry the six-foot frame of the Brigadier.

The fame of Ruggles' horses was known throughout Massachusetts. He had spared no expense or trouble to obtain the best sires, both in the colonies, England and other countries, and his stable showed it.

Another of his prize animals was a thoroughbred bull. Tradition brings down a fascinating story of this bull with several variations.

During the mid-18th century, bull-fighting was frequent among farmers. It lacked the refinements of Spain and Mexico with matadors and picadors. This was bull against bull to death and large sums were waged on the contests.

Ruggles had matched his bull in several contests and won easily.

The fame of his bull traveled swiftly throughout the county and eventually reached another farmer with another bull of mighty prowess.

The farmer challenged Ruggles to a contest. Ruggles accepted. The farmer and bull arrived at the Brigadier's house on a Saturday night. The bet was made and the contest set for the following Monday morning.

The next day was Sunday. The Ruggles family went to worship in Hardwick, where they occupied three of the best pews in the Meeting House. The farmer remained behind with his bull to rest up for the tussle.

Left to himself, the farmer began to worry over his bet and his bull. Temptation was too strong, and he led his champion into the pen of the Brigadier's bull.

Both snorted, lowered their horns and charged. When the smoke cleared, the farmer's bull was down and out.

The victorious Hardwick bull, waving its gory horns aloft, saw the farmer with his jaw still open, gazing at his stricken champion.

The bull pawed the ground and charged. The farmer took off like a bird on the wing. He leaped over the fence. The bull leaped over the fence.

The farmer sprinted into Ruggles' house. The bull was so close behind there wasn't time to close the door.

The race skittered through the kitchen, into the parlor. Reaching the staircase, the farmer leaped up four steps at a time. The bull paused at the foot of the stairs.

"Looking around, wondering at the strange sights he beheld, he sees another bull in a large mirror," wrote an historian. "They both immediately show signs of fight.

"The bull's roar echoes through the house and springing back to get a more deadly blow, he plunges into the mirror. He finds this antagonist a far more easy one to deal with than the other, for at the first spring, he annihilates all signs of the bull and glass together.

"Tradition fails to say whether the Brigadier received the bet, but it is very certain that the farmer returned to his home, with his bull's hide and with a sorrowful heart."

There were other battles in the Ruggles' household. From what information has trickled down, Mrs. Ruggles was a prize

shrew. The two bickered frequently, often before servants and visitors.

On one occasion Mrs. Ruggles served the Brigadier a steak for dinner. The steak had previously been part of her husband's favorite dog.

Their arguments reached some sort of climax during the sale of a cow to a visiting farmer. Mrs. Ruggles came out and began to berate the Brigadier for his foolishness in selling so valuable an animal so cheaply.

At this point, Ruggles lost his temper. "If you mean to rule in the house and outdoors, too," he thundered, "you must wear breeches!"

Ordering a frightened servant to bring him a pair of short-legged buckskin trousers, he forced her to put them on—then told her she could get any price for the cow she saw fit.

The fame of Ruggles continued to spread as a judge, legislator and farmer. A judicial history of Massachusetts states that "as a judge, he was faithful, able and incorruptible."

President Adams in 1759 wrote that "Ruggles' grandeur consists in the quickness of his apprehension, the steadiness of his attention, the boldness and strength of his thoughts and expressions, his strict honor, conscious superiority, contempt of meanness, etc. People approach him with dread and terror."

Through his influence with the state legislature, Ruggles established the Hardwick Fair on June 12, 1762 by an act of the General Court. It was held twice a year and may have been the first fairs ever held in this country.

Patterned after the traditional English fairs, the Hardwick events drew farmers and their families from several states. It was complete with hoopla and ballyhoo, with boxers, wrestlers, prize bulls and poultry and licensed dispensers of hard cider and other thirst-quenchers.

Ruggles also tried, and nearly succeeded, in making Hardwick the seat of a new county, carved from the westerly part of Worcester County and the easterly part of Hampshire County.

Two of his daughters married into some of the most prominent families of Worcester.

Mary became the second wife of Dr. John Green sometime after 1761. Elizabeth was married to Gardner Chandler in 1772.

Bathsheba was married in 1766 to Joshua Spooner, a retired trader in Brookfield much older than his bride. The fate of Bathsheba later became one of the most dramatic in the history of Worcester County.

In 1764, Ruggles was voted a King's Councillor—one of 36 members who governed the American colonies of King George III. Ruggles declined the honor. Why he did so has never been brought out. Perhaps he felt that he had achieved enough.

The rumbling and the grumbling which led to the Revolution were beginning to be heard.

In 1765 the first serious "break" took place—the Stamp Act Congress, sometimes called the First Colonial or General Congress at New York. It was called by nine of the colonies, led by Massachusetts and New York, to protest lack of representation in Parliament, use of admiralty courts without juries to try offenders and the establishment of a standing army in the Colonies supported by the colonists.

Ruggles was sent as a Massachusetts delegate, together with Otis and Partridge, and was picked by ballot for president of the Congress.

Here we have the perfect ironical situation. Ruggles is a Loyalist. He holds for the King. He is obviously against the proceedings, for he is intelligent enough to sense that more rumbled under the surface than met the ear.

When the time comes to sign the Declaration of Rights which the Congress adopts, Ruggles refuses to sign. Other delegates do and the Congress dissolves.

News of his refusal caused a stir in the State Legislature. On February 13, 1766, after the Brigadier marched into the House with his ivory-headed cane, the Speaker sternly faced him:

"Brigadier Ruggles, the House last evening voted, that with respect to your conduct at the late Congress at New York, you were guilty of neglect of duty, and thereupon ordered that you should receive a reprimand from the Speaker of the House. Therefore:

"Sir, in discharge of my duty as Speaker of the House and in pursuance of their order, I do reprimand you accordingly. Sir, it gives me very sensible pain, that a gentleman who has been heretofore in such high estimation in the House should fall under their public censure.

"I hope, Sir, that by your future conduct, you will not only regain the good opinion this House has heretofore entertained of you, but also the good opinion of all of those whose displeasure you may have fallen under on this occasion."

Ruggles was not one to take such censure lying down. His rebuttal is a masterpiece in its way, charged with irony and masterful logic.

"Mr. Speaker," he retorted, "This Honorable House has adjudged my reasons insufficient to support my conduct; and I feel the weight of their indignation.

"I have, Sir, more than once trembled under a sense of my own insufficiency to support the dignity of the high trust with which my country *unasked* has honored me; and to answer their just expectations in the discharge of them.

"Their candor has heretofore estimated my services rather by the integrity of my heart than the clearness of my head; this uprightness they have not only been pleased to accept, but bountifully to reward.

"When this House honored me with this appointment, in undertaking it I promised myself the same indulgence. I have exercised the same freedom of judgment, I have attended the duty with the same diligence, I have been actuated with the same singleness and uprightness of intention, and with the same ardent desire to service the public weal, which I have ever made the rule of my conduct.

"But alas! I meet with a very different reward."

It was the beginning of the big split, and in the few years that followed, the two main factions of Loyalists and Revolutionaries crystallized into the pattern that made the war inevitable.

The King was quick in some respects to reward proper action. For his loyalty at the Stamp Act Congress, Ruggles was made Inspector of Unclaimed Lands in New Hampshire.

In the Legislature, his chief foe was now the ardent Massachusetts patriot, James Otis. The two frequently locked in bitter word battles.

Ruggles was a strong speaker and after one impassioned speech in 1769 which seemed to make a deep impression on the members, Otis arose and cried: "Mr. Speaker—the liberty of the country is gone forever! And I'll go after it!"

He turned and walked out of the chamber.

The next year was the last in which Ruggles was elected to the Legislature.

There is some reason to believe that he sensed what was coming, both from his subsequent actions and some remarks that he made. But he was a man of devout conviction and belief and a consummate stubbornness once his mind was made up. It was. He would hold for the King, regardless of what the future might bring.

In 1772, Ruggles began to consolidate some of his holdings. He sold most of his property in East Princeton, if not all of it.

To his son-in-law, Joshua Spooner, went the largest part of 550 acres.

Two years later, Brigadier Ruggles received a mandamus to become a Councillor—the same post which he had declined 10 years before. A mandamus, however, was a formal writ issued from the Crown side of the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice and had the power of a summons which could not be ignored by a loyal subject.

Ruggles was sworn in as a Mandamus Councillor in August, 1774. News of his appointment and failure to renounce it swept through the colonies.

While Ruggles was visiting a few days later at the home of a Colonel Toby in Dartmouth, the Sons of Liberty ordered Ruggles to leave town. They cut the mane and tail from his horse and painted it from head to hooves.

In Hardwick, where the Sons of Liberty were models of self-control compared to other communities, several known Loyalists were given the "treatment." The home of Ruggles was entered and all weapons and gunpowder seized. One of his best stallions was poisoned.

It was probably at this time that Ruggles decided the cause was lost. What took place in his household was never given out, but it must have been a scene of tumult and thunderous argument.

Mrs. Ruggles refused to go with him into exile. The daughters would stay with their husbands. Two sons, John and Richard, would accompany their father. The oldest son, Timothy, would stay on whether to look after his mother, or because he sided with the Sons of Liberty, isn't clear.

Despite the powerful influence of Ruggles, he seems to have had

little when it came to his relatives. His brothers, Captain Benjamin and Edward Ruggles; a cousin, Thomas Robinson; and a brother-in-law, Paul Mandell, were among the most patriotic men in town. Five nephews also chose the side of Washington.

The Brigadier, his two sons and several servants prepared for the journey to Boston. Ruggles rode his favorite black mount.

The procession crossed a rude wooden bridge over the winding Ware River in the village of Furnace in Hardwick. A steel bridge, called "Silver Bridge" because of its aluminum paint, now occupies the same spot.

Hardwick tradition holds that a large group of townspeople assembled at the bridge to stop Ruggles from leaving and that a series of melodramatic speeches rang out between the Brigadier and his brother Benjamin.

Another account is more temperate—and probably more accurate. The procession, headed by Ruggles, moved toward the bridge.

There were townspeople there, most of them drawn by curiosity. The Brigadier was famous enough to have attracted them.

As Ruggles passed, he very civilly, as was his custom, took off his tri-cornered hat and made a low bow. The bow was returned and the Brigadier clattered over the dusty planks, never to return, never to see his family again. He was 64 years old.

He stayed in Boston during the British occupation, taking no part in the actual fighting, but lending his experience and council where he could.

On the morning of the Battle of Bunker Hill—more accurately Breed's Hill—he spoke to General Gage, commanding the Red Coats.

The general supposed that discharging guns wouldn't really be necessary against a foe "without discipline, without officers and under the disadvantage of being engaged in an unjust cause."

Ruggles' temper flared at this. "Sir, you know not with whom you have to content!" he cried. "These are the very men who conquered Canada. I fought with them side by side; I know them well, they will fight bravely. My God! Sir, your folly has ruined your cause!"

The Brigadier attempted to raise a corps of Loyalists and was at least partially successful. The majority of the men were mer-

chants and they bore the title of "The Gentlemen Volunteers" and "Loyal American Associates."

When the British abandoned Boston, Ruggles went with the royal army to Staten Island and later to Long Island. Here again, he recruited a force of loyal militia—about 400 men—which was probably the King's American Dragoons. The command went to Benjamin Thompson, a younger man in all probability.

During the fourth year of the Revolution, when Ruggles was either at Long or Staten Island, the murder case of Bathsheba Spooner and confederates rocked New England.

For the murder of her husband, Bathsheba, together with a 16-year-old American war veteran and two British deserters from Burgoyne's army, was hanged in Worcester's Washington Square on July 2, 1778 before a crowd of 5,000.

Bathsheba was pregnant at the time. Attempts to postpone the execution until the child was born were denied by the Court. She was, however, given two examinations, but the limited and prejudiced midwifery of the 18th century failed to establish her condition. An autopsy after the execution revealed a perfect male foetus of five months.

Since then no woman has been executed in Massachusetts. Jurists who later examined the case pointed out that the fervor of the Revolution unquestionably affected the case.

Chances are her father never even heard of his daughter's fate until after the Revolution. Not one word of the murder or trial can be found in the New York papers.

When the British evacuated New York, 40,000 Loyalists who had fled their homes, were taken to Nova Scotia by British men-of-war.

Among them, in 1783, were Ruggles and his two sons, fleeing for the fourth time.

To atone for what they had lost in their loyalty, the King granted the refugees thousands of acres of wilderness.

Among the names that appear in land grants dated 1785 are Brigadier Ruggles and his sons. The Brigadier got 1,000 acres. Richard got 800 and John, 800.

The grants were in Wilmot Township in Annapolis County, one of the best apple-growing sections of the world. Ruggles' grant included the south slope of North Mountain on which he began to hack out his home.

Claiming the loss of 19,501 pounds and 14 shillings as a result of his loyalty to the King, Ruggles was allowed a compensation of 4,994 pounds and a pension of 150 pounds annually until his death. He fared a lot better than many other loyalists.

Ruggles was 75 when he began to clear the woods. For help he had his two sons, three slaves, and a scottish pioneer, George Stronach, who cleared all of Ruggles' estate by hand in three years and was given 500 acres.

For the foundations of his home he sent for dressed granite from Quincy. He planted an apple orchard with young trees brought from his Hardwick orchards and grew a small paradise of other fruit trees, walnut groves, exotic plants and shrubbery. During his lifetime the site was called Ruggles Mountain. Later it became Phinney Mountain. The estate was called Roseway.

Mrs. Ruggles died in Hardwick in the home of her eldest son in 1787. She is buried in the old town cemetery, adjacent to town hall. The original stone has been replaced with a simple marble marker. It reads:

BATHSHEBA RUGGLES
WIFE OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL
TIMOTHY RUGGLES
DIED 1787

Ten years later, on August 4, 1797, death came to Brigadier-General Timothy Ruggles.

The *Royal Gazette* gave him a brief obituary, stressing his accomplishments and good works. "He died in the 86th year of his age, having, for much the greater part of his life, eat no animal food and drank no spirituous or fermented liquors, small beer excepted."

Ruggles was buried in the yard of Pine Grove Church, which he had helped to erect. No stone marks his grave, but in the cemetery of the adjoining town of Middleton where his son John and other relatives lie, a great-granddaughter from Minnesota placed a suitable marker to honor the Brigadier.

After his father's death, Timothy sold his property in Hardwick and moved to Nova Scotia.

In Hardwick today, only the everlasting granite rocks remain to perpetuate the Brigadier. The foundations of his deer park are still visible on Deer Park Road, and near the old manor home on Ruggles Hill a great stone wall still stands. It is fully 12 feet wide and on it years ago, an ox and team were turned around to demonstrate how they built stone walls in the old days.

Ruggles was credited by Sir John Wentworth, a former Governor of New Hampshire and later Governor of Nova Scotia, as "the means of more persons remaining loyal in Massachusetts than any other man."

His is a tragedy of the American Revolution.

MRS. WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE FORBES

Read by Mrs. Robert K. Shaw at Meeting March 18, 1952

The rolls of the Worcester Historical Society list many distinguished names known beyond the reach of this Society. Tonight we honor one whose service to this Historical Society is exceeded by none, Mrs. William Trowbridge Forbes. In 1893 while still living in Westborough, Mrs. Forbes was proposed for membership by her husband, who was already a member. At that time, there were no women members, but the rules were reinterpreted and at the next meeting Mrs. Forbes was elected our first woman member.

Harriette Merrifield was born in Worcester, October 22, 1856, the daughter of William Trowbridge and Margaret Brigham Merrifield. The Merrifield estate was a large one, stretching from Institute Road to Park Avenue and down the hill beyond Highland Street. The large four-square house, topped with the cupola of that day, stood about where now stands the present Forbes house. It had barns with cows, horses, and the country sights and sounds of a farm, within a city. Here Harriette grew up and here, except for fifteen years spent in Westborough, she lived all her days.

She attended Miss Gilbert's School, the Oread Collegiate Institute, and for a short time, M. Ancason's School in Quebec. She loved to ride horseback and often rode to Shrewsbury, via the back way by the Poor Farm. Our old friend, Miss Ellen Coombs told me that once walking down Maywood Street with her friend Caroline Allen they were overtaken by a young lady on horseback. The young lady stopped to speak to Caroline. When she had gone on, Ellen Coombs asked, "Who is that beautiful young lady?" "Why that," said Caroline, "is Miss Hattie Merrifield."

William Trowbridge Forbes was born in Westborough in 1850. He graduated from Amherst College in the class of 1871. After graduating, young Mr. Forbes went out to Turkey to teach in Robert College. After three years in Turkey, Mr. Forbes returned to his native state and coming to Worcester studied in the law office of Bacon, Hopkins and Bacon. Being admitted to the bar, he opened an office in Westborough and practiced there for some years.

The Merrifield family were frequent visitors to Westborough and Harriette must have known the young Mr. Forbes both in Worcester and Westborough. Mr. Forbes was made justice of the First Eastern District of Massachusetts. A post he held until 1879. He represented Westborough in the Massachusetts House 1881-82 and served in the Senate 1886-87.

On the fifth of February 1884, William Trowbridge Forbes and Harriette Merrifield were married and went to live in Westborough.

Now began a busy life for Mrs. Forbes. She was always greatly interested in her husband's work. She made many friends. Here her children were born, two sons, William and Allan; three daughters, Cornelia, Katherine and Esther. Early in her married life Mrs. Forbes demonstrated those traits which grew stronger and stood her in good stead always. She could keep a great many irons in the fire at once and never neglect one of them. After leaving the Senate in 1887, Mr. Forbes was appointed Judge of the Probate Court of Worcester County with his office in Worcester; he traveled back and forth from Westborough.

Judge and Mrs. Forbes joined the Westborough Historical Society and found great interest in it. It was a small society and its members made many field trips, seeing old houses, examining town records and writing papers on their findings. In all this historical research Mrs. Forbes became vitally interested. She began working on the town history of Westborough. To be the 100th town is intriguing and so Mrs. Forbes found it. House-keeping, children and all her busy life never stopped her. She had the vision to see what could be done and the will to do it.

In 1889 she published "The Hundredth Town 1717-1817." This may be called a landmark in her life. It set the course for the brilliant research work, which was the pattern of all she did in the future. She was never satisfied until she had seen and studied every bit of source material. She made herself accustomed to the difficult task of reading the old crabbed writing on frail old letters and documents. With what care she must have read and puzzled over the diaries of Ebenezer Parkman, an old clergyman. The pages reproduced would seem impossible to decipher. In 1899 was published the diary of Ebenezer Parkman. In this same year the Forbes family moved to Worcester, and we can picture Mrs. Forbes serenely supervising the moving of a large

household with one hand and finishing and publishing a book with the other. Judge Forbes had built the new house very near the site of the old Merrifield house. Of the children only the two boys, William and Allan, were old enough to watch its building and eagerly report the progress to their young sisters.

Once settled in Worcester, Mrs. Forbes must have had many new contacts to make for herself and for her growing family. Always hospitable and with a large house, Judge and Mrs. Forbes often entertained. Mrs. Forbes was already a member of this Society and she also became very active in the Timothy Bigelow Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. For the D.A.R. she wrote many papers, some of which were also read before this Society. As you would expect, Mrs. Forbes kept a careful diary—only a few lines a day but full of interesting local facts. She also made a book for each side of the Merrifield and Forbes family. Bound in loose leaved covers they are models of what can be done to make genealogy interesting and beautiful for a younger generation.

The family tree is all made up of tiny figures painted in water color and each generation in the costume of the day. There are blueprints of photographs, pieces of wedding dresses and satin waistcoats, small coats of arms in color at the top of a page or a full page of the important ones. Not one important thing left out, and a delight to behold.

Mrs. Forbes was a water-color artist of great ability and artistic feeling. She had studied at the Art Students League in New York, continued her study in a class in Westborough under the late Edith Loring Getchell. She made some charming portrait and landscape sketches, but she was greatly drawn by the old houses and by the wild flowers. There are some delightful and careful paintings of old houses in Worcester County. Her wild flowers of New England have disappeared. In a long visit to California before her marriage, Mrs. Forbes made many sketches of the crude settlements which became the large cities of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and others. These are a unique record of the early beginnings of a great state. Her California wild flowers are very beautiful in design, color, and execution and are a family treasure.

During these early days back in Worcester, Mrs. Forbes was at work on her Bibliography of New England Diaries. She listed

thousands of diaries, with a brief note about each diarist, a county parson, a housewife, a city jurist. It is hard to visualize the work entailed in such an undertaking. To find the diaries, to correspond with the owner was an endless task. Mrs. Forbes made trips all over New England and had to see or have photographed many which had been taken from New England, as far away as the Pacific coast. Mrs. Forbes used the facilities of this Library, but depended for the great bulk of her research on the Library of the American Antiquarian Society.

In 1923 "New England Diaries 1602-1800" was published. A piece of careful scholarship we can be justly proud to have come out of Worcester and by a member of this Society.

One of the interests that Mrs. Forbes carried on during the time she was working on her book was the Social History Committee of this Society. From 1900 on Mrs. Forbes was a member or was chairman of that Committee. She was vice-president from 1918 until she retired from active work.

Her interests were many. She tried for a well-rounded collection in all departments. Suggested donations and was eager for the proper display of articles, with careful notes on each item. In 1925 Mrs. Forbes presented a paper entitled, "Early New England Gravestones and Their Makers," illustrated with photographs made into slides. Her work on the collecting and photographing of early gravestones was perhaps her greatest contribution to the history of early New England. Until she began this exhaustive study, these early stones had been neglected by students. And a fertile field she found it. She had a beautiful German camera and with infinite patience she learned the timing, lighting, and all the technique of outdoor photography. The stones were old and time-worn and everything had to be just right to get a clear impression. Often Mrs. Forbes would return many times to get just the right light and wait hours for the proper exposure. To discover the name of the stonecutter was another job, one she was well accustomed to. When published in 1927, "Gravestones of Early New England and the Men Who Made Them 1653-1800" was immediately acclaimed by students of history and by students of early New England Crafts. Here was a new treasure house of primitive American art. Many letters came to Mrs. Forbes acknowledging the help and inspiration her book

had given them. It is a fascinating book. The photographs clear and the inscriptions easy to read, much clearer than the original stone. Such is the magic of good photography. A selection of 1,400 of these photographs and plates is deposited in the library of the American Antiquarian Society where most of her research work was done. She also gave them her collection of around 600 plates of Middlesex County 17th century houses.

Mrs. Forbes's last piece of work for the Historical Society was one the results of which you can see around this room. At the Executive Board Meeting the 6th of December 1929, Mrs. Forbes presented the matter of collecting period gowns of Worcester people and of appointing a committee to carry through the plan. Mrs. Forbes had a complete line of action already formed. First the dresses, hats, and other accessories already in the possession of the Society were sorted and redded. Then Mrs. Forbes started her careful card catalogue, still in use and invaluable. When this was in order, the committee watched out for possible donors, staged a dress show at the annual meeting and the dresses began to flow in. When the dresses were really ready for showing, Mrs. Forbes, by herself, found five generous women to give the cases for display. These same cases you see around this room. The costumes still coming in have become one of our outstanding collections. I quote from the Annual Report of 1932, Mr. U. Waldo Cutler: "Among the accessions of the year, eighty belong to the collection of women's costumes, a part of the Museum to which Mrs. Forbes and her committee have devoted much time and study. Many of these have much historical significance, and all are examples of artistic design and fine workmanship. Highly appreciated by visitors and recognized as a unique and beautiful exhibit by itself."

In that same year Mrs. Forbes presented a paper on Daniel Henchman, founder of Worcester. During these later years, Mrs. Forbes had a steady hobby—Revolutionary Houses. Back in 1902, May 6, she had read a paper to this Society illustrating with slides from her photographs. She kept this interest alive to her last days—only a few weeks before her death, she was driven out to view some house in which she showed her old lively interest.

When Mrs. Forbes was 86 years old, her daughter, Esther Forbes Hoskins, with a brilliant list of historical novels behind her, pub-

lished her famous book, "Paul Revere, and the World He Lived In." A reviewer wrote: "This book is infinitely more than the life of Paul Revere, a picture more vivid and intimate than has ever before been drawn of the little 18th century city of Boston. . . . Paul Revere lived in a time of stress and strife quite comparable to our own. More perhaps than any other one man, he embodied and summed up the spirit that made the American Revolution. By patient research, by a miracle of vivid writing, Esther Forbes . . . has brought to life both Paul Revere and the world he lived in."

I now quote from the acknowledgment in the book itself, Esther writes: "This book was written in collaboration with my mother Harriette M. Forbes, who has done most of the work on the original papers, court records, deeds, etc., newspapers, manuscripts, diaries, and letters, which is the hardest part of a book like this—"

In 1948 Mrs. Hoskins' book "The Running of the Tide" was published and Mrs. Hoskins has reported that her mother went with her to Salem many times to search original papers—and in 1948 Mrs. Forbes was 92 years old.

A fine New England wife and mother, a research student of renown, and an honored member of the Worcester Historical Society, Harriette Merrifield Forbes.

PEARL STREET FIFTY YEARS AGO

Read by Dr. Philip H. Cook at Meeting April 22, 1952

The Pearl Street of today is dominated by business blocks and parking lots; but around the turn of the century it had for a generation or more been locally known as "Pill Row" with at least one physician in every house.

Looking down from Chestnut Street, the right-hand corner was occupied by Plymouth Church, an imposing granite structure. Nutt's History of Worcester says of it:

"Fourteen members of the Y.M.C.A. met in Mechanics' Building on April 15, 1869, and decided to form a new church. Francis B. Knowles was Chairman, Lucius P. Goddard, Secretary. They engaged Mechanics' Hall for one year, and the first service was held on May 9, with Rev. Dr. Webb as preacher. It was called the Sixth Congregational Church; at the Church meeting in July, S. R. Heywood was elected permanent Moderator, Charles S. Reed, Clerk and Treasurer. It met in Mechanics' Hall for five years, with large congregations, and on one occasion the Sunday School attendance was 679. Worcester population 41,105. Several ministers were called, but declined, until Rev. George M. Phillips of Columbus, Ohio, agreed to come if a church were built. On the strength of this the location was chosen in April, 1872, and about the same time the name Plymouth was adopted.

"But a considerable group of members, headed by Mr. Knowles, favored a South End location; they seceded and founded Piedmont Church. The cornerstone of the Plymouth structure was laid in April, 1873; the chapel was dedicated a year later, and the first sermon preached on May 2, 1874; the church was dedicated April 29, 1875.

"The material used was granite from Fitzwilliam, N. H.; the spire was 193 feet high; the auditorium seated 1,250; the chapel 800. A. P. Cutting was the architect, and the cost was \$150,000, but so prosperous was the church that by 1881 it was free of debt.

"Rev. Mr. Phillips resigned in 1886, and Rev. Chas. Wadsworth came in 1887; in 1890 Rev. Archibald McCullagh took charge, and stayed until 1900.

"The erection of Union Church, just across the street, in 1895 caused much controversy and some hard feeling."

At its zenith between 1890 and 1910, the church gradually declined thereafter; in 1934 it joined Piedmont, Rev. Paul G. Macy, then the pastor, remaining as pastor for the congregations. But in 1936 a further change was made, when the remnants of both churches joined with Union to form one strong Congregational organization, Chestnut Street Congregational, eloquent testimony to the changed population of Worcester. Rev. Macy remained as pastor for one year.

The old Plymouth structure was for some time used by the Christian Scientists; later, along with the adjoining parish house, it was razed, and in 1941 the site became a combined branch office and parking lot for the Worcester County Trust Company. The stone from the church was used for a structure attached to the Jewish Synagogue on Pleasant Street, near Richmond Avenue, and the fine chimes, after being stored for some years with no plan of disposition found available, were sold and melted down.

Next below the church stood a red-painted house, numbered 61. This old structure is shown on the Snow map of 1829, when the street was laid out. In 1860 the first All Saints Church, which stood just below at #55, took it for a Parish House. Ten years after the burning of the church in 1874 it was sold to Dr. Chas. L. Nichols, who lived there till 1894, when he moved to Cedar Street. His office was on Main Street.

To #61 in 1896 came a group of men who were to play prominent roles in the Worcester profession; Walter T. Clark, Fred H. Baker and Chas. D. Wheeler moved up from #49; from #36 came Warren R. Gilman; Geo. S. Taft, attorney, boarded there.

The genial Walter Clark, known to his friends as "Divvy," was City Physician, and loved by everybody. He died prematurely of heart disease in 1908.

Fred Baker, in addition to having a large West Side practice, was Medical Examiner for thirty years and set the standards for the position.

Charles Wheeler, a prominent surgeon, was forced to give up his career by an accident which cost him the sight of one eye; he took a position with the State Mutual Co. and held it till his death. All three of these men were on the City Hospital staff.

Warren Gilman was another City Hospital man; his career was also cut short prematurely.

In those days the house had a generous yard both at side and back, separated by a green-painted lattice covered with vines. Behind this the office tenants installed a croquet set to occupy their spare moments, of which, in the early years, there were many. Effectively screened from the passers-by on Pearl Street, they were in full view of the apartment dwellers on lower Pleasant, who, observing the proceedings from their rear windows, made many scornful comments on the neglected practices of the young men.

In 1899 Dr. Wheeler moved to Chestnut Street, and Dr. Charles B. Stevens came in; in 1900 Baker and Gilman left, leaving the house to Stevens and Clark. Dr. Stevens caught the disease in Worcester's last small-pox outbreak in 1901, and perforce had to be isolated with the rest in a "pest-house" on the Home Farm grounds; but the City paid him for services to the other victims (no one died) and the experience turned his interest definitely in the direction of infectious disease. Before long he became the city's best authority, and remained so till his death in 1924.

In later years Drs. Edward B. Bigelow and Ethel Rockwood had offices in the building, the latter staying till Dr. Stevens' death. Then Plymouth Church took it over as Parish House.

Next below, and still standing, came the large granite structure known as the Bull House. The site had been occupied by the first All Saints' Church from 1846-74, when it was destroyed by fire. It was bought by D. B. Wesson, revolver millionaire of Springfield, and the house built for his daughter, who was to marry Dr. George J. Bull, a young Canadian. Before completion in 1877 it had cost \$125,000; but to Mr. Wesson, who had put a full million into his estate in Springfield, this was of no account.

Beautiful and elaborate the house undoubtedly was, but it was also completely beyond the ability of a young physician to maintain, and in addition the couple were not happy together. In 1882 Dr. Bull separated from his wife and went to Colorado Springs; he is said to have gone to Paris later, and done well there. His wife went back to Springfield.

In 1887 Dr. John O. Marble took possession. By a strange coincidence, he had married another firearms fortune, that of Ethan

Allen, whose "Allen Pepper-box" had played a considerable role in the rough society of the developing West, and whose fine estate originally extended on Main Street, from Wellington to Piedmont. Dr. Marble occupied the house till 1897, kept his office there for another year, and then went back to the old Allen mansion and virtual retirement.*

In 1904 the structure was bought by Mr. Hobbs of Shrewsbury, whose daughter had married Dr. Howard W. Beal. Dr. Beal was the pioneer in scientific urology, working at all the hospitals. He was a slow worker, but an absolute perfectionist, and he laid in Worcester a foundation for others to follow. When World War I began he went to Europe on the first Red Cross ship and worked in England, on the estate of Mr. Singer of sewing machine fame, which had been made into a hospital. The Queen came down one day, and Howard took her visit in stride, merely being careful, as he afterward said "to throw away his right-hand glove."

In the fall of 1915 he was back in America, but he could not forget the shambles in Europe, and he resented the enthusiasm of his friends over such trivia as football games. So in a few months he was back at the front, where he served faithfully till wounded by a shell near Soissons in July 1918, from which he died a few days later in Paris—the only casualty of the Worcester District Medical Society in the war. Mrs. Beal moved to Shrewsbury, and the house was taken over by the veterans' organizations, which still hold it, under agreement with the City of Worcester which owns it.

Next below this house stood a wooden structure numbered 53, dating back to 1846. In the 70's it came into possession of F. H. Dewey, and from 1877-84 Dr. Chas. L. Nichols, who had married Caroline Dewey, had an office there. In 1885 Dr. Oliver Hurd Everett married Sarah Dewey, another daughter, and moved into the house a year later. At first an esteemed general practitioner, he later went into Dermatology, and headed the staff of Memorial Hospital in that branch. He was quiet and retiring

*The fountain on the front lawn of this estate, and later in the back yard of the Thomas H. Dodge house at 766 Main St., was supplied by a spring which ran under Murray Avenue. It now supplies the swimming pool of the Y.M.C.A., on the same site, and the Association's permanent right to the water is protected by a clause in the deed.

but enjoyed clubs like the Worcester and Quinsigamond Boat. He died in 1926, and a little later the house was sold to F. W. Taylor, who converted it for business purposes. Now a parking lot.

First and last, #49 harbored more physicians than any other house on the street, being rivalled only by #61. This wooden house was probably built by Putnam W. Taft between 1845 and 1851. The following men had offices there: Joseph N. Bates, 1876-83; Franklin Eccles, 1887-89; Peter B. Migneault, 1870; Walter T. Clark, 1891; F. H. Baker and C. D. Wheeler, 1894.

The three last named moved to #61 in 1896, and Dr. J. S. Hall came in.

In 1901-2 the old house moved into an eventful chapter in its history; Dr. James Taylor, Jr., an Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat man, came in, followed by Benjamin T. Burley, Kendall Emerson and Walter C. Seelye. Living quarters were above; on the ground floor a series of connecting offices opened into a common waiting room, presided over by an efficient nurse, Miss Leonora Heustis. The routine of the office hour usually began with the starting of a card game in one of the rear rooms; if and when a patient appeared, Miss Heustis summoned the man wanted, who, proceeding through the connecting rooms till he reached his own, opened the door into the waiting room and greeted the patient. Here also was born the Owl Club, a small medical group which meant much to its members for a good many years; but five of the members died before the age of 50, including Dr. Beal, who was killed in France as stated above, and the Club faded out in 1928.

The arrangement in the house lasted till 1908, when Dr. Taylor took over the whole, and maintained it till his death in 1925. Two of the others are still practicing in Worcester, and the third is of so recent memory that no comment is required.

Both 49 and 53 have been swept away by a parking lot.

Returning now to the head of the street, on the left-hand corner stood (and still stands) the fine yellow-brick home of Dr. Homer Gage. From 1830 to 1892 the site was occupied by the house of Henry Miller; in the last-named year the old house was razed, and Miss Mabel Knowles, who had become engaged to Dr. Gage, purchased the site for their new home, into which they moved in 1893. It was numbered 72 Pearl Street.

Homer Gage had exceptional talent and every opportunity to

develop it. His father had paved the way. After postgraduate study in Europe he returned to Worcester and forged rapidly ahead. Soon after receiving his appointment as City Hospital House Officer, the writer well remembers being told by a member of the Massachusetts General Hospital staff that "there was not a surgeon in Massachusetts, Boston not excepted, who could give points to Homer Gage"—an unusual tribute to be paid by a Bostonian to a man from "back country." He also enjoyed Board work, and sat in the meetings of various banks and industries. In later years he took the presidency of the Crompton & Knowles Loom Works, probably to save it for his only son, who was making a promising start with the firm. The young man's sudden and tragic death at the age of 30 struck Dr. Gage a blow from which he never wholly recovered; but he carried on faithfully till his death in 1938. Thereafter Mrs. Gage, despite physical ailments, carried on a fine civic and philanthropic life till her own death in 1948. Her will gave the house to the District Nursing Society, in which she had always been greatly interested, and a clause provided that if the Society should ever abandon the residence it should immediately be razed. It is believed that this action was due to Mrs. Gage's desire that her home should not suffer the fate of her childhood abode on South Main Street, which was made into a funeral home.

Next below the Gage home, but soon to be razed for another parking lot, stood the large, hospitable-looking house of Dr. Samuel B. Woodward. Built in 1835 for Judge Thomas Kinnicutt, it was purchased in the '60's by the doctor's father, who sold the eastern edge of the lot to his brother Rufus; the latter proceeded to erect upon this the brick house numbered 52, which was completed in 1869.

"Dr. Sam," as he was always called, inherited the property at the death of his father in 1888, and added the conservatory in 1896. Like Homer Gage, he had both ability and opportunity, and soon after establishing himself practice in 1881, following three years' postgraduate study in Europe, he became prominent both in his profession and in the community. His grandfather and namesake had been the first superintendent of the Summer Street Asylum, which had been built as the result of the agitation of Dorothea Dix and Horace Mann for reforms in the care of the

insane, so it was but natural that Dr. Sam should take a position as Trustee of that institution and hold it for fourteen years. He claimed the first appendectomy in Worcester in 1884, and various other firsts, of more interest to a medical audience than a lay one. With his entrance into High School in 1866 he started Vol. I of his scrapbooks; Vol. XXXIV, begun in 1943, was unfinished at the time of his death.

These books went to the American Antiquarian Society after his death. They cover more than eighty years of his life with extraordinary minuteness, but in addition, the civic history of Worcester for sixty years might almost be written from them. In addition to his medical distinctions (he was for two years president of the Massachusetts Medical Society) he was president of the Worcester Chamber of Commerce and in his later years of the Worcester County Institution for Savings. Every civic project interested him, and he delighted to make his views known. A bibliography of the scrapbooks, recently completed, lists 118 items, mostly letters to medical and other publications in Worcester and Boston. His crusade for vaccination, in which he introduced the same bill 17 times and finally got it passed, attracted international attention in medical circles. Some of the other topics discussed in his contributions were: Foreign Policy Association, City Planning, Finger Printing, Street Across the Common, Stable Money Association, Child Guidance, Society for Mental Hygiene, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Interracial Association, and Early Crocuses (in which field he challenged all comers).*

He died in his 93rd year, the last survivor of his Harvard Class of '74.

The sturdy brick house at #52, already referred to, was occupied by Dr. Lemuel F. Woodward, who had his office in the English basement. "Lem" and "Sam" were cousins, but did not always see eye to eye. At this period around the turn of the century, the Workmen's Compensation Act was still more than a decade in

*In later years he went through these volumes and inserted marginal notes which in many cases are pithy and amusing. Opposite the program of his High School graduation in 1870, for example, he wrote:

"I was twelfth in my high school class at graduation. Would have been first if my deportment had been good."

the future, and Lem had a near-monopoly on the industrial accident work. Beside his telephone hung a list of telephone numbers, always headed by that of the latest City Hospital graduate.

This position, like that of the Oldest Living Graduate of a university, was naturally precarious; in a year or less one was pushed down to second place by a newer fledgling; but the idea was fair.

When an accident case appeared in the office, the nurse would make the patient comfortable and start calling down the list. The man called came in and treated the injury; for this he eventually received \$1 from Lem.

At this period, too, the three men last mentioned (Gage and the two Woodwards) controlled most of the surgery of Worcester. The three major hospitals (Hahnemann had 15 beds in an old mansion, and Fairlawn had not been founded) had three-month surgical services, and these men worked at all.

Lem liked outdoor sports, particularly on the water (in college days he had stroked the Harvard crew). So he became a sort of patron saint to the Quinsigamond Boat Club, and president of the Natural History Society. In spare moments he could frequently be found in Elm Park, observing birds with an opera glass.

A bachelor himself, he was fond of children. He bought one of the early Cadillac "one-lungers," and it was a frequent sight to see the machine chugging around town, with Lem's 250-lb. bulk planted stolidly in the driver's seat, while the tonneau was filled with youngsters, squealing with delight; an automobile ride in those days was a treat to most children.

After Lem's death in the '30's the office was occupied for a time by Dr. Winifred Grant and later by the Christian Science Reading Room.

Next below came an old wooden house, built by Emory Washburn about 1833. Dr. George Chandler, superintendent of the Summer Street Asylum, took over in 1856, and in 1867 sold to Dr. Thomas H. Gage, father of Homer. He had previously been on lower Elm Street.

Dr. Gage, who had been born in Maine in 1826, was Medical Director of the State Mutual Co. for 43 years. He was Director of two banks and a Trustee of Clark University, also of Worcester City Hospital. Medically, he served the community for 50 years as a general practitioner of the best type. His reputation was

wide, and up to the time of his death in 1909 he still did some work in different lines.

"The evil that men do lives after them

The good is all too oft interred with their bones"

So wrote Shakespeare: but the accuracy of this statement was definitely challenged about 1920, when Dr. George O. Ward, then physician to Worcester Academy, was attending a student who had contracted pneumonia. That disease was then much more serious than now, and the school authorities summoned the boy's father from Ohio. On his arrival, the man requested a consultation, and stated that his physician in the Ohio city had named Dr. Thomas H. Gage as the best consultant in Worcester. Dr. Ward informed him that the old man had long since been gathered to his fathers, but that his son was still in active practice. Now, Homer Gage had probably not handled a pneumonia case in 25 years (which is exactly what he told Dr. Ward over the phone), but the father insisted, and the boy was not in critical condition, so he answered the call, examined the patient, and the father was satisfied. The boy then went on to a speedy recovery.

While on the subject of consultations, old Dr. Albert Wood, whose office at Chestnut and Pleasant Streets is now occupied by Sessions, delighted to tell of driving up to the Gage house one day to get the doctor to go out with him. Homer, a very small boy, was playing in the yard. Dr. Wood hailed him "Well, Homer, is your father at home?" The child stopped playing and looked soberly at him; "No, sir; he has gone to perform a post-mortem examination." And so the child was indeed the father of the man.

At #32 Dr. David B. Lovell, oto-laryngologist, had an office from 1894 to 1915; in the brick block below Dr. Walter Seelye and some others occupied offices for a while.

The old Gage house was swept away years ago, and its site is now occupied by a block of stores with offices above, some of which are occupied by Drs. Bennett, Scanlon, Ouellette, Reardon, Williams, and Yasuna. On the opposite side at #29, now known as the Chapin Building, Drs. Itkin, Pierce, and Salomon have their offices; the names of these nine men indicate the change which the population of the city has undergone in the past half century.

Worcester physicians are still bunched in the center of the city,

largely in office buildings on Pleasant and Elm Streets; but accessibility is being challenged by increasing traffic congestion. In some Western cities a centrifugal trend toward the outlying districts has already begun; the automobile cancels distance for both physician and patient; and something of this sort may be in store for Worcester.

Acknowledgments to the staff of the American Antiquarian Society, and particularly to Albert G. Waite, whose painstaking research on the old West Side buildings furnished the framework for this paper.

IN MEMORIAM
WILLIAM J. WAITE
1869-1950

A descendant of Richard Wait of Watertown, and son of Stephen J. and Susan B. Waite, William J. Waite was born in Worcester, attended the local schools, and started his long career as wood engraver and designer with Kyes & Woodbury, founders of a continuous line. Later, he was with Alfred G. Wesson, Woodbury-Carlton Engraving Company, and their successors, his last commercial connection being with the Carlton Engraving Company until he retired in 1933. Native skill and experience served him well when he was appointed assistant to the director of the Worcester Historical Society in 1936, a post which he held with credit until his death.

A comprehensive craftsman, he served the Society as a restorer of old furniture and other museum objects, the coloring of photographs, the painting of decorative chair backs, and some of the murals in the museum. His knowledge of the nature and arrangement of the exhibits made him an expert guide, a faculty which he developed especially in connection with the more youthful groups. Never assertive, his quiet intelligence made an agreeable impression on the casual visitor, and his wholehearted devotion to his work remains a reminder of the staunch and old-fashioned virtues.

Written by MISS EMMA FORBES WAITE
